

OVIDS<sup>4</sup>  
METAMORPHOSIS  
ENGLISHED.

BY

*Ralph* GEO. SANDYS. *maure*

*His* The Fourth Edition. *Book*

*Ovids Metamorph*



*R Charles*  
*Y<sup>e</sup> 1<sup>st</sup>*

*John Poland-Sutton*

LONDON, 1890

Printed for R. Tomlins at the Sun and  
Bible near Py-Corner. 1656.

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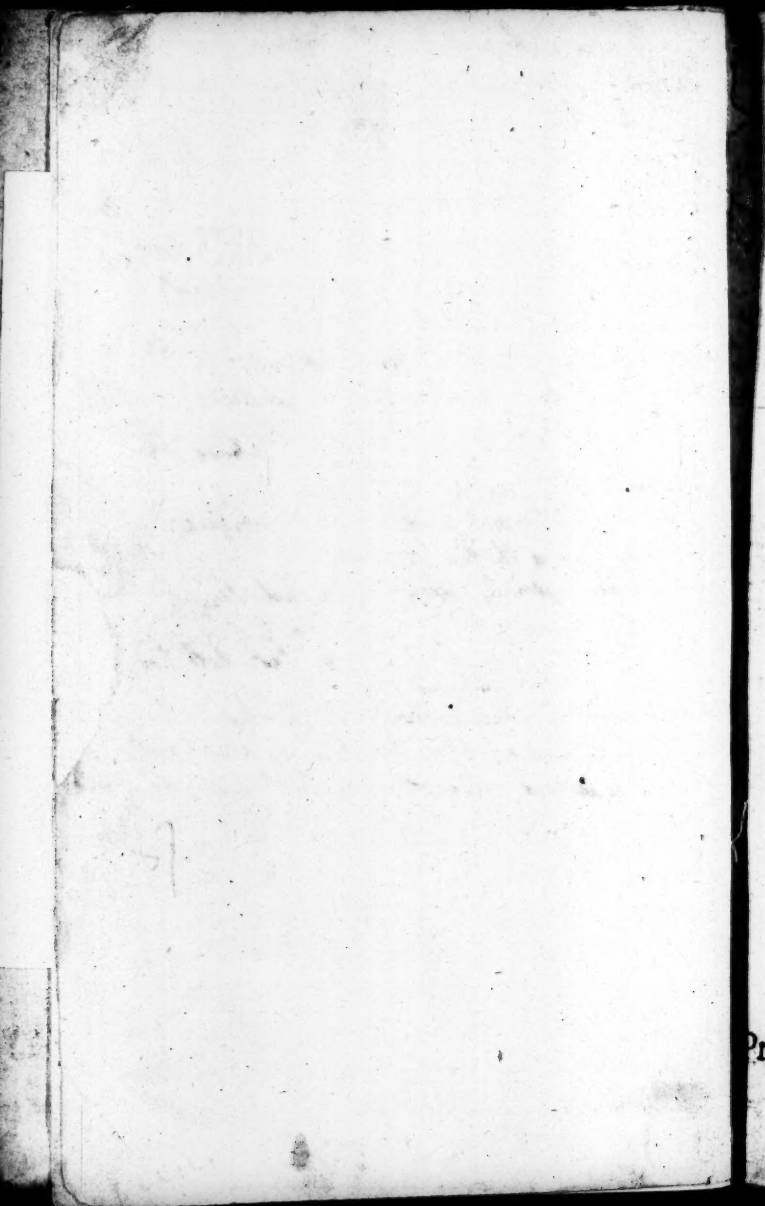
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Pope was delighted with Sandys' Ovid in his Infancy. Mr. Waitons says that the Raptures which these Translations gave him were so strong, that he spoke of them w<sup>th</sup> pleasure to the latest period of his Life.

Michael Drayton addressed a Poem to Mr. George Sandys, "treasures to the Colony in Virginia" in which are these Lines

And worthy George by Industry and Use,  
Let us what Lines Virginia will produce;  
Go on with Ovid, as you have begun,  
With the first five Books; let your numbers run  
Glib as the former, so shall it live long,  
And do much Honour to the English Tongue:  
Entice the Muses thither to repair,  
Entreat them gently, train them to that Air,  
That they from hence may thither hap to fly,  
Till as the old Time which but too fast doth hie. &c.

Sandys in his dedication to R. Charles i<sup>st</sup> alludes to his work having been "bred in the new world of the Rudeness whereof it cannot but participate



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John Sherwen's list of

C: Fr. H. Barnwell

1095-

1782

It from this it appears that Sandys  
must have translated much of Ovid  
while he was Treasurer to the English  
Colony in Virginia - see the last page  
or rather the first

MODON

For a further account of the

of the first voyage of the

TO THE MOST  
High and Mighty Prince  
**CHARLES,**  
King of Great Britain, France,  
and Ireland.

SJR,

**Y** Our Gracious acceptance of the first fruits of my Travels, when You were our Hope, as now our Happinesse; hath actuated both will and Power to the finishing of this piece: being limn'd by that unperfect light, which was snatcht from the houres of the night and repose For the day was not mine, but dedicated to the service of you Great Father, and your Selfe: which, had it proved as fortunate as faithfull, in me, and others more worthy: we had hoped, ere many yeares had turned about, to have presented you with a rich and wel-peopled Kingdom: from whence now with my self, I only bring this Composure:

*Inter Vitis Hederam tibi serpere Laurus.*

It needeth more then a single denization, being a double Stranger, sprung from the Stock of the ancient Romans: but bred in the New-world, of the rudenesse whereof it cannot but participate; especially having warres and Tumults to bring it to light, instead of the Muses. But how ever unperfect, Your favour is able to supply; and to make it worthy of life, if you judge it not unworthy of your Royall Patronage. Long may you live to be, as you are, the delight and Glory of your People: and slowly, yet surely, exchange your mortall Diadem for an immortall. So wishes

Your Maesties most humble Servant,  
**GEORGE SANDYS.**

(K. 11)

Continued from p. 10

The first of these is the fact that the  
the second is the fact that the  
the third is the fact that the  
the fourth is the fact that the  
the fifth is the fact that the  
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# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

The First Book.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**He World, form'd out of Chaos. Man is made.  
The Ages change. The Giants Heaven invade.  
Earth turns their blood to Men. Joves's flames consume  
Lycaon, now a Wolfe. The World is drown'd.  
Man-kinde, cast stones restore. All quickning Earth  
Renews the rest, and gives new Monsters birth.  
Apollo, Python kills; heart-wounded, loves  
1st flying Daphne: She a Laurel proves.  
Jove, Io made a Cow, to mask foul deeds.  
Hermes, a Herdsman. Syrinx, chang'd to Reeds.  
Dead Argus eyes adorn the Peacocks train.  
The Cow, to Io, Jove transformes again.

**O**F bodies chang'd to other shapes I sing.  
Assist, you Gods (from you these changes spring)  
And, from the Worlds first fabrick to these times  
Deduce my never-discontinued Rymes.

The Sea, the Earth, all-covering Heaven unfram'd,  
One face had Nature, which they Chaos nam'd:  
An undigested lump; a barren load,  
Where jarring seeds of things ill-joynd abroad.  
No Titan yet the World with light adorns;  
Nor waxing Phoebe fill'd her wained hornes:  
Nor hung the self-poiz'd Earth in thin Ayre plac'd;

A

Nor

- Nor *Amphitrite* the vast shore imbrac'd  
 15 With Earth, was Ayr and Sea : the Earth unstable,  
 The Ayr was dark, the Sea un-navigable :  
 No certain form to any one assign'd :  
 This, that resists. For in one body joyn'd,  
 The Cold and Hot, the Drie and Humid fight ;  
 20 The Soft and Hard, the Heavie with the Light.  
 But God, the better nature, this decides :  
 Who Earth from Heaven, the Sea from Earth divides :  
 And purer Heaven extracts from grosser Ayre.  
 All which unfolded by his prudent care  
 From that blinde Masse ; the happily dis-joyn'd  
 25 With strifelesse peace He to their seats confin'd.  
 Forth-with up-sprung the quick and waightlesse Fire,  
 Whose flames unto the highest arch aspire :  
 The next, in levitie and place, is Ayre :  
 Grosse Elements to thicker Earth repaire  
 30 Selfe-clog'd with waight : the waters flowing round,  
 Possesse the last, and sollid *Tellus* bound.  
 What God soever this division wrought,  
 And every part to due proportion brought ;  
 First, lest the Earth unequal should appear,  
 35 He turn'd it round, in figure of a Sphear ;  
 Then, Seas diffus'd ; commanding them to roar  
 With ruffling winds, and give the Land a shore.  
 To those he added Springs, Ponds, Lakes immense ;  
 And Rivers, whom their winding borders fence :  
 40 Of these, not few Earths thirsty jaws devour ;  
 The rest, their streams into the Ocean pour ;  
 When in that liquid Plain, with freer wave,  
 The foamie Cliftes, in stead of Banks, they lave :  
 Bids Trees increase to Woods, the Plains extend,  
 The Rocky Mountains rise, and Vales descend.  
 45 Two equal Zones, on either side, dispose  
 The measur'd Heavens ; a fifth, more hot then those.  
 As many Lines th'included Globe divide :  
 I'th midst unsufferable beams reside ;  
 50 Snow clothes the other two : the temperate hold  
 'Twixt these their seats, the heat well mixt with Cold.  
 As Earth, as Water, upper Ayr out-waighs ;  
 So much doth Ayr Fires lighter ballance raise.  
 There, he commands the changing Clouds to stray ;  
 55 There, thundring terrors mortal mindes dismay ;  
 And with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snow :

# The First Book.

3

- Yet not permitted every way to blow ;  
 Who hardly now to tear the world refraine  
 60 (So Brothers jarre ! ) though they divided raigne,  
 To *Persis* and *Sabbæa*, *Eurus* flies ;  
 Whose gums perfume the blushing Mornes up-rise,  
 Next to the evening, and the Coast that glowes  
 With setting *Phæbus*, flowrie *Zeph'rus* blowes :
- 65 In *Scythia* horrid *Boreas* holds his raigne,  
 Beneath *Bootes* and the frozen Wain :  
 The Land to this oppos'd doth *Auster* sleep,  
 With fruitfull showers, and cloudswhich ever weep.  
 Above all these he plac't the liquid Skies ;  
 Which, void of earthly dregs, did highest rise ;  
 Scarce had He all thus orderly dispos'd ;  
 When as the Starres their radiant heads disclos'd
- 70 (Long hid in Night ) and shone through all the skie.  
 Then, that no place should unpossessed lie,  
 Bright Constellations, and faire figured Gods,  
 In heavenly Mansions fixt their blest abodes :  
 The glittering Fishes to the Flouds repayre ;
- 75 The Beasts to Earth, the Birds resort to Ayre.  
 The nobler Creature, with a mind possest,  
 Was wanting yet, that should command the rest.  
 That Maker, the best Worlds originall,  
 Either Him fram'd of seed Celestiall ;
- 80 Or Earth, which late he did from Heaven divide,  
 Some sacred seeds retain'd to Heav'n ally'd :  
 Which with the living streame *Prometheus* mixt ;  
 And in that artificiall structure fixt  
 The forme of all th' all-ruling Deities.  
 And whereas others see with downe-cast eyes,
- 85 He with a loftie looke did Man indue,  
 And bade him heav'n's transcendent glories view.  
 So, that rude Clay, which had no forme afore,  
 Thus chang'd, of Man the unknowne figure bore.  
 The *Golden Age* was first ; which uncompeld.  
 And without rule, in faith and Truth exceld.
- 90 As then, there was nor punishment, nor feare ;  
 Nor threatning Lawes in brasse prescribed were ;  
 Nor suppliant crouching pris'ners shooke to see  
 Their angrie Iudg : but all was safe and free.  
 To visit other Worlds, no wounded Pine
- 95 Did yet from Hills to faithlesse Seas decline.  
 Then, un'ambitious Mortals knew no more,

- But their own Countreies Nature-bounded shore.  
 Nor Swords, nor arms were yet : no trenches round  
 Besieged Towns, nor Rattleful Trumpets sound :  
 The Souldier, of no use. In firm content  
 100 And harmless ease, their happy dayes were spent :  
 The yet-free Earth did of her own accord  
 (Untorn with ploughs) all sorts of fruit afford.  
 Content with Natures un-enforced food,  
 They gather Wildings, Strawb'ries of the Wood,  
 105 Sowre Cornels, what upon the Bramble grows,  
 And Acorns, which *Jove's* spreading Oke bestowes.  
 'Twas alwayes Spring : warm *Zephyrus* sweetly blew  
 On smiling flowers, which without setting grew.  
 Forth with the Earth corn, unmanured, bears :  
 110 And every year renews her golden Ears :  
 With Milk and Nectar were the Rivers fill'd,  
 And Hony from green *Holly* Okes distill'd.  
 But, after *Saturni* was throw down to Hell,  
*Jove* rul'd ; and then the *Silver* age besel :  
 115 More base then Gold, and yet then Brasse more pure.  
*Jove* chang'd the Spring (which alwayes did endure)  
 To Winter, Summer, Autumn hot and cold :  
 The shortned Springs the year's fourth part uphold.  
 Then, first the glowing Air with fervor burn'd  
 120 The Rain to ice-ficles by bleak winds turn'd.  
 Men houses built ; late hous'd in caves profound,  
 In plashed Bowres, and Sheds with Ofsers bound.  
 Then, first was corn into long furrows thrown :  
 And Oxen under heavy yokes did groan.  
 125 Next unto this succeeds the *Brazen* Age ;  
 Worse natur'd, prompt to horrid war, and rage :  
 But yet not wicked. Stubborn *Iron* the last.  
 Then, blusshesse crimes, which all degrees surpast,  
 The World surround. Shame, Truth, and Faith depart :  
 130 Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art ;  
 Force, Treason, and the love of wicked gain.  
 Their sails, those winds, which yet they knew not, strain :  
 And ships, which long on lofty Mountains stood,  
 Then plow'd th'unpractiz'd bosom of the flood.  
 135 The Ground, as common earst as Light, or Aire,  
 By limit-giving Geometry they share.  
 Nor with rich Earth's just nourishments content,  
 For treasure they her secret intrails rent ;  
 140 The powerful Evil, which all power invades,

By her well hid, and wrapt in *Stygian* shades  
Curst Steel, more curst Gold she now forth brought :  
And bloody-handed War, who with both fought :

All live by spoil. The Host his Guest betrayes ;

145 Sons, Fathers-in-law : 'twixt Brethren love decays.

Wives Husbands, Husbands Wives attempt to kill :

And cruel Step-mothers pale poysons fill.

The Son his Fathers hasty death desires :

Foild Piety, trod underfoot, expires.

150 *Astræa*, last of all the heavenly birth,

Affrighted, leaves the blood-defiled Earth.

And that the heavens their safety might suspect,

The Giants now celestial thrones affect ;

Who to the skies congested mountains rear.

Then *Jove* with thunder did *Olympus* tear ;

155 Steep *Pelion* from under *Ossa* thrown.

Prest with their burden their huge bodies grown ;

And with their childrens blood the earth imbru'd :

Which she, scarce throughly cold, with life endu'd ;

And gave thereto, t'uphold her stock ; the face

160 And form of Man ; a God contemning Race,

Greedy of slaughter, not to be withstood :

Such, as well shews, that they were born of blood.

\* Which when from heaven *Saturnius* did behold,

He sigh't; revolving what was yet untold,

165 Of fell *Lycæon's* late inhumane feast.

Just anger, worthy *Jove*, inflam'd his brest.

A Synod call'd, the summoned appear.

There is a way well seen when skies be clear,

The *Milkie* nam'd : by this, the Gods resort

170 Unto th' Almighty Thunderers high Court.

With ever open doors, on either hand,

Of nobler Deities the Houses stand :

The vulgar dwell disperst : the Chief and Great

In front of all, their shining Mansions seat.

strain : 175 This glorious Roof I would not doubt to call,

(Had I but boldnesse lent me,) Heavens *White-Hall*.

All set on Marble-seats ; He leaning on

His Ivory Scepter, in a higher Throne,

Did twice or thrice his dreadful Tresses shake :

80 The Earth, the Sea, the Stars (though fixed) quake ;

Then thus, inflam'd with indignation, spake :

I was not more perplex in that sad time,

For this Worlds Monarchy, when, bold to clime,

# METAMORPHOSIS

- The Serpent-footed Giants durst invade,  
 185 And would on Heaven their hundred hands have laid.  
 Though fierce the Foe, yet did that War depend  
 But of one Body, and had soon an end.  
 Now all the race of Man I must confound,  
 Where-ever *Nereus* walks his wavy Round :  
 And this I vow by those infernal Floods,  
 Which slowly glide through silent *Strygian* woods.  
 190 All cures first sought ; such parts as health reject  
 Must be cut off, lest they the sound infect.  
 Our Demi-gods, Nymphs, Sylvans, Satyrs, Faunes,  
 Who haunt clear Springs, high Mountains, Woods and  
 (On whom since yet we please not to bestow (Lawnes,  
 195 Celestial dwellings) must subsist below.  
 Think you, you Gods, they can in safety rest,  
 When me (of lightning, and of you possest,  
 Who both at our Imperial pleasure sway)  
 The stem *Lycæon* practiz'd to betray ?  
 200 All bluster, and in rage the wretch demand.  
 So, when bold treason sought, with impious hand,  
 By *Cæsars* blood t'out-race the Roman name ;  
 Man-kinde, and all the Worlds affrighted Frame,  
 Astonish'd at so great a ruine, shook.  
 Nor thine, for Tnee, lesse thought, *Augustus*, took,  
 205 Then they for *Jove*. He, when he had suppress'd  
 Their murmur, thus proceeded to the rest.  
 He hath his punishment ; remit that care,  
 210 The manner how, I will in brief declare.  
 The Time's accus'd, (but, as I hop't bely'd)  
 To trie, I downe from steepe *Olympus* slide.  
 A God, transform'd like one of humane birth,  
 I wandred through the many-peopl'd Earth.  
 'Twere long to tell, what crimes of every sort  
 215 Swarm'd in all parts : the truth exceeds report.  
 Now past den-dreadfull *Manalus* confines,  
*Cyllene*, cold *Lycæus* clad with Pines,  
 There where th' *Arcadians* dwell, when Doubtfull light  
 Drew-on the deawy Charriot of the Night,  
 I entred his un-hospitable Court.  
 The better Vulgar to their prair's resort,  
 220 When I by signes had showne a Gods repair.  
*Lycæon* first derides their zealous pray'r,  
 Then said, We straight th' undoubted truth will trie,  
 Whether He be immortall or may die.

- In dead of Night, when all was whist and still,  
 Me, in my sleep, he purposed to kill.  
 225 Nor with so foul an enterprize content,  
 An Hostage murders, from *Molossia* sent :  
 Part of his sever'd (scarce-dead limbs he boyles ;  
 An other part on hissing embers broyles ;  
 230 This set before me, I the house ore-turn'd  
 With vengeful flames, which round about him burn'd.  
 He, frighted, to the silent Desert flies ;  
 There howls, and speech with lost endeavour tries.  
 His self-like jaws still grin : more then for food  
 235 He slaughters Beasts, and yet delights in blood.  
 His arms to thighs, his clothes to bristles chang'd ;  
 A Wolf ; not much from his first form estrang'd :  
 So hoarie hair'd ; his looks so full of rape ;  
 So fiery ey'd, so terrible his shape.  
 240 One house that fate, which all deserve, sustains :  
 For, through the World the fierce *Erimys* reigns,  
 You'd think they had conspir'd to sin. But all  
 Shall swiftly by deserved vengeance fall.  
*Joves* words a Part approve, and his intent  
 245 Exasperate : the rest give their consent.  
 Yet all for Mans destruction griev'd appear ;  
 And ask what form the widowed Earth shall bear ?  
 Who shall with odours their cold Altars feast ?  
 Must Earth be onely by wilde beasts possesst ?  
 250 The King of Gods re-comforts their despair ;  
 And biddeth them impose on him that care :  
 Who promis'd, by a strange originall  
 Of better people, to supply their fall.  
 And now about to let his lightning flie,  
 He fear'd lest so much flame should catch the skie,  
 255 And burn Heavens Axeltree. Besides by doome,  
 Of certaine Fate, he knew the time should come,  
 When, Sea, Earth, ravish't Heaven, the curious Frame  
 Of this Worlds masse, should shrink in purging flame.  
 He therefore those *Cyclopean* darts rejects,  
 260 And different-natur'd punishments elects :  
 To open all the Flood-gates of the skie,  
 And Man by inundation to destroy.  
 Rough *Boreas* in *Æolian* prison laid,  
 And those dry blasts which gathered Clouds invade :  
 Out flies the South, with dropping wings ; who shrouds  
 265 His terrible aspect in pitchie clouds.

- His white hair stream's, his Beard big-swoln with showres;  
 Mists bind his brows, Rain from his bosom poures,  
 As with his hands the hanging clouds he crusht :  
 They roar'd, and down in showres together rusht  
 270 All, colour'd *Iris*, *Juno's* messenger.  
 To weeping Clouds doth nourishment confer.  
 The Corn is lodg'd, the husband-men despair ;  
 Their long years labour lost, with all their care.  
*Jove* not content with his æthereal rages,  
 His brother's auxil'ary floods engages :  
 275 The streams convented ; 'Tis too late to use  
 Much speech, said *Neptune* ; all your powers effuse ;  
 Your doors unbar, remove what ere restrains  
 280 Your liberal Waves, and give them the full rayns.  
 Thus charged, they return ; their Springs unfold ;  
 And to the Sea with head-long fury rol'd.  
 He with his Trident strikes the Earth : She shakes ;  
 And way for water by her motion makes.  
 285 Through open fields now rush the spreading Floods :  
 And hurry with them Cattel, People, Woods,  
 Houses, and Temples with their Gods inclos'd.  
 What such a force, un-overthrown, op' os'd,  
 The higher swelling Water quite devoures ;  
 290 Which hides th'aspiring tops of swallowed towres.  
 Now Land and Sea no different visage bore :  
 For, all was Sea, nor had the Sea a shore.  
 One, takes a Hill : One in a Boat deplores ;  
 And where he lately plow'd now strikes his Oares.  
 295 O'r Corn, o'r drowned Villages he fails :  
 This from high Elms intangled Fishes hales.  
 In fields they anchor cast, as Chance did guide :  
 And Ships the under-lying Vineyards hide,  
 Where Mountain-loving Goats did lately graze,  
 300 The Sea-calf now his ugly body layes.  
 Groves, Cities, Temples, cover'd by the Deep,  
 The Nymphs admire ; in Woods the Dolphins keep,  
 And chase about the boughs : the Wolfe doth swim  
 Amongst the Sheep : the Lion (now not grim)  
 305 And Tygres tread the Waves. Swift feet no more  
 Avail the Hart : nor wounding tusks the Bore.  
 The wandring Birds hid Earth long sought in vain,  
 With weary wings descend into the Main.  
 Licentious Seas o'r drowned Hills now fret :  
 310 And unknown surges ayrie Mountains beat.

- The Waves the greater part devoure : the rest,  
 Death, with long-wanaed sustenance, opprest.  
 The Land of *Phocis*, fruitfull when a Land,  
 Divides *Asia* from th' *African* strand ;  
 But now a part of the insulting Mayne,  
 315 Offudden-swelling waters a vast Plane,  
 There, his two heads *Parnassus* doth extend  
 To touched Stars ; whose tops the Clouds transcend ;  
 On this *Deucalion's* little Boat was throwne :  
 With him, his wife ; the rest all overflowne.  
 320 *Corycian* Nymphs, and Hill-gods he adores ;  
 And *Themus*, then oraculous, implores.  
 None was there better, none more just then Hee :  
 And none more reverenc't the Gods then Shee.  
*Ioë*, when he saw that all a Lake was growne ,  
 325 And of so many thousand men but one ;  
 One, of so many thousand women, left ;  
 Both guiltlesse, pious both ; and all bereft ;  
 The clouds ( now chac't by *Boreas* ) from him throws :  
 And Earth to Heaven, Heaven unto Earth he shewes.  
 330 Nor Seas persist to rage : their awfull guide  
 The wild waves calms, his Trident laid aside ;  
 And calls blew *Triton*, riding on the Deep.  
 ( Whose mantle Nature did in purple steep )  
 And bids him his lowd sounding shell inspire,  
 335 And gave the Floods a signall to retire.  
 He his wreath'd trumpet takes ( as given in charge )  
 That from the turing bottom grows more large :  
 To which when he gives breath, 'tis heard by all,  
 From far-uprising *Phœbus* to his fall.  
 When this the watery Deity hath set  
 340 To his large mouth, and founded a retreat ;  
 All Floods it heard, that Earth or Ocean knew :  
 And all the Floods, that heard the same, with-drew.  
 Seas now have shores : full streams their chanel keep :  
 They sink, and hills above the waters peep.  
 345 Earth re-ascends : as waves decrease, so grow  
 The forms of things, and late-bid figures shew.  
 And after a long day, the trees extend  
 Their bared tops ; with mud their branches bend.  
 The World's restor'd. Which when in such a state,  
 So deadly silent, and so desolate,  
 350 *Deucalion* saw : with tears which might have made  
 Another Flood, he thus to *Pyrria* said.

- O Sister! O my wife! the poore remains  
 Of all thy Sex; which all, in one, contains!  
 Whom human Nature, one paternal Line,  
 Then one chaste Bed, and now like dangers joyne!  
 355 Of what the Sunne beholds from East to West,  
 We two are all: the Sea intombs the rest.  
 Nor yet can we of life be confident;  
 The threatning clouds strange terrors still present.  
 O what a heart wouldst thou have had, if Fate  
 Had ta'ne me from thee, and prolong'd thy date!  
 So wild a feare, such sorrowes, so forlorne  
 360 And comfortlesse, how couldest thou have borne:  
 If Seas had suckt thee in, I would have follow'd  
 My Wife in death, and Sea should me have swallow'd.  
 O would I could my Fathers cunning use!  
 And soules into well-model'd Clay infuse!  
 365 Now, all our mortall Race we two contayne;  
 And but a patterne of Man-kind remayne.  
 This said, both wept: both, pray'rs to Heaven addresse;  
 And seeke the Oracle in their distresse.  
 Forth with descending to *Cephisus* Flood,  
 370 Which in knowne banks now ran, though thick with mud;  
 They on their heads and garments water throw,  
 And to the Temple of the Goddesse goe;  
 At that time all defil'd with mosse and mire  
 The unfrequented Altar without fire.  
 375 Then, humbly on their faces prostrate lay'd,  
 And kissing the cold stones, with feare thus pray'd,  
 If Powers divine to just desires consent,  
 And angry Gods doe in the end relent;  
 Say, *Themis*, how shall we our race repaire?  
 380 O, helpe the drown'd in water and Despaire:  
 The Goddesse, with compassion mov'd, reply'd;  
 Goe from my temple: both your faces hide;  
 Let Garments all unbraced loosely flow;  
 And your Great-Parents bones behinde you throw.  
 Amaz'd: first *Pyrrha* silence breakes, and said;  
 By me the Goddesse must not be obeyd;  
 385 And, trembling, pardon craves: Her Mothers ghost  
 Shee feares would suffer, if her bones were toft.  
 Meane while they ponder and re-iterate  
 The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate,  
 390 Then, *Promethides*, *Epimethida*  
 Thus recollecteth; lost in her dismay:

Or I the Oracle misse understand.  
Or the just Gods no wicked thing command,  
The Earth is our Great-Mother : and the stones,  
Therein contain'd, I take to be her bon:s.  
These, sure, are those we should behind us throw.

395 Although *Tiānia* thought it might be so,  
Yet shee misse-doubts. Both with weake faith rely  
On ayding Heaven. What hurt was it to try ;  
Departing with heads vail'd and clothes unbrac't,  
Commanded stones they o're their shoulders cast.

400 Did not Antiquity avouch the same,  
Who would beleev't ! the stones lesse hard became,  
And as their naturall hardnesse them forsooke ;  
So by degrees they Mans dimensions tooke ;  
And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increast :

405 And, yet not manifestly Man exprest :  
But, like rough-hewne rude marble Statues stand,  
That want the Workmans last life-giving hand.  
The Earthy parts, and what had any juyce ,  
Were both converted to the body's use.  
Th' unflexible and solid turne to bones :

410 The veines remain, that were when they were stones.  
Those, throwne by Man, the forme of men in lue :  
And those were Women, which the Woman threw.  
Hence we, a hardy Race, inur'd to payne :

415 Our Actions our Originall explaine.

All other Creatures tooke their numerous birth  
And figures, from the voluntary Earth.

When that old humor with the Sunne did sweat,  
And slimy Marishes grew big with heat ;

420 The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mothers wombe,  
From quickning Earth both growth and forme assume,  
So, when seven chanel'd *Nile* forsakes the Playne,  
When ancient bounds retyring streames contayne,

425 And late-left slime æthereall fervours buime,  
Men various creatures with the gleabe up turne :  
of those, some in their very time of birth ;  
Some lame ; and others halfe alive, halfe earth.

430 For, Heat and Moysture, when they temperate grow,  
Forth-with conceive ; and life on things bestow.  
From striving Fire and Water all proceede ;  
Discording Concord ever apt to breede.

So, Earth by that late Deluge muddy growne,  
435 When on her lap resting *Titan* shone,

Produc'd a world of forms ; restor'd the late :  
And other unknown Monſters did create.

Huge *Python*, thee, againſt her will, ſhe bred ;  
A Serpent, whom the new-born people dread :

440 Whoſe bulk did like a moving Mountain ſhow.  
Behold ! the God that bears the ſilver Bow  
( Till then, inur'd to ſtrike the flying Deer,  
Or ſwifte Roe, who every ſhadow fear )  
That terror with a thouſand arrows ſlew ;  
And through black wounds the clouted poiſon drew.

445 Then, leſt the well-deſerved memorie  
Of ſuch a Praise, in future times ſhould die ;  
He inſtitute th celebrated Games  
Of free contention ; which he *Pythia* names.  
Who Ran, who Wraſtled beſt ; or Rak'd the ground  
With ſwifteſt wheel's, the Oken Garland crown'd.

450 The Lawrel was not yet : all ſorts of Boughs  
*Phæbus* then bound about his radiant browes,  
*Peneian Daphne* was his firſt belov'd,  
Not Chance, but *Cupid's* wrath, that fury mov'd.  
Whom *Delius* (proud of his late conqueſt) ſaw,

455 As he his pliant Bowe began to draw ;  
And ſaid : Laſcivious Boy, how ill agree  
Thou and theſe Arms ! too Manly far for thee.  
Such ſuit our ſhoulders ; whoſe ſtrong arm confounds  
Both Man and Beaſt, with never-miſſing wounds ;

460 That *Python*, briftled with thick Arrows, queld,  
Who o're ſo many poys'ned Akers ſweld.  
Be thou content to kindle with thy Flame.  
Deſires we know not ; nor our praises claim.  
Then *Venus* ſon ; Self-prayſed ever be :  
All may thy Bowe tranſfix, as mine ſhall thee.

465 So far as Gods exceed all earthly pow'r's :  
So much thy glory is exceld by ours.  
With that, he breaks the air with nimble wings,  
And to *Parnaffus* ſhady ſummer Springs ;  
Two different arrows from his quiver draws :  
One, hate of Love ; the other Love doth cauſe.

470 What cauſ'd, was ſharp, and had a golden Head ;  
But what repulſt, was blunt, and tipt with Lead.  
The God this in *Peneia* fixt : that ſtruck  
*Apollo's* bones, and in his Marrow ſtuck,  
Forthwith he loves : a lovers name ſhe flies ;  
And emulating un-wed *Phæbe*, joyes

- 475 In spoils of salvage Beasts, and sylvan Lares :  
 A fillet binding her neglected haire.  
 Her many sought : but she, averse to all,  
 Unknown to Man, nor brooking such a thrall  
 Frequents the pathless Woods ; and hates to prove,  
 Nor cares to hear, what *Hymen* is, or Love.
- 480 Oft said her Father ; Daughter thou dost owe  
 A Son-in-law, who Nephews may bestowe.  
 But she, who marriage as a crime eschew'd  
 (Her face with blushing shamefacedness imbew'd)  
 Hung on his neck with fawning arms, and said,  
 485 Dear Father give me leave to live a Maid :  
 This boon *Diana's* fire did her afford.  
 He, too indulgent, gave thee his accord :  
 But thee, thy excellency countermands ;  
 And thy own beauty thy desire with-stands.
- 490 *Apollo* loves, and fain would *Daphne* wed :  
 What he desires, he hopes ; and is misse-led  
 By his own Oracles. As stubbles burn,  
 As hedges into sudden blazes turn,  
 Fire set too near, or left by chance behinde  
 By passengers, and scattered with the winde :
- 495 So springs he into flames : a fire doth move  
 Through all his veins : hope feeds his barren love,  
 He on her shoulders sees her hair untrest :  
 O what, said he, if these were neatly drest !  
 He sees her eyes, two Stars ! her Lips which kisse  
 Their happy selves, and longs to taste their blisse :  
 Admires her fingers, hands, her armes half-bare ;
- 500 And parts unseen conceives to be more rare.  
 Swifter then following windes, away she runs ;  
 And him, for all this his intreaty, shuns.  
 Stay Nymph, I pray thee stay ; I am no Foe :  
 505 So Lambs from Wolves, Harts fly from Lions so ;  
 So from the Eagle springs the trembling Dove,  
 They, from their deaths : but my pursuit is love.  
 Wo's me, if thou shouldst fall, or thorns should race  
 Thy tender legs, whilst I inforce the chace !
- 510 These roughs are craggy : moderate thy hast,  
 And, trust me, I will not pursue so fast.  
 Yet know, who tis you please : No Mountainere,  
 No home-bred Clown ; nor keep I cattle here.  
 From whom thou fly'st thou knowst not (silly fool !)  
 515 And therefore fly'st thou, I in *Delphos* rule ;

- Ionian Caros, Lycian, Patara,*  
 And Sea-girt *Tenedos* doe me obay.  
*Love* is my Father. What shall be, hath beene,  
 Or is; by my instructive rayes is seene.  
 Immortall Verse from our invention springs;  
 And how to strike the well concurring-strings.  
 My shafts hit sure: yet He one furer found,  
 520 Who in my empty bosome made this wound.  
 Of herbs I found the vertue; and through all  
 The World they Me the great Physitian call.  
 Ay me, that herbs can Love no cure afford!  
 That Arts, relieving all, should faile their Lord.  
 525 More had he said, when she, with nimble dread,  
 From him, and his unfinished court-ship fled.  
 How gracefull then! the Wind that obvious blew,  
 Too much betray'd her to his amorous view;  
 And play'd the Wanton with her fluent haire:  
 530 Her Beauty, by her flight, appear'd more rare.  
 No more the God will his intreaties lose;  
 But, urg'd by love, with all his force pursues.  
 As when a hare the speedy Gray-hound spies;  
 His feet for prey, shee hers for safety plyes;  
 535 Now bears he up; now, now he hopes to fetch her;  
 And with his snout extended, straines to catch her:  
 Not knowing whether caught or no, shee slips  
 Out of his wide-stretcht jawes and touching lips.  
 The God and Virgin in such strife appeare:  
 He, quickned by his hope; She, by her feare,  
 540 But, the Pursuer doth more nimble prove:  
 Enabled by th' industrious wings of love.  
 Nor gives he time to breath: uow at her heeles,  
 His breath upon her dangling haire she feels.  
 Cleane spent, and fainting, her affrighted blood  
 Forsakes her cheeks. Shee cryes unto the Flood,  
 545 Helpe Father, if your streames containe a Power:  
 May Earth, for too well pleasing me devour:  
 Or, by transforming, O destroy this shape,  
 That thus betrayes me to undoing rape.  
 Forth-with, a numnesse all her lims possesse;  
 And slender filmes her softer sides invest.  
 550 Haire into leaves, her *Armes* to branches grow:  
 And late swift feet, now rootes, are lesse then slow,  
 Her gracefull head a leavie top sustaynes:  
 One beauty throughout all her forme remainses.

- Still *Phœbus* loves. He handles the new Plant ?  
 And fees her Heart within the barke to pant.  
 555 Imbrace't the bole, as he would her have done ;  
 And kisse the bough : the boughs his kisses shun.  
 To whom the God : Although thou canst not be  
 The wife I wisht, yet shalt thou be my Tree,  
 Our Quiver, Harp, our Tresses never shome,  
 My Laurell, thou shalt evermore adorne ;  
 560 And Browes triumphant, when they *Io* sing,  
 And to the Capitol their Trophees bring.  
 Thou shalt defend from Thunders blasting stroke,  
*Augustus* doores, on either side the Oke.  
 And as our un-cut haire no change receaves ;  
 565 So ever flourish with unfading leaves.  
 Here *Pæan* ends. The Laurell allallows .  
 In signe whereof her greateful head shee bowes.  
 A pleasant Grove within *Æmonia* growes,  
 Call'd *Tempe* ; which high ragged Cliffs inclose.  
 570 Through this, *Peneus*, pour'd from *Pindus*, raves.  
 And from the bottom rowles with foming waves ;  
 That by steep down-falls tumbling from on hie ,  
 Ingender mists, which smoke-like, upward flie,  
 That on the dewy tops of Trees distill,  
 And more then neighbouring woods with noyses fill.  
 Here, in a Cave, his Court and residence  
 575 The great flood keepes : here justice doth dispense  
 To streames , and gentle Nymphes that streams frequer  
 The floods, that native were, with one consent  
 First thir her came ; as yet, at selfe-debate,  
 Whether to comfort, or congregate.  
 580 Coole *Sperchius* slow *Amphrysus*, *Apidan*.  
 Swift *Æas*, *Enipe*, that troubled ran.  
 Then, forthwith those, who ( as their sources bend )  
 To Seas their waves (with wandring, weary) send  
 All but old *Inachus* : who in his Caves  
 Obscure recesso, with teares augments his waves :  
 585 For *Io*, mournes as lost ; nor yet knowes he  
 Whether above or under Earth shee bee :  
 But, her, whom he not any-where could find,  
 He thinkes is no where : feare distracts his mind.  
 As from her Fathers streams the Nymph return'd,  
*Saturnius*, seeing her in passion burn'd.  
 O Virgin, worthy *Jove* ! whose bed must blesse  
 590 What God I know not ; though a Man, no lesse ;

Here in these Woods, said he, or these repose.  
 Whil'st thus the World with fainting fervor glows,  
 Nor fear among the Salvages to venter :  
 A God protecting, thou maist safely enter.

595 Nor one of vulgar rank ; but, He that bears  
 Heavens Scepter, and the clouds with thunder tears.  
 O, fie not ! for she fled. The Pastures past  
 Of *Lerna* and *Lycean's* gloomy wast,  
 He in the Air a fable cloud displaid,

600 Caught, and devirginat's the struggling Maid.  
 Mean-while, with wonder *Juno* doth survey  
 Those dusky Clouds, that made a night of day.  
 And, finding that they neither took their birth  
 From vap'rous streams, nor from the humid Earth,

605 For her mist Husband searcheth Heaven : as one,  
 To whom his stealths so often hath been known.  
 Whom when she could not finde ; Deceiv'd am I,  
 Or wrong'd, she said. Down from the enamel'd sky  
 She slides to earth. The foggy clouds with-draw

610 At her command. Her comming *Jove* fore-saw,  
 And changed *Inachis* into a Cow ;  
 Whose form even *Juno* prais'd ; demanding how  
 She thither came ? Whose was she ? Of what herd ?  
 As ignorant of what she more then fear'd.

615 *Jove* fains (her importunity to shift)  
 Her born of Earth. *Saturnia* begs the gift.  
 What should he do ? Be cruel to his Love ;  
 Or by denying her, suspicion move ?  
 Shame that perswades ; and Love doth this dissuade :  
 But, stronger Love Shame underfoot had laid ;

620 Yet doubts, if he should such a thing deny  
 His Wife and Sister, 'twould the fraud descry.  
 Obtain'd ; not forth-with fear the goddess left ;  
 Distrusting *Joves* and jealous of his theft,  
 Until delivered to *Argus* guard.

625 A hundred eyes his head's large circuit starr'd ;  
 Whereof, by turns, at once two onely slept ;  
 The other watch, and still their Stations kept.  
 Which way so-ere he stands, he so spies :  
 So, behinde him, was before his eyes.

630 By day, she graz'd abroad : *Sol* under ground,  
 He hous'd her, in unworthy halter bound.  
 On leaves of trees and bitter herbs she fed.  
 Poor soul : the Earth not alwayes green, her bed ;

- And of the Torrent drinks. With hands up-heav'd  
 635 Shee thought to beg for pity : how deceiv'd :  
 Who low'd, when she began to make her mone ;  
 And trembled at the voice which was her own,  
 Unto the banks of *Inachus* she strayd ;  
 Her Fathers banks where she so oft had playd :  
 640 Beholding in his stream her horned head,  
 Shee starts ; and from her self, self-frighted, fled.  
 Her sisters, nor old *Inachus* her knew :  
 Which way so-ere they went, she would pursue,  
 And suffer them to stroke her ; and doth move  
 Their wonder with her strange expressed love.  
 645 He brought her Grasse : she gently lick't his hands,  
 And kist his palms ; nor, longer, tears withstands.  
 And had she then had words, she had display'd  
 Her name, her fortunes, and implor'd his ayd,  
 For words, she letters with her foot imprest  
 650 Upon the sand, which her sad change protest.  
 Wo's me ! cry'd *Inachus* ; his arms he throwes  
 About her snowy neck. O, woe of woes !  
 Art thou my daughter throughout all the Round  
 Of Earth so sought ; that now, not found, art found :  
 655 Lesse was thy losse : lesse was my misery.  
 Dumb wretch (alas ! ) thou canst not make reply :  
 Yet : as thou canst thou dost : thy lowings s. eak,  
 And deep-fetcht sighs that from thy bosom break,  
 I, ignorant, prepar'd thy marriage bed :  
 My hopes, a Son-in-law, and Nephews fed.  
 660 Now, from the Heard, thy issue must descend :  
 Nor can the length of time my sorrows end ;  
 Accurst in that a God. Death's sweet relief  
 Hard fates deny to my immortal grief.  
 This said : his Daughter (in that shape belov'd)  
 665 The Star-ey'd *Argus* far from thence remov'd ;  
 When, mounted on a hill, the wary Spie  
 Surveys the Plains that round about him lie.  
 The King of Gods those sorrows she indur'd,  
 Could brook no longer by his fault procur'd :  
 But, calls his son, of fulgent *Pleias* bred ;  
 670 Commanding him to cut off *Argus* head.  
 He wings his heels, puts on his Felt, and takes  
 His drowsie Rod ; the Towre of *Jove* forsakes ;  
 And, winding, stoops to Earth. The changed God  
 His Hat and Wings layes by ; retains his Rod :

With

With which he drives his Goats ( like one that feeds  
The bearded Heard) and sings t'his slender Reeds.

Much taken wi h that Art, before unknowne ,  
Come, sit by me, said *Argus*, on this stone.

680 No place affordeth better Pastorage,  
Or shelter for the Sunnes offensive rage.  
Pleas'd *Atlantiades* doth him obey ;  
And with discourse protracts the speedy Day :  
Then, singing to his Pipes soft melody,  
Endeavours to subdue each wakefull eye.

685 The Herds-man strives to conquer urgent sleepe :  
Though seiz'd on halfe, the other halfe doe keepe  
Observant watch. He askes who did invent  
(With that, he yawn'd ) that late-found Instrument :  
Then, thus the God his charmed eares inclines :

690 Amongst the *Hamadriads* *Nonacrimus*  
(On cold *Arcadian* Hills) for beauty fam'd ,  
A *Naias* dwelt ; the Nymphs, her *Syrinx* nam'd ,  
Who oft deceiv'd the Satyres that pursu'd,  
The rurall Gods, and those whom Woods include ;  
In exercises and in chaste desire,

695 *Diana*-like : and such in her attire,  
You either in each other might behold :  
Save that Her Bow was Horne ; *Dianæ* Gold :  
Yet oft mistooke. *Pan*, crown'd with Pines, returning,  
From steepe *Lycæus*, saw her ; and, love-burning,

700 Thus said : Fair Virgin, grant a Gods request ;  
And be his Wife. Surceast to tell the rest ;  
How from his prayers shee fled, as from her shame.  
Till to smooth *Ladons* sandy banks shee came.  
There stopt ; implores the liquid Sisters aid,

705 To change her shape, and pittie a forc't Maid.  
*Pan*, when he thought he had his *Syrinx* claspt  
Betweene his armes, Reeds for her body graspt,  
He sighs : they, stir'd therewith, report againe  
A mournfull sound, like one that did complaine.

710 Rapt with the musick ; Yet, O sweet ( said he )  
Together ever thus converse will we.  
Then, of unequall wax-joy'n'd Reeds he fram'd  
This seven-fold Pipe : of her 'twas *Syrinx* uam'd.

Thus much about to have said, *Cyllenius* spies.  
715 How leaden sleepe had seal'd up all his eyes.  
Then, silent, with his Magick rod he strokes  
Their languisht lights, which sounder sleep provokes,

And with his Fauchion lops his nodding head :

720 Whose blood besmear'd the hoary Rock with red.

There lyes he ; of so many lights, the light

Put forth : his hundred eyes set in one night,

Yet, that those starry jewels might remain,

*Saturnia* fixt them in her Peacocks train.

725 Inflam'd with anger, and impatient haste,

Before sad *Ios* eyes and thoughts she plac't

*Erymis* Snakes ; and through the World doth drive

The conscience-stung affrighted Fugitive.

Thou, *Nile*, to her long toyl and end didst yeeld.

730 Approaching thee, she on thy margent kneel'd ;

Her looks (such as she had) to heaven up-throws :

With tears, sighs, sounds (expressing wordlesse woes)

She seem'd *Jove* t'accuse, as too ingrate,

And to implore an end of her hard fare.

735 He clips his Wife ; and her intreats to free

Th'unjustly plagu'd. Be confident (said he)

She never more shall cause thy grief, or fear :

His vow he bids the *Stygian* Waters hear.

Appeas'd ; the Nymph recover'd her first look ;

740 So fair, so sweet ! the hair her skin forsook :

Her horns decrease : large eyes, wide jaws, contract :

Shoulders and hands again become exact :

Her hooves to nails diminish : nothing now,

But that pure White, retains she of the Cow.

745 Then, on her feet her body she erects

Now born by two. Her self she yet suspects ;

Nor dares to speak aloud, lest she should hear

Her self too low ; but softly tries with fear

Now, she, a Goddess, is ador'd by those

That shine in linen stoles where *Nilus* flows.

Hence sprung *Joves* *Epaphus*, no lesse divine :

750 Whose Temples next unto his Mothers joyn.

Equal in years, nor equal spirit wants

The Sun-got *Phaeton* : who proudly vants

Of his high Parentage ; nor will give place.

*Inachides* puts on him this disgrace :

Fool, thou thy Mother trusts in things unknown ;

755 And of a Father boasts that's not thine own.

Vext *Phaeton* blusht : his shame his rage repels :

Who straight to *Cymene* the slander tels :

And Mother, said he, to your griefs increase,

I, free, and late so lofty, held my peace,

Asham'd :

- 760 Aslaam'd that such a tainture should be lai'd  
 Upon my blood, that could not be gain-said,  
 But, if I be descended from above ;  
 Give prove thereof, and this reproach remove.  
 Then hangs about her neck : by her own head,  
 By *Merops*, by his Sisters nuptial bed,
- 765 Intreats her to produce some certain gage,  
 That might assure his question'd parentage.  
 Mov'd with her sons intreaty, more inflam'd  
 With indignation to be so defam'd,  
 She casts her arms to *Heaven* : and looking on  
 His radiant Orbe, thus said : I swear, my son  
 By yon' fair Taper, that so bright appears
- 770 With far-projected beams : who sees, and hears :  
 That Sun whom thou behold'st, who light and heat  
 Affords the informed World, did thee beget.  
 If not, may he to me deny his sight :  
 And to my eyes let this be his last light.
- 775 Nor far-removed doth his Palace stand ;  
 His first uprise confines us, on our Land ;  
 If that thy heart do serve thee, thither go ;  
 And there thy Father, of thy Father, know.  
 Hereat, joy'd *Phaeton* enlightned grew ;  
 Whose towring thoughts no lesse then *Heaven* pursue  
 His *Aethiopia* past, and *Ind* which fries
- 780 With burning beams, he climbs the Sun's uprise.



# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Second Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**R**ash Phaeton fires the World. His sisters mourn  
 His Tragedie, who into Poplars turn;  
 Their tears to Amber; Cygnus, to a Swan.  
 Jove, Phoebe-like, Calisto found a Man:  
 Her, Juno made a Bear: She and her son,  
 Advanced stars, that still the Ocean shew.  
 Coronis, now a Crow, flies Neptunes fright.  
 Niſtimine is made the Bird of Night.  
 The too-officious Ravens, late so fair,  
 Is plum'd with black. Ocyroe grows a Mate.  
 Phœbus, a Herdsman: Mercury, twice such;  
 Who twines betraying Battus into Tuck.  
 Envious Aglauros, to a Statue, full  
 Of her minde's spots. Love Jove converts i' a Bull.

**S**ol's lofty Palace on high Pillars rais'd,  
 Shone all with gold, and stones that flamelike blaz'd.  
 The roof of Ivory, divinely deckt:  
 The two-leav'd silver-doors bright raies project.  
 The workmanship more admiration crav'd:  
 For, curious *Mulciber* had there engrav'd  
 The Land-imbracing Sea, the orb'd Ground,  
 The arch'd Heavens. Blew Gods the billows crown'd;  
 Shape-changing *Proteus*. *Triton* shrill; the tall  
 Big-brawn'd *Ægeon* mounted on a Whale.

Gray

- Gray *Doris*, and her daughters, heavenly-fair :  
 Some sit on Rocks, and drie their Sea-green hair :  
 Some seem upon the dancing Waves to glide ;  
 Others on backs of crooked fishes ride :  
 Amongst them all, no two appear the same ;  
 Nor differ more then sisters well became.
- 15 The Earth had salvage Beasts, Men, Cities, Woods,  
 Nymphs, Satyrs ; rural Gods, and chrystal Floods :  
 Above all these, Heavens radiant Image shines,  
 On both sides deckt with six refulgent signes.  
 To this, bold *Phaeton* made his ascent ;
- 20 And to his doubted Fathers presence bent ;  
 Yet forst to stand aloof : for, mortal sight  
 Could not endure t'approach so pure a light.  
*Sol* cloth'd in purple, sits upon a Throne,  
 Which clearly with tralucent Emralds shone.
- 25 With equal-raigning hours, on either hand,  
 The dayes, the moneths, the years, the Ages stand :  
 The fragrant Spring with flowrie chaplet crown'd :  
 Wheat-ears, the brows of naked Summer bound :  
 Rich Autumn smear'd with cruell *Lyæus* blood ;
- 30 Next hoary-headed Winter quivering stood,  
 Much daunted at these sacred novelties,  
 The fearful Youth all-seeing *Phæbus* spies ;  
 Who said, What hither drew thee *Phaeton*,  
 Who art, and worthily my dearest Son ?
- 35 He thus reply'd. O thou refulgent Light,  
 Who all the World rejoycest with thy sight !  
 O Father ! if allowd to use that name,  
 Nor *Clymene* by thee disguise her shame ;  
 Produce some signe, that may my birth approve,  
 And from my thoughts these wretched doubts remove.
- 40 He, from his Browes, his shining rayes displast ;  
 And, bidding him draw-neer, his neck imbraist.  
 By merit, as by birth, to thee is due  
 That name, said he ; and *Clymene* was true.  
 To cleere all doubts ; aske what thou wilt, and take
- 45 Thy granted wish. Beare witness thou dark Lake,  
 The oath of Gods, unto our eyes unknowne.  
 These words no sooner from his lips were flowne,  
 But he demands his Chariot, and the sway  
 Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged Day.  
 The God repents him of the oath he made ;  
 And, shaking his illustrious Tresses, said :
- 50

Thy tongue hath made mine erre, thy birth unblest.  
 O, would I could break promise ! this request,  
 I must confesse, I onely would deny :  
 And yet, dissuade I may. Thy death doth lie  
 Within thy wish. What's so desir'd by thee,  
 35 Can neither with thy strength nor youth agree.  
 Too great intentions set thy thoughts on fire.  
 Thou, mortal, dost no mortal thing desire ;  
 Through ignorance, affecting more then they  
 Dare undertake, who in *Olympus* sway.  
 40 Through each himself approve ; except me, none  
 Is able to supply my burning Throne.  
 Not that dread Thunderer, who rules above,  
 Can drive these wheels : and who more great then *Jove* ?  
 Steep is the first ascent ; which in the prime  
 Of springing Day, fresh *Horses* hardly clime.  
 At noon, through highest skies their course they bear :  
 45 Whence Sea and Land even we behold with fear.  
 Then down the hill of *Heaven* they scour amain  
 With desperate speed, and need a steady rain ;  
 That *Tethis*, in whose wavy bowres I lie.  
 Each evening dreads my downfal from the skie.  
 50 Besides ; the *Heavens* are daily hurried round,  
 That turn the Stars, to other motions bound.  
 Against this violence, my way I force,  
 And counter-run their all ore-bearing course.  
 My Chariot had : can thy frail strength ascend  
 55 The obvious Poles, and with their force contend ?  
 No Groves, no Cities, fraught with Gods, expect ;  
 No marble Fanes, with wealthy offerings deckt.  
 Through salvage shapes, and dangers lyes thy way :  
 Which couldst thou keep, and by no error stray,  
 60 Between the Bulls sharp horns yet must thou go ;  
 By him that draws the strong *Æmonian* bowe ;  
 The deathful Scorpions far out-bending claws ;  
 The shorter Crabs ; the roaring Lions jaws.  
 Nor easie is't those fiery Steeds to tame :  
 65 Who from their mouthes and nostrils vomit flame,  
 They, heated, hardly of my rule admit ;  
 But, head-strong, struggle with the hated Bit.  
 Then, least my bounty, which would save, should kill ;  
 Beware : and whilst thou maist, reform thy will,  
 70 A signe thou crav'st, that might confirm thee mine :  
 I, by dehorting, give a certain signe ;

Approv'd

- Approv'd a Father, by Paternal fear :  
 Look on my looks, and read my sorrows, there.  
 O, would thou couldst descend into my brest ;  
 And apprehend my vexed Souls unrest :  
 95 And lastly, all the wealthy World behold,  
 Of all that Heaven enriches, rich Seas infold,  
 Or on the pregnant-bosom'd Earth remain,  
 Ask what thou wilt ; and no repulse sustain.  
 To this alone, I give a forc't consent :  
 No honour, but a true-nam'd punishment.  
 Thou, for a blessing, beg'st the worst of harms.  
 100 Why hangst thou on my neck with fawning arms ?  
 Distrust not ; We have sworn : but ask, and take  
 What thou canst wish : yet, wiler wishes make.  
 In vain dehorted ; he, his promise claim'd ;  
 With glory of so great a charge inflam'd,  
 105 The wilful Youth then lingring *Phæbus* brought  
 To his bright Chariot, by *Vulcan* wrought.  
 The Beam and Axaltrec of massie gold ;  
 On silver Spokes the golden fillies rold :  
 Rich Gems and *Chrysolites*, the *Harnels* deckt ;  
 110 Which, *Phæbus* beams, with equal light, reflect.  
 Whilst this, admiring *Phaeton* surveys,  
 The wakeful morning from the East displayes  
 Her purple doors, and odoriferous bed,  
 With plenty of dew-dropping *Roses* spread.  
 Clear *Lucifer* the flying Stars doth chase ;  
 115 And, after all the rest, resignes his place.  
 When *Titon* saw the Dawning ruddy grew,  
 And how the Moon her silver horns with-drew :  
 He bade the light-foot *Hours*, without delay  
 To joyn his Steeds. The Goddesses obey :  
 120 Who, from their lofty Mangers, forth-with led  
 His fierie Horses, with *Ambrosia* fed.  
 With sacred Oyl anointed by his Syre,  
 Of vertue to repulse the rage of fire,  
 He crowns him with his Rayes ; Then, thus began  
 125 With doubted sighes which following woes fore-ran.  
 Let not thy Father still advise in vain.  
 Son, spare the whip, and strongly use the rein.  
 They, of their own accord, will run too fast.  
 'Tis hard to moderate a flying haste.  
 Nor drive along the five directer Lines.  
 130 A broad and beaten path obliquely windes,

- Contented with three Zones : which doth avoid  
The distant Poles : the track thy wheels will guide.  
135 Descend thou not too low, nor mount too high,  
That temperate warmth may *Heaven* and *Earth* supply,  
A lofty course will *Heaven* with fire infest,  
A lowly, earth : the safer Mean is best,  
Nor to the folded Snake thy Chariot guide :  
Nor to the Altar on the other side :  
140 Between these drive. The rest I leave to Fate ;  
Who better prove, then thou, to thy own state.  
But, while I speak, behold, the humid Night  
Beyond th' *Hesperian* Vales hath ta'ne her flight.  
*Aurora's* splendor re-inthrones the Day :  
We are expected, nor can longer stay.  
145 Take up the rains, or, while thou mayst, refuse ;  
And not my Chariot, but my counsel use ;  
While on a firm foundation thou dost stand,  
Not yet possessest of thy ill-wisht Command.  
Let me the World with usual influence chear :  
And view that light which is unsafe to bear.  
150 The generous and gallant *Phaeton*,  
All courage, vault's into the blazing Throne :  
Glad of the rains, nor doubtful of his skil ;  
And gives his Father thanks against his will.  
Mean while, the Suns swift *Horses*, hot *Pyrean*  
Light *Æthon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eon*,  
Neighing aloud, inflame the Air with heat ;  
155 And, with their thundring hoofs, the barriers beat.  
Which when hospitious *Tethys* once with-drew,  
(Who nothing of her Nephews danger knew)  
And gave them scope ; they mount the ample sky,  
And cut the obvious Clouds with feet that flie.  
Who, rais'd with plumed pinions, leave behinde  
160 The glowing East, and slower Eastern-winde.  
But, *Phæbus* *Horses* could not feel that freight :  
The Chariot wanted the accustom'd waight.  
And as unballac't Ships are rockt and tost  
With tumbling waves, and in their steerage lost :  
165 So, through the Air the lighter Chariot reels ;  
And joults, as empty, upon jumping Wheels.  
Which when they found, the beaten path they shun ;  
And, straggling, out of all subjection run.  
He knows not how to turn, nor knows the way ;  
170 Or had he known, yet would not they obey.

- The cold, now hot, *Triotes* fought in vain  
 To quench their heat in the forbidden Main.  
 The Serpent, next unto the frozen Pole,  
 Besum'd, and hurtlesse, now began to rowl  
 With actual heat ; and long forgotten ire  
 175 Resumes, together with ætherial fire.  
 'Tis said, that thou *Bootes* ranst away,  
 Though slow, though thee thy heavy Wain did stay.  
 But, when from top of all the arched skie,  
 Unhappy *Phaeton* the Earth did eye :  
 180 Pale sudden fear un-nerves his quaking thighs ;  
 And, in so great a light, be-nights his eyes.  
 He wisht those Steeds unknown ; unknown his birth ;  
 His suit ungranted : now he covets Earth ;  
 Now scorns not to be held of *Merops* blood,  
 185 Rapt as a ship upon the high-wrought flood ;  
 By salvage tempests chac't ; which in despair  
 The Pilot leaveth to the Gods, and Pray'r.  
 What should he do ? much of the heaven behinde ;  
 Much more before : both measur'd in his minde.  
 190 The never-to-be-entred West furway's ;  
 And then the East. Lost in his own amaze,  
 And ignorance, he cannot hold the raines,  
 Nor let them go ; Nor knows his *Horses* names :  
 But stares on terror-striking skies (possest  
 By Beasts and Monsters) with a paining brest.  
 195 There is a place, in which the Scorpion bends  
 His compast claws ; who through two signes extends,  
 Whom when the Youth beheld, stew'd in black sweat  
 Of poyson, and with turn'd-up tail to threat  
 A mortal wound ; pale fear his senses strook,  
 200 And slackned rains let's fall, from hands that shook.  
 They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,  
 With un-controwled error scour the skie,  
 Through unknown ayrie Regions ; and tread  
 The way which their disordered fury led.  
 Up to the fixed Stars their course they take ;  
 205 And stranger Spheres with smoking Chariot rake :  
 Now climb : now, by steep *Præcipes* descend :  
 And neerer Earth their wandring race extend.  
 To see her brother's Steeds beneath her own  
 The Moon admires ! the Clouds like Comets shone.  
 210 Invading fire the upper earth assayl'd ;  
 All chapt and con'd ; her pregnant juice exhal'd.

Trees feed their ruin : Grasse, gray-headed turns :  
 And Corn, by that which did produce it, burns.  
 But this was nothing. Cities with their Towres,  
 215 Realms with their People, funeral fire devoures.  
 The Mountains blaze : High *Athos*, but too high :  
 Fount-fruitful *Ida*, never till then drie ;  
*Oete*, old *Tmolus*, and *Cilician Taurus*,  
 Muse-haunted *Helicon*, *Oeagrian Aemus*.  
 220 Loud *Aetna* roreth with her doubled fires :  
*Parnassus* grones beneath two flaming spires.  
 Steep *Oithrys*, *Cynthus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glow ;  
 And *Rhodope*, no longer cloath'd with Snow.  
 The *Phrygian Dindyma*, in cinders mourns :  
 Cold *Caucasus* in frosty *Scythia* burns,  
 High *Mycale*, divine *Cinæron*, wast ;  
 225 *Pindus*, and *Ossa* once on *Pelion* cast,  
 More Great *Olympus* (which before did shine)  
 The ayrie *Alps*, and cloudy *Appenine*.  
 Then *Phaeton* beheld on every side,  
 The World on fire, nor could such heat abide ;  
 And, at his deadly-dry and gasping jaws,  
 The scalding *Ayr*, as from a Furnace, draws ;  
 230 His Chariot, redder then the fire it bore ;  
 And, being mortal could indure no more  
 Such clouds of ashes, and ejected coles.  
 Muffled in smoak which round about him rowls:  
 He knows not where he is, nor what succeeds ;  
 Dragg'd at the pleasure of his frantick Steeds ;  
 Men say, the *Æthiopians* then grew swart ;  
 235 Their blood exhaled to the outward part.  
 A sandy Desert *Lybia* then became,  
 Her full veins emptied by the thirsty flame.  
 With hair unbound and torn, the Nymphs, distraught,  
 Bewaile their Springs. *Bæotia Dirce* sought ;  
 240 *Argos*, *Amymone*, *Ephyre* the fair  
*Pirone* mist : Nor streams securer are.  
 Great *Tanais* in boyling chanel fumes ;  
*Tombranian Caicus* heat consumes ;  
*Ismenus*, old *Peneus*, *Erymanthus*,  
 245 Yellow *Lycornas* ; to be twice-burnt, *Zanthis*.  
*Meander*, running in a turning maze,  
*Mygdonian Melas*, and *Eurotas* blaze ;  
*Euphrates*, late investing *Babylon* ;  
*Orontes*, *Phasis*, *Ister*, *Thermodon*,

- 250 *Ganges, Alphens, Sperchius* flames in fold :  
 And *Tagus* flowereth with dissolved gold,  
 The Swans that ravish'd with their melodie  
*Maonian* banks, now in *Cayster* frie.  
 To farthest Earth affrighted *Nilus* fled ;
- 255 And there conceal'd his yet unfound-out head,  
 Whil'st his seven dusty chanel's streamlesse lie,  
*Ismarian Hebrus, Strymon* now are drie.  
*Hesperian* streams, *Rhene, Rhodanus, the Po,*  
 And Scepter-destinated *Tyber* glow.
- 260 Earth cracks : to Hell the hated light descends ;  
 And frighted *Pluto*, with his Queen offends,  
 The Ocean shrinks, and leaves a field of Sand ;  
 Where new discover'd Rocks, and Mountains stand,  
 That multiply the scatter'd *Cyclades*,  
 Late cover'd with the deep and awful Seas,
- 265 The Fishes to the bottom dive : nor dare  
 The sportlesse Dolphins tempt the sultry Aire.  
 Long boy'd alive, the monstrous *Phocæ* die,  
 And on the brine with turn'd-up bellies lie.  
 With *Doris* and her daughters, *Nereus* raves ;  
 Who hide themselves beneath the scalding waves.
- 270 Thrice wrathful *Neptune* his bold arm upheld  
 Above the Floods : whom thrice the Fire repel'd.  
 Yet foodful *Tellus* with the Ocean bound,  
 Amidst the Seas, and Fountains now unfound  
 (Self-hid within the womb where they were bred)
- 275 Neck-high advanceth her all-bearing head  
 (Her parched fore-head shadow'd with her hand)  
 And, shaking, shook what-ever on her stand :  
 Where-with, a little shrunk into her brest  
 Her sacred tongue her sorrows thus exprest :  
 If such thy will, and I deserve the same,
- 280 Thou chief of Gods, why sleeps thy vengeful flame ?  
 Be't by Thy fire, if I in fire must frie ?  
 The Author lessens the calamity.  
 But, whilst I strive to utter this, I choke.  
 View my sing'd hair, mine eyes half-out with smoke !  
 The sparkling cinders on my visage thrown !
- 285 Is this my recompence ? the favour shown  
 For all my service ? for the fruit I have born ?  
 That thus I am with Plow and Harrows torn ?  
 Wrought-out through-out the year ? that Man and Beasts  
 Sustain with food ? and you with incense feast ?

290 But, say I merit ruine, and thy hate :  
 What hath thy Brother done (by equal Fate  
 Elected to the wavy Monarchy,  
 That Sea should sink, and from thy presence flie ?  
 If neither he, nor I thy pity move,  
 Pity thy Heaven. Behold ! the Poles above  
 295 At either end do fume : and should they burn,  
 Thy habitation would to ruine turn.  
 Distressed *Atlas* shoulders shrink with pain,  
 And scarce the glowing Axeltree sustain.  
 If Sea, if Earth, if Heav'n shall fall by fire,  
 Then all of us to *Chaos* must retire.  
 O ! quench these flames : the miserable state  
 300 Of things releeve, before it be too late.

This said, her voice her parched tongue forsook,  
 Nor longer could the smothering vapours brook ;  
 But, down into her-self with-drew her head,  
 Near to th'infernal Caverns of the dead.  
*Jove* calls the Gods to witnesse, and who lent  
 305 The straying Chariot ; should not he prevent,  
 That All would perish by one destiny ;  
 Then mounts the highest Turret of the sky,  
 From thence inur'd to cloud the spaceful Earth :  
 And give the flame fore-running thunder birth.  
 But, there, for wasted clouds he sought in vain,  
 310 To shade, or cool the scorched Earth with rain.  
 He thunders, and with hands that cannot erre,  
 Hurls lightning at the audacious Charioter.  
 Him strook he from his seat, breath from his breast,  
 Both at one blow, and flames with flames supprest.  
 The frighted Horses, plunging several wayes,  
 315 Break all their tire : to whom the Bit obayes :  
 The rains, torn beam, crackt spokes, disperst abroad,  
 Scordit Heav'n was with the Chariots ruines strow'd.  
 But, soul-lesse *Phaeton* with blazing hair,  
 320 Shot head-long through a long descent of Air ;  
 As when a falling star glides through the skie,  
 Or seems to fall to the deceived eye.  
 Whom great *Eridanus* (far from his place  
 Of birth) receiv'd, and quencht his flagrant face :  
 325 Whose Nymphs interr'd him in his Mothers womb ;  
 And fixt this Epitaph upon his Tomb :  
 Here *Phaeton* lyes : who though he could not guide  
 His Fathers Steeds, in high attempts he dy'd.

- Phebus* with grief with-drew. One day did run  
 330 About the World, they say, without the Sun,  
 Which flaming funerals illuminate  
 That good, derived from a wretched Fate.  
 When *Clymene* had said what could be said  
 In such a grief, half-soul'd, in black array'd,  
 335 She fills the Earth she wanders through, with groans.  
 First seeking his dead corps, and then his bones.  
 Interr'd in foreign Lands she found the last :  
 Her feeble limbs upon the place she cast.  
 And bath'd his name in tears, and strictly prest  
 The carved Marble with her bared breast.  
 340 Nor less th' *Heliades* lament, who shed  
 From drowned eyes vain offerings to the dead :  
 Who with remorseless hands their bosoms tear,  
 And wayling, call on him that cannot hear.  
 With joyned horns four Moons their orbs had fill'd,  
 345 Since their their customary plaints upheld :  
 When *Phaethusa*, thinking to have cast  
 Her self on Earth, cry'd, ah ! my feet stick fast !  
*Lamperie*, pressing to her sisters ayd,  
 As suddenly with fixed roots was stayd.  
 350 A third, about to have torn her scattered hair,  
 Tore-off the leaves which on her crown she bare.  
 This, grieveth at her stiff and senseless thighs :  
 She, that her stretcht-out arms in branches rise.  
 And whilst with wonder they themselves behold,  
 The creeping bark their tender parts infold ;  
 Then, by degrees, their bellies, breasts, and all,  
 355 Except their mouths, which on their mother call,  
 What should she do ? but run to that, to this,  
 As fury drave, and snatcht a parting kiss ?  
 But yet, not so suffic'd, she strove to take  
 Them, from themselves, and down the branches brake :  
 360 From whence, as from a wound, pure blood did glide.  
 O pity, Mother ! (still the wounded cry'd)  
 Nor tear us in our Trees ! O ! now adieu !  
 With that, the bark their lips together drew.  
 From these clear-dropping trees, tears yearly flow :  
 360 They, hardned by the Sun, to Amber grow,  
 Which, on the moisture-giving River spent,  
 To Roman Ladies, as his gift, is sent,  
*Siberelian Cygnus* at that time was there,  
 A-kin to *Phaeton* ; in love, more near.

He, leaving State (who in *Liguria* reign'd,  
 Which cities great and populous contain'd)  
 Fill'd with complaints the River-chiding floods,  
 The sedgeie banks, and late augmented Woods.  
 At length, his voice grew small : white plume contends  
 In whitenesse with his hair : his neck ascends.

Red filmes unite his toes : arms turn to wings :  
 His mouth, a flat blunt bill, that sadly sings,  
 Become a Swan, remembring how unjust  
*Joves* lightning was, nor Heaven, nor him will trust.  
 Whom Lakes and Ponds (detesting fire) delight ;  
 And Floods, to Flames in nature opposite.

The woful Father to dead *Phaeton*,  
 Him-self neglecting (all his lustre gon,  
 As when eclips'd) day, light, his own life hates ;  
 And loved grief, with anger, aggravates.

Refusing to illuminate the Earth.  
 Enough, too much my toyl ! born with the birth  
 Of Time ; (as restless) without end, regard,  
 Or honour : recompenc'd with his reward :  
 Some other how may on my Chariot sit,  
 If all of you confesse your selves unfit ;

Let *Jove* ascend : that he (when he shall try)  
 At length may lay his murder thund'ring by.  
 Then will he finde, that he, who could not guide  
 Those fire-hoof Steeds, deserv'd not to have dy'd.

The Gods stand round about him, and request  
 That endlesse Night might not the World invest.  
 Even *Jove* excus'd his lightning, and intreats :  
 Which, like a King, he intermixt with threats.  
 Displeased *Phaebus*, hardly reconcil'd,  
 Takes-up his Steeds, as yet with horror wild.  
 On whom he vents his spleen : and, though they run,  
 He lashes, and upbraids them with his Son.

The Thunderer then walks the ample Round  
 Of Heavens high walls, to search if all were sound.  
 When finding nothing there by fire decay'd ;  
 He Earth, and humane industries surway'd.

*Arcadia* chiefly exercis'd his cares ;  
 There, Springs and streams, that durst not run, repairs ;  
 The Fields with Grass, the Trees with Leaves indues,  
 And withered Woods with vanisht Shades renew's.  
 Oft passing to and fro, a *Nonacrine*

The God inflam'd ; her beauty, more divine !

- It was not her Art to spin, nor with much care  
 And fine varietie to trick her haire ;  
 But, with a zone, her looser garments bound,  
 And her rude tresses in a Fillet wound :  
 Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bow :  
 415 A Squire of *Phaëbe's*, *Menalus* did know  
 None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng :  
 But, Favorites in favour last not long.  
 The parted Day in equall ballance held,  
 A wood she entred, as yet never feld.  
 There from her shoulders she her Quiver takes,  
 420 Unbends her Bow ; and, tyr'd with hunting makes,  
 The flowry-mantled Earth her happy bed ;  
 And on her painted Quiver layes her hand.  
 When *Jove* the Nymph without a guard did see  
 In such a posture ; This stealeth, said he,  
 My Wife shall never know : or, say shee did ;  
 425 Who, ah, who would not for her sake be chid,  
*Diana's* shape and habit them indew'd,  
 He said ; My Huntresse, where hast thou pursew'd  
 This morning's chace ? She, rising made reply ;  
 Haile Pow'r more great then *Jove* (though *Jove* stood by  
 In my esteeme----. He smil'd : and gladly heard  
 430 Him-self, by her, before him-self preferr'd ;  
 And kist. His kisses too intemperate grow ;  
 Not such as Maids on Maidens doe bestow.  
 His strict imbracements her narration stay'd ;  
 And, by his crime, his owne deceit betray'd.  
 She did what Woman could to force her Fate ;  
 435 (Would *Juno* saw : it would her spleene abate)  
 Although, as much as Woman could she strove ;  
 What Woman, or, who can contend with *Jove* !  
 The Victor hies him to th'æthereall States.  
 The Woods, as guilty of her wrongs, she hates ;  
 Almost forgetting, as from thence she flung,  
 440 Her Quiver, and the Bow which by it hung.  
 High *Menalus* *Dictynna* with her traine  
 Now entring, pleas'd with the quarry slaine,  
 Beheld, and call'd her : call'd upon, shee fled ;  
 And in her semblance *Jupiter* doth dread.  
 445 But, when she saw the attending Nymphs appeare ;  
 Shee troops amongst them, and diverts her feare.  
 Ah, how our faults are in our faces read :  
 With eyes scarce ever rais'd she hangs the head :

- Nor perks she now, as she was wont to doe,  
 By *Cynthia's* side, nor leads the starry crew.  
 450 Though mute she be, her violated shame  
 Selfe-guilty blushes silently proclaime.  
 But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill hid  
 Had soone espy'd they say, her slie Nymphs did.  
 Nine Crescents now had made their Orbs compleat;  
 455 When, faint with labour, and her brothers heat,  
 Shee takes the shades; close by the murmuring  
 And silver current of a fruitfull Spring.  
 The place much prays'd the streame as coole as cleere  
 Her faire feet glads. No Spyes, said she, be here:  
 Here will we our disrobed bodies dip.  
 460 *Calisto* blusht: the rest their fair limbs strip.  
 And her perforce uncloth'd that sought delays;  
 Who, with her body, her offence displayes.  
 They, all abasht, yet loth to have it spy'd,  
 Striving her belly with their hands to hide;  
 465 Avaunt, said *Cynthia*; get thee from our trayne;  
 Nor, with thy limbs: his sacred Fountain staine:  
 This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;  
 Whose thoughts, to fitter times, revenge defer:  
 Nor long delay's; for, *Arctas* (which more scorne  
 And grief provok't) was of the Lady borne.  
 470 Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame;  
 Must thou be fruitfull too, to blaze my shame,  
 And propagate the wrong; And must he be  
 A living infamie to *Jove* and me;  
 I'll not indur't: That so selfe-pelasing shape,  
 475 Which drew my husband to thy willing rape,  
 I sure shall spoile. This said, her haire she wound  
 About her hand, and dragg'd her on the ground.  
 Her hands, for pittie heav'd (so smooth, so fair!)  
 Grew forthwith rough, and horrid with black haire,  
 Her dainty hands (which, swift deformity  
 480 Converts to pawes) the place of feete supply.  
 The mouth, so pray'd by *Jove* (that late to sin  
 Entic't a God) now horribly doth grin.  
 And, lest she might too powerfully beseech,  
 She instantly bereft her of her speech:  
 In stead whereof, a noyse ascends her hoarse  
 And rumbling throate, which terror doth inforce;  
 485 Although a Beare, her minde she still posselt,  
 And with continuall grones her grieffe exprest;

- With paws stretch up to heaven, accus'd her fate :  
 And whom she could not call, she thought ingrate,  
 How oft, afraid to keep the Wood's alone,  
 490 Sought she the house and fields that were her own !  
 How often, chased by the following cry,  
 Th' affrighted Huntresse from her Hounds did flie !  
 Oft she (the Wood's wilde foragers espy'd)  
 Forgetting what she was, her self would hide :  
 A Bear, yet trembles at the sight of Bears ;  
 495 And Wolves (her Father then amongst them) fears.  
 When (lo !) *Lycæon's* Grand-childe th' her drew,  
 Thrice five years old, nor of his Mother knew ;  
 While he pursues the chase and salvage spoyle :  
 (The *Erymanthian* Woods begirt with toyles)  
 500 Her he encounters. *Arcas* seen, she stay'd,  
 And would have ta'ne acquaintance. He, afraid,  
 Stared upon her with a constant eye ;  
 And backward stept, as she approached nyc,  
 About to wound her undefended brest :  
 505 The King of Gods, who did the fact detest,  
 With them, the crime with-drew, and both convai'd  
 To heaven ; now neighbouring Constellations made.  
*Saturnia* sweld to see her Rival shine  
 Amongst the Stars. She stoops to *Neptune's* brine ;  
 510 Gray *Tethys* and the old *Oceanus*  
 (Grac't by the Deities) accosting thus :  
 Ask you why I, the Queen of Gods, am come  
 From blest aboads ? Another holds my room.  
 When Nights black Mantle shall the World infold ;  
 515 My wounds (those honour'd Stars) you may behold ;  
 There, where the shortest Circle, at the end  
 Of all the turning Axeltree, doth bend.  
 Who would not injurie the Wife of *Jove*,  
 When our worst punishments preferments prove ?  
 520 How great our Act ! how is our power display'd !  
 Uniform'd a Woman, and a Goddesse made.  
 Thus we the glory scourge ! Thus, thus we our  
 Revenge advance ! such, and so great our power !  
 Let him unbeast the beast (as heretofore  
*Phoræus*) and her wanton shape restore.  
 525 Why doth he not *Lycæon's* Daughter wed,  
 Rejecting me, and place her in his bed ?  
 But, you who once my careful Nurses were,  
 If my indignities do touch you near,

Command you that the seven *Tyones* keepe  
 Their lazit Waine out of your sacred Deepe.  
 From thence, those starres, the price of whoredome, drive;

330 Nor let th' impure in your pure Surges dive.

They both assent. Her Peacocks to the skies  
 Their Goddesse draw; late stuck with *Argus* eyes,  
 Thou too, thou prating Raven, turn'd as late

335 From white to blacke, by well-deserved Fate.

(The spotlesse silver Dove was not more white,  
 Nor Swans which in the running Brooks delight;  
 Nor yet that vigilant Fowle, whose gagling shall  
 Hereafter free th' attempted Capirall.)

340 Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue did thee undoe:  
 And what was white, is now of fable hew.

The Palme, *Coronis* of *Larissa*, bare.

From all th' *Aemonian* Dames for matchlesse faire.  
 Who dearly, *Delphian*, was belov'd by thee;  
 As long as chaste, or from detection free.

345 But, *Phæbus* Bird her scapes did soone descrie:  
 Nor could they charme th' inexorable Spie:  
 Whom, flying to his Lord, the Crowe pursewes  
 (As talkative as he) to know the newes:

And, knowing, said: Thy self thou dost ingage

350 By thanklesse service: flight: not my presage.

Know what I was, and am: through all my time  
 My actions sift: thou'lt find my faith my crime.

For *Pallas*, on a day, in chest compos'd

Of *Attick* Osiars; privatly inclos'd.

Her *Erichthonius* (whom on Woman bare)

Committed to the custody and care

355 Of three faire Virgin Nymphs, that daughters were

To prudent *Cecrops*, who two shapes did beare:

Nor told what it contain'd, but charg'd that they

Her secrets should not to themselves betray.

These from an Elme I (unespy'd) espy.

360 Faire *Herse* and *Pandrosa* faithfully

Performe their charge. *Aglauros* then did call

Her fearefull sisters, and unties with-all

The wicker Cabinet; whose twigs containe

An infant, raysed on a Dragon's trayne.

This, I my Goddesse told; and for reward,

Am now cashiered from *Minerva's* Guard,

365 The Bird of Night perferr'd. Beware by me:

Not too officiously tell all you see.

- Truth is, I never to that place aspir'd ;  
 She gave it me, unsought-too, undesir'd :  
 Were *Pallas* askt, though angry, yet know I  
 570 That angry *Pallas* would not this deny,  
 Me had King *Coronens*, great in fame.  
 Through happy *Phocis*, by a royall Dame.  
 Rich suiters I (despise me not) had store :  
 My beauty wrackt me, Walking on the shore,  
 As leasurely as now I use to goe,  
 575 Cold *Neptune* saw me, and with lust did glow.  
 The time, his prayr's, and prayfes spent in vaine ;  
 What would not yeeld he offers to constraine,  
 And followes me that fled. The harder strand  
 Behind me left, and tyr'd with yeelding sand,  
 To Gods and Men I cry. No humane aid  
 580 Was then at hand : a Maid releeves a Maid.  
 For, as to heaven my trembling arms I threw ;  
 My arms cole-black with hovering feathers grew.  
 My Robe I from my shoulders thought to throw :  
 But, that was plume, and to my skin did grow.  
 585 With hands to beat my naked brest, I trie :  
 But, neither brest to beat, nor hands, had I.  
 Running, in sand I sunke not as before ;  
 But, me the scarce-toucht Earth, unburden'd bore.  
 Forth-with, I lightly through the Ayre ascend ;  
 And on *Minerva*, without blame, attend.  
 590 But, what was this ; when she, whose wicked deeds  
 Vnwoman'd her, in our lost grace succeeds ;  
 For, know ( no more then through all *Lesbos* spread )  
*Nysimene* d. si'd her Fathers bed.  
 595 Though now a Bird ; yet, full of guilt, the sight,  
 The Day, she shuns ; and masks her shame in Night.  
 About her, all our winged troops repayre ;  
 And, with investives, chace her through the Ayre.  
 To her, the Raven : Mischiefe thee surprise  
 For staying me. Vaine Omen's I despise ;  
 600 Then, forward flew, ; and told the hurtfull truth  
 Of lost *Coronens*, and th' *Aemonian* youth.  
 The hard drops from his hand : and from his head  
 The Laurell fell, his chearefull colour fled.  
 Transported with his rage, his bow he tooke,  
 And with inevitable arrow strooke  
 605 That brest, which he so oft to his had joyn'd :  
 She shriekes ; and from the deadly wound doth wind.

- The biting Steele, pursu'd with streames of blood,  
 That bath'd her pure white in a crimson Flood :  
 And said ; Though this be due, yet, *Phæbus*, I  
 610 Might first have teem'd : now, two in one must die.  
 She faints : forc't life in her blood's torrent swims :  
 And stifning cold benums her senselesse lims.  
 His cruelty, to her he lov'd, too late,  
 He now repenteth, and him-self doth hate,  
 Who lent an eare, whom rage could so incense :  
 615 He hates his Bird, by whom he knew th' offence ;  
 He hates his Art, his quiver, and his Bow ;  
 Then, takes her up, and all his skill doth show.  
 But ( ah ! ) too late to vanquish Fate he tries,  
 And surgerie, without successe, applies.  
 620 Which when he saw, and saw the funerall pyle  
 Prepared to devoure so deare a spoyle ;  
 He deeply grones ( for no cœlestiall eye  
 May shed a teare ) as when a Cow stands by  
 And lowes aloyd to see th' advanced mall  
 625 Vpon the fore-head of her suckling fall,  
 And now uncar'd for odours powr'd upon her ;  
 And undue death with all due rites doth honour.  
 But, *Phæbus*, not induring that his seed  
 ( And that by her ) the greedy Fire should feed,  
 630 Snatcht it both from her womb, and from the flame :  
 And to the two-shap't *Chiron* brought the same.  
 The white-plum'd Raven, who reward expects,  
 He turnes to black ; and for his truth rejects.  
 It pleas'd the Halfe-horse to be so imploy'd ;  
 635 Who in his honourable trouble joy'd.  
 Behold : the *Centaure's* daughter with red haire,  
 Whom formerly the Nymph *Caricle* bare  
 By the swift River, and *Ocyroe* nam'd ;  
 Who had her Fath. r's healthfull Art disclaim'd,  
 640 To sing the depth of Fates : Now, when her breitt  
 Was by the prophesying rage posselt,  
 And that th' included God inflam'd her minde ;  
 Beholding of the Babe, she thus divin'd :  
 Health-giver to the world, grow Infant, grow ;  
 To whom mortality so much shall owe.  
 645 Fled Soules thou shalt restore to their aboads :  
 And once against the pleasure of the Gods.  
 To doe the like, thy Grand-fires flames deny :  
 And thou, begotten by a God, must die.

- Thou, of a bloodlesse corps, a God shalt be :  
 And Nature twice shall be renew'd in thee.  
 650 And you, deare Father, not a Mortall now ;  
 To whom the Fates eternity allow ;  
 Shall wish to die, then when your wound shall smart  
 With Serpents blood, and slight your helpelesse Art.  
 Relenting Fates will pittie you with death,  
 655 Against their Law, and stop your groning breath.  
 Not all yet said, her sighs in stormes arise ;  
 And ill-aboding teares burst from her eyes.  
 Then, thus : My Fates prevent me : lo, they tie  
 My falt'ring tongue, and farther speech deny.  
 660 Alas ! these Arts not of that value be,  
 That they should draw the wrath of Heaven on me :  
 O, rather would I no' hing had fore-knowne !  
 My lookes seeme now not humane, nor my owne.  
 I long to feed on grasse I long to run  
 About the spacious fields, Woes me, undone !  
 Into a Mare ( my kindred's shape ) I grow :  
 665 Yet, why throughout ? my Father but halfe so.  
 The end of her complaint you scarce could heare  
 To understand : her words confus'd were.  
 Forth-with, nor words, nor neighings, she exprest :  
 Her voice yet more inclining to the beast :  
 Then, neigh'd out-right, within a little space,  
 670 Her down-thrust armes upon the Meddow pace.  
 Her fingers joyne : one hoofe five nayles unite :  
 Her head and neck enlarge ; not now upright :  
 Her trayling garment to a trayne extends :  
 Her dangling haire upon her crest descends :  
 675 Her voice and shape at once transform'd became :  
 And to it self the Monster gives a name.  
 Old *Chiron* weeps ; and *Phæbus*, vainly cries  
 On thee to change the changelesse Destinies.  
 Admit thou could'st : thee, from thy selfe expeld,  
 680 Then *Elis*, and *Messenian* pastures held.  
 It was the time when, cloth'd in Neat-herds weeds,  
 Thou plaid'st upou unequall seven-fould Reeds :  
 Whil'st thee thy Pipe delights, whil'st cares of love  
 Thy soule possesse, and others cares remove ;  
 685 Thy oxen in the fields of *Pylus* stray :  
 Observed by the crafty sonne of *May*,  
 Forthwith he secretly conveyes them thence,  
 In untract Woods concealing his offence.

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None saw but *Barnus*, in that Country bread ;  
 Who wealchy *Neleus* famous horses fed.  
 690 Him only he misdoub's : then, (ta'ne a part)  
 Stranger, said *Mercury*, what ere thou art ;  
 If any for this Herd by chance enquire,  
 Conceale thy knowledge : and receive, for hire,  
 695 This white-hair'd Cow. He tooke her, and reply'd,  
 Be safe ; thy theft shall sooner be descry'd  
 By yonder stone, then me, and shew'd a stone.  
*Jove's* sonne departs, and straight returnes unknowne  
 (A seeming Clowne in forme and voice) who said :  
 700 Saw'st thou no Cattle through these fields convay'd ;  
 Detect the theft ; in their recovery joyne :  
 And, lo, this Heifer, with her Bull, is thine,  
 He (the reward redoubl'd) answer'd : I here  
 Beneath those hills, beneath those hills they were.  
 705 Then, *Hermes*, laughing lowd ; What, knave, I say,  
 Me to my self ; me to my self betray ;  
 Then, to a touch-stone turn'd his perjur'd brest ;  
 Whose nature now is in that name exprest.  
 Hence, he, who beares the Caduceus, springs  
 Through boundlesse ayre ; and viewes, from stretch-out  
 710 *Mianchian* fields, *Minerva's* loved soyle, (wings,  
*Lycaum*, exercis'd with learned toyle.  
 By chance, upon that day it did befall,  
 When to her Fane, prepar'd for festivall,  
 In crowned baskets on their shining haire,  
 The Virgin-trayne her sacrifices bare :  
 715 Returning ; these the winged God doth view ;  
 Who not forth-right, but in a circuit flew.  
 As when a greedy Kite fresh entrailles spies,  
 Fearing to stoop for those that sacrifice,  
 Strikes circles through the ayre, nor farre removes ;  
 720 But, with fixt eyes reverts to what he loves :  
 So swift *Cyllenius* o're the *Attick* towers,  
 In ayrie windings circularly scowers.  
 As *Lucifer* out-shines each other Starre ;  
 As silver *Phæbe*, *Lucifer* ; so farre  
 725 Did *Herse* all the other Virgins stayne ;  
 The glory of that pomp, and of her trayne.  
 Love-struck, he burnes as in the Ayre he hung.  
 A ballet by *Balarian* Slinger flung,  
 Increaseth so infervor as it flies ;  
 And findes the fire it had not, in the skyes,

From Heaven, he stoops to more affected Earth :  
 Not now disguis'd like one of humane birth ;  
 Suck confidence his beauteous parts impart ;  
 Which, though diuine, he strives to grace by Art.  
 He curls his haire ; his mantle, wrought with gold,

- 735 He in the most becoming garb doth fold ;  
 And his fine feete adorns : then, in his hand  
 Takes his sleep-causing and expelling wand.

Three roomes there were within the faire context  
 Of *Cecrop's* house, with Ivory arches deckt.

- 740 *Pandrosa* and *Aglauros* on each side  
 Of *Herse* lay ; *Aglauros* first espy'd  
 The fly-approaching *Mercury* : his name  
 Shee boldly asks, and why he thither came.  
 To whom, *Pleiones* nephew : He am I

- 745 Who on *Jove's* errands (*Jove*, my Father) flie.  
 And to be plaine ; to *Herse* faithfull prove :  
 And be an Aunt unto our fruitfull love.  
 Thy sister's beauties this repaire inforce :  
 I pray thee of a Lover take remorse.

- So star'd she on him, and as much amaz'd ;  
 750 As when she on *Minerva's* secrets gaz'd :  
 Who asks a masse of treasure for her hire ;  
 And till 'twere payd, constrain'd him to retire.

Warres angry Goddesse cast on her a looke  
 That darted fire ; and fetcht a sigh which shooke

- 755 Her bosome, with the *Ægis* which shee wore :  
 Who calls to minde, how shee, not long afore  
 Profanely did, against her faith, discover  
 The *Lemnian* issue, borne without a Mother :  
 Now to her sister, to the God ingrate ;

- 760 And by so base a meanes t'inrich her state.

Forth-with to *Envie's* cave her course she bent,  
 Furr'd with black filth, within a deepe descent  
 Betweene two hills ; where *Phæbus* never shewes  
 His chearefull face ; where no winde ever blowes :

- 765 Repleat with sadnesse, and unactive cold ;  
 Devoid of fire, yet still in smoak enrold.  
 Whether when as the fear'd in battell came,  
 She stayd before the house ( that hatefull frame  
 She might not enter ) and the darke dore stroke  
 With her bright lance ; which straight in sunder broke,  
 There saw she *Envie* lapping *Vipers* blood ;

- 770 And feeding on their flesh, her vices food :

- And, having seene her, turn'd-away her eyes.  
 The Caitiffe slowly from the ground doth rise  
 (Her halfe-devoured Serpents laid-aside)  
 And forward creepeth with a lazie stride.  
 Viewing her forme so faire ; her arms so bright ;  
 775 She groan'd and sigh't at such a chearfull sight.  
 Her body more then meager ; pale her hew ;  
 Her teeth all rustie ; still she looks askew ;  
 Her brest with gall, her tongue with poyson sweld :  
 She only laught, when she sad sights beheld.  
 780 Her ever-waking cares exil'd soft sleepe :  
 Who lookes on good successe, with eyes that weepe ;  
 Repining, pines : who, wounding others, bleeds :  
 And on her self revengeth her misdeeds.  
 Although *Tritonia* did the Hag detest ;  
 Yet bricfely thus her pleasure she exprest :  
 785 *Aglauros*, one of the *Cecropides*,  
 Doe thou infest with thy accurst disease.  
 This said ; the hastie Goddesse doth advance  
 Her body, with her earth-repelling lance.  
 Envy cast after her a wicked eye,  
 Mutters, and could for very sorrow die  
 790 That such her power : snaggy staffe then tooke  
 Wreathed with thornes ; and her darke Cave forsooke :  
 Wrapt in black clouds, which way so ere she turnes,  
 The Corne she lodges, flowry pasture burnes,  
 Crosse what growes high ; Townes, Nations, with her breath  
 Pollutes ; and Vertue persecutes to death.  
 795 When she the faire *Asbenian* towres beheld,  
 Which so in wealk, in learned Arts exceld,  
 And feastfull Peace ; to crie she scarce forbears,  
 In that she saw no argument for teares.  
 When she *Aglauros* lodging entred had,  
 She gladly executes what *Pallas* bade :  
 Her cankred hand upon her brest she lai'd,  
 800 And crooked thornes into her heart convey'd,  
 And breath'd in bainefull poyson ; which she sheads  
 Into her bones, and through her spirits spreads.  
 And that her envy might not want a cause ;  
 805 The God in his divinest forme she drawes,  
 And with it, sets before her wounded eyes  
 Her happy sister, and their nuptiall joyes :  
 Augmenting all. These secret woes excite,  
 And gnaw her soule. She sighs all day, all night ;

And

- And with a slow infection melts away,  
 Like Ice before the Suns uncertain ray.
- 810 Fair *Herse's* happy state such heart-burn breeds  
 In her black bosom, as when spiny weeds  
 Are set on fire : which without flame consume,  
 And seem (so small their hear) to burn with fume.  
 Oft she resolves to die, such fights to shun :  
 Oft, by disclosing, to have both undone.
- 815 Now sits she on the threshold, to prevent  
 The Gods access; who with lost blandishment,  
 And his best Art, perswades. Quoth she, forbear,  
 I cannot be remov'd, if you stay here.
- 820 I to this bargain, he reply'd, will stand :  
 The figured door then forces with his wand.  
 Striving to rise, to second her debate,  
 Her hips could not remove, prest with dull waight.  
 Again she struggl'd to have stood on end :  
 But, those unsupple sinews would not bend.
- 825 Incroaching cold now enters at her nails :  
 And lack of blood her veins blew branches pale's.  
 And as a Canker, slighting helpless Arts,  
 Creeps from th'infected to the sounder parts :  
 So by degrees the Winter of wan Death  
 Congeales the path of life, and stops her breath :
- 830 Nor strove she : had she strove to make her mone,  
 Voice had no way ; her neck and face now stone.  
 There she a bloodlesse Statue sate, all freckt :  
 Her spotted minde the Marble did infect.
- When *Atlantiades*, on her prophane  
 Of tongue and heart, this sharp revenge had ta'ne ;
- 835 He from the City, nam'd by *Pallas*, flew  
 On mounting wings, and unto heaven with-drew.  
 With whom, *Jove*, thus (his love concealing) joynes :  
 Thou, faithful Minister to my designs,  
 Shoot swiftly through the Air unto that Land,
- 840 Whose borders North-ward of thy Mother stand,  
 Which those Inhabitants *Sidonians* name :  
 Behold yon royal Heard : conduct the same,  
 From not far distant Mountains, to the shore.  
 This he dispatcht, with speed that went before
- 845 A humane thought. There, oft the princely Maid,  
 Accompany'd with *Tyrian* Virgins, play'd.  
 Love and high Majesty agree not well ;  
 Nor will together in one bosom dwell.

- That Power, from whom, what-ere hath being, springs ;  
 That King of Gods, who three-fork't lightning flings ;  
 350 Whose nod the World's unfixt foundation shakes,  
 The figure of a sensual Bull now takes :  
 And, lowing, walks upon the tender grasse  
 Amongst the Heard ; though he in form surpasse.  
 His colour whiter then untroden Snow,  
 Before still-moist and thawing *Auster* blow.  
 355 The flesh, in swelling rowls, adorns his neck :  
 His broad-spread brest, long dangling dew-laps deck  
 His horns, though small, yet such as Art invite  
 To imitate, then shining gems more bright :  
 His eyes no wrath, his brows no terror threat ;  
 His whole aspect with smiling peace repleat.  
 The beast, *Agenor's* daughter doth admire,  
 360 So wondrous beautiful, so void of ire.  
 Though such, at first she his approach did dread,  
 Yet forthwith toucht ; and then with flowers him fed  
 The Lover joyes : till he his hopes might feast.  
 He kist her hands ; ah, scarce defers the rest !  
 355 Now, on the springing grasse, he frisks and playes :  
 His sides now on the golden sands he layes.  
 Her fear subdu'd, she strokes his profferd brest :  
 Her Virgin-hands his horns with garlands drest.  
 The royal Maid, who now no courage lackt,  
 370 Ascends the Bull, not knowing whom she backt.  
 He, to the sea approaching, by degrees  
 First dips therein his hoofs, anon his knees ;  
 Then, rushing forward, bears away the prize.  
 She shrieks, and to the shore reverts her eyes :  
 375 One hand his horn, the other held behinde ;  
 Her lighter garments swelling with the winde.



# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS

### The Third Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**A**Rm'd troops from Dragons late-sown teeth arise,  
 By his own Hounds the Hart Actæon dies,  
 Juno a Beldame. Semele doth frie  
 In wight imbraces. Bacchus from Joves thigh  
 Takes second birth. The wise Tiresias twice  
 Doth change his sex. Scorn'd Eccho pines i' a voice:  
 Selfe-lov'd Narcissus to a Daffadill,  
 Bacchus, a Boy. The Tyrrhen's ship stands still,  
 With Ivy mor'd. Strange shapes the Sayers fright:  
 Who Dolphins turn, and still in ships delight.

**A**ND now the God, arriving with his Rape,  
 At sacred Creet, resumes his heavenly shape.  
 The King, his Son to seek his Daughter sent,  
 Fore-doomed to perpetual banishment,  
 Except his fortune to his wish succeed:  
 5 How pious, and how impious in one deed!  
 Earth-wandred through (*Joves* thefts who can exquire?)  
 He shuns his Country, and his Fathers ire:  
 With *Phæbus* Oracle consults, to know  
 What Land the Fates intended to bestow.  
 10 Who, thus: In desert fields observe a Cow,  
 Yet never yoakt, nor servile to the Plow:  
 Follow her slow conduct: and where she shall  
 Repose, there build: the place *Bœotia* call.

Scarce *Cadmus* from *Castalian* Cave descended,

15 When he a Heifer saw, by no man tended,  
Her neck ungall'd with groaning servitude.

The God ador'd, he foot by foot pursu'd.

*Cephisus* flood, and *Panope* now past,

20 She made a stand; to heaven her forehead cast,

With lofty horns most exquisitely fair;

Then, with repeated lowings fill'd the air:

Looks back upon the company she led;

And, kneeling makes the tender grass her bed.

Thanks-giving *Cadmus* kist the unknown ground;

25 The stranger fields and hills saluting round.

About to sacrifice to heaven's high King,

He sends for water from the living Spring.

A Wood there was, which never Ax did hew;

In it, a Cave, where Reeds and Osiers grew,

30 Roof'd with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;

With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.

The lurking Snake of *Mars* this Hold possess'd;

Bright scal'd, and shining with a golden crest;

His bulk with poyson swoln; fire-red his eyes:

Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth comprise.

35 This fatal Well th'unlucky *Tyrans* found;

Who with their down-let Pitcher, rais'd a sound.

With that, the Serpent his blew head extends;

And suffering ayr with horrid hisses rends.

The water from them fell: their colour fled:

40 Who all, astonisht, shook with sudden dread.

He wreaths his scaly folds into a heap;

And fetcht a compassse with a mighty leap:

Then, bolt-upright his monstrous length displays

More then half way, and all the Woods survaies.

Whose body, when all seen, no lesse appears,

45 Then that, which parts the two celestial Bears.

Whether the *Tyrans* sought to fight, or flie,

Or whether they through fear could neither trie,

Some crasht he 'twixt his jaws, some claspt to death,

Some kils with poyson, others with his breath.

And now the Sun the shortest shaddows made,

50 Then, *Cadmus*, wondring why his servants staid,

Their foot-steps trac't. A hide the Hero wore,

Which late he from a slaughtered Lion tore:

His Arms a dart, a bright steel-pointed Spear,

And such a mind as could not stoop to fear.

Whe

- 55 When he the Wood had entred, and there view'd  
 The bodies of the slain with blood imbrew'd;  
 The insulting Victor quenching his dire thirst  
 And their suckt wounds; he sigh't, as heart would burst:  
 Then said, I will revenge, O faithful Mates,  
 Your murders, or accompany your Fates.  
 With that he lifted up a mighty stone,
- 60 Which with a more then manly force was thrown.  
 What would have hatter'd down the strongest wall,  
 And shivered towres, doth give no wound at all.  
 The hardnesse of his skin, and scales that grow  
 Upon his armed back, repulse the blow.
- 65 And yet that strong defence could not so well  
 The vigour of his thrilling Dart repel;  
 Which through his winding back a passage rends,  
 Where sticks: the steel into his guts descends.  
 Rabid with anguish, he retorts his look  
 Upon the wound; and then the javelin took
- 70 Between his teeth; it every way doth winde:  
 At length, tugg'd out, yet leaves the head behinde.  
 His rage increast with his augmenting pains:  
 And his thick-panting throat swels with full veins.  
 A cold white froth surrounds his poys'nous jaws:
- 75 On thundring Earth his trayling scales he draws:  
 Who from his black and *Stygian* maw eject's  
 A blasting breath, which all the ayr infects.  
 His body now, he circularly bends:  
 Forth-with into a monstrous length extends:  
 Then rusheth on, like showr-incens'd Floods;
- 80 And with his brest ore-bears the obvious Woods.  
 The Prince gave way; who with the Lion's spoil  
 Sustain'd th'affault; and forc't a quick recoil,  
 His Lance fixt in his jaws. What could not feel,  
 He madly wounds; and bites the biting steel.
- 85 Th'invenom'd gore, which from his palate bled,  
 Converts the grasse into a dusky red:  
 Yet, slight the hurt, in that the Snake with-drew;  
 And so, by yeelding, did the force subdue.  
 Till *Agenorides* the steel imbrew'd  
 In his wide throat, and still his thrust pursu'd;  
 Until an Oke his back-retrait with-stood:
- 90 There, he his neck transfixt: with it, the Wood.  
 The tree bends with a burden so unknown;  
 And, lashed by the Serpeats tail, doth grone.

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While he survail'd the greatuesse of his foe,  
 This voice he heard (from whence he did not know)  
 Why is that Serpent so admir'd by thee?  
*Agenor's* son, a Serpent thou shalt be.

He speechlesse grew : pale fear repel'd his blood ;

100 And now uncurled hair like bristles stood.

Behold ! Mans Fautresse, *Pallas* (from the sky  
 Descending to his needful aid) stood by :

Who bad him in the turn'd-up furrows throw

The Serpents teeth ; that future men might grow.

He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth :

105 And therein sow'd the seeds of humane birth.

Lo (past belief !) the Clods began to move :

And tope of Lances first appear'd above :

Then Helmets nodding with their plumed Crests ;

Forth-with, refulgent Pouldrons, plated breasts ;

Hands with offensive weapons charg'd, infew :

110 And Target-bearing troops of Men up-grew.

So in our Theater's solemnities,

When they the Arras raise, the Figures rise :

Afore the rest, their faces first appear ;

By little and by little then they rear

Their bodies, with a measure keeping hand,

Until their feet upon the Border stand.

115 Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the sight

Of such an Host, addrest him to the fight.

Forbear (a new-born Souldier cry'd) t'ingage

Thy better fortune in our civil rage !

With that, he on his Earth-bred brother flew :

At whom a deadly dart another threw.

120 Nor he that kill'd him, long survives his death ;

But through wide wounds expires his infant breath.

Slaughter, with equal fury, runs through all :

And by uncivil civil blows they fall.

The new-sprung Youth, who hardly life possesse,

25 Now panting, kick their Mothers bloody-breast.

But five surviv'd : of whom *Echion* one ;

His Arms to Earth by *Pallas* counsel thrown,

He craves the love he offers. All accord

As Brothers should : and what they take afford.

*Sidonian Cadmus* these assist, to build

30 His lofty wals ; the Oracle fulfil'd.

Now flourish *Thebes* : now did thy exile prove

In shew a blessing ; those that rule in love

And

- And war, thy Nuptials with their Daughters grace :  
 By such a Wife to have so fair a race ;  
 So many Sons and Daughters, Nephews too  
 (The pledges of their peaceful beds) infuse ;  
 And they now grown to excellence and power.  
 135 But, Man must censur'd be by his last hour :  
 Whom truly we can never happy call,  
 Afore his death, and closing Funeral.
- In this thy every way so prosperous state,  
 Thy first mis-hap sprung from thy Nephew's fate :  
 Whose browes unnatural branches ill adorn ;  
 By his ungrateful Dogs in pieces torn.  
 140 Yet Fortune, did offend in him ; not he ;  
 For, what offence may in an error be ?  
 With purple blood, slain Dear the Hills imbrew :  
 And now high Noon the shades of things withdrew ;  
 145 While East and West the equal Sun partake :  
 Thus, then *Hyantius* to his Partners spake,  
 That trod the Mazes of the pathlesse Wood :  
 My Friends, our nets and javelins reak with blood :  
 Enough hath been the fortune of this day :  
 150 To morrow, when *Aurora* shall display  
 Her rosie cheeks, we may our sports renew.  
 Now, *Phæbus*, with inflaming eye doth view  
 The crammied Earth : here let our labour end :  
 Take up your toyles. They gladly condescend.  
 155 A Vale there was with Pines and Cypressse crown'd,  
*Gargaphie* call'd ; for *Diana's* love renown'd,  
 A shady Cave possesse the inward part,  
 Not wrought by hands ; there Nature witty Art  
 Did counterfeit : a native Arch she drew,  
 160 With Pumice and light Tofusses, that grew.  
 A bubbling Spring, with streams as clear as Glasse,  
 Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted Grasse,  
 The weary Huntresse usually here laves  
 Her Virgin limbs, more pure then those pure waves,  
 And now her Bow, her Jav'ling, and her Quiver ;  
 165 Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliver :  
 Her light impoverish'd Robes another held :  
 Her buskins two untie. The better skild  
*Ismerian Crocale*, her long hair wound  
 170 In pleated-wreathes : yet was her own unbound ;  
 Neat *Hayle*, *Niphe*, *Rhannis*, *Psecas* (still  
 Employ'd) and *Phiale* the Lavers fill.

While here *Titania* bath'd (as was her guise)  
 Lo *Cadmus* Nephew, tyr'd with exercise,  
 75 And wandring through the Woods, approacht this Grove  
 With fatal steps : so Destiny him drove :  
 Ent'ring the Cave with skipping Springs bedew'd :  
 The Nymphs all naked, when a Man they view'd,  
 Clapt their resounding breasts, and fill'd the Wood  
 80 With sudden shrieks : like Ivory pales they stood  
 About their Goddess : but she, far more tall,  
 By head and shoulders over-tops them all.  
 Such as that colour, which the Clouds adorns,  
 Shot by the Sun-beams ; or the rosie Morns :  
 85 Such flusht in *Dians* cheeks, being nak'd ta'ne.  
 And though environ'd by her Virgin trayn,  
 She side-long turns, looks back, and wish't her Bow :  
 Yet, what she had, she in his face did throw.  
 90 With vengeful Waters sprinkled ; to her rage  
 These words she addes, which future Fate presage :  
 Now, tell how thou hast seen me disaray'd ;  
 Tell if thou canst : I give thee leave. This said,  
 She to his neck and ears new length imparts ;  
 95 T'his Brow th'atlanters of long-living Harts :  
 His legs and feet with arms and hands supply'd ;  
 And cloth'd his body in a spotted hide.  
 To this, fear added. *Automeius* flies,  
 And wonders at the swiftnesse of his thighs.  
 100 But, when his looks he in the River view'd,  
 He would have cry'd, Woes me ! no words infew'd :  
 His words were grones. He frets with galling tears,  
 Cheeks not his own ; yet his own minde he bears.  
 What should he do ? Go home or in the Wood  
 105 For ever lurk ? Fear, this ; shame that withstood.  
 While thus he doubts, his Dogs their Master view :  
*Black-foot*, and *Tracer*, opening first, persew :  
 Sure *Tracer*, *Gnossus* ; *Black-foot* *Sparta* bare.  
 Then all fell in, more swift then forced Ayre :  
 110 *Spie*, *Ravener*, *Clime-cliff* ; these *Arcadia* bred :  
 Strong *Fawn-bane*, *Whirl-winde*, eager *Follow-dread* ;  
*Hunter*, for sent ; for speed, *Flight* went before ;  
 Fierce *Salvage*, lately ganch'd by a Bore ;  
 Greedy, with her two whelps ; grim Wolf-got *Ranger* ;  
 115 Stout *Shepherd*, late preserving flocks from danger ;  
 Gaunt *Catch*, whose race from *Sicyonia* came ;  
 Patch, *Courser*, *Blab*, rash *Tyger* never tame ;

*Blanch, Moomer, Royster, Wolfe* surpassing strong;  
And *Tempest*, able to continue long:

- 220 *Swift*, with his brother *Charles*, a *Cyprian* hound;  
Bold *Snatch*; whose *Sable* brows a white star crown'd;  
*Cole*, shag-hair'd *Rug*, and *Light-foot* wondrous fleet,  
Bred of a *Spartan* Bitch, his Sire of *Creet*:

*White-tooth*, and *Ring-wood* (others not to expresse.)  
225 O're Rocks, o're Craggs, o're Cliffs that want *excesse*,  
Through streightned wayes, and where there was no way  
The well-mouth'd Hounds pursue the princely prey.  
Where oft he wont to follow, now he flies;  
Flies from his family! in thought he cries;

- 230 I am *Actæon*, servants, know your Lord!  
Thoughts wanted words. High skies the noyse record.  
First, *Collier* pincht him by the haunch: in flung  
Fierce *Kill-dear*; *Hill-bred* on his shoulder hung,  
These came forth last; but crost a nearer way

- 235 A-thwart the hills. While thus their Lord they stay,  
In rush the rest; who gripe him with their phangs.  
Now is no room for wounds. *Grones* speak his pang,  
Though not with humane voice, unlike a *Hart*:  
In whose laments the known Rocks bear a part.

- 240 Pitcht on his knees, like one who pity craves,  
His silent looks, in stead of armes, he waves.  
With usual shouts their Dogs the Hunters chear;  
And seek, and call *Actæon*. *He* (too near!

- 245 Made answer by mute motions, blam'd of all  
For being absent at his present fall.  
Present he was, that absent would have been;  
Nor would his cruel Hounds have felt, but seen.  
Their snowts they in his body bathe; and tear

- 250 Their Master in the figure of a Dear:  
Nor, till a thousand wounds had life disseis'd,  
Could quiver-bearing *Dian* be appeas'd.  
'Twas censur'd variously: for, many thought  
The punishment far greater then the fault.  
Others so sowre a chastity commend,

- 255 As worthy her: and both, their parts defend.  
*Jove's* Wife not so much blam'd or prays'd the deed;  
As she rejoyceth at the wounds that bleed  
In *Cadmus* family; who keeps in minde  
*Europa's* rape, and hateth all the kinde.  
Now new occasions fresh displeasure move:

- 260 For *Semele* was great with childe by *Jove*.

- Then, thus she scolds : O, what amends succeeds  
 Our lost complaints ! I now will fall to deeds.  
 If we be more then titularly great ;  
 If we a Septer sway ; if heaven our seat ;  
 265 If *Jove's* fear'd Wife, and Sister (certainly,  
 His Sister) torment shall the Whore destroy.  
 Yet, with that theft perhaps she was content,  
 And quickly might the injury repent :  
 But, she conceives, to aggravate the blame,  
 And by her belly doth her crime proclaim.  
 270 Who would by *Jupiter* a Mother prove,  
 Which, hardly once, hath happened to our love :  
 So confident is beauty ! Yet shall she  
 Fail in that hope : nor let me *Juno* be,  
 Unlesse, by her own *Jove* destroy'd, she make  
 A swift descent unto the *Stygian* Lake.  
 She quits her throne, and in a yellow cloud  
 Approacht the Palace ; nor dismiss that shroud,  
 275 Till she had wrinkled her smooth skin, and made  
 Her head all gray : while creeping feet convey'd  
 Her crooked limbs, her voice small, weak, and hoarse,  
 Like *Beroe* of *Epidaur*e, her Nurse.  
 280 Long talking, at the mention of *Joves* name,  
 She sigh'd, and said ; Pray heaven, he prove the same !  
 Yet much I fear : for many oft beguile  
 With that pretext, and chastest beds defile.  
 Though *Jove* ; that's not enough. Give he a signe  
 Of his affection, if he be divine.  
 Such, and so mighty, as when pleasure warms  
 285 His melting bosom, in high *Juno's* arms ;  
 With thee, such and so mighty, let him lie,  
 Deckt with the ensignes of his deity.  
 Thus she advis'd the unsuspecting Dame ;  
 Who begs of *Jove* a Boon without a name.  
 To whom the God : Choose, and thy choise possesse ;  
 290 Yet, that thy diffidency may be lesse,  
 Witnesse that Power, who through obscure aboads  
 Spreads his dull streams : the fear, and God of Gods  
 Pleas'd with her harm, of too much power to move !  
 That now must perish by obsequious love :  
 Such be to me, she said, as when the Invites  
 Of *Juno* summon you to *Venus* Rites.  
 295 Her mouth he sought to stop : but, now that breath  
 Was mixt with a yr which sentenced her death.

- Then fetch't a sigh, as if his breast would tear  
 (For, she might not unwillh, nor he un-swear)  
 And sadly mounts the skie; who with him took  
 The Clouds, that imitate his mournful look;  
 300 Thick shows and tempests adding to the same,  
 Low'd thunder, and inevitable flame.  
 Whose rigor yet he striveth to subdew:  
 Not armed with that fire which overthrew  
 The hundred-handed Giant; 'twas too wilde:  
 305 There is another lightning, far more milde,  
 By *Cyclops* forged with lesse flame and ire:  
 Which, deathlesse Gods do call the Second fire.  
 This, to her Fathers house, he with him took:  
 But (ah!) a mortal body could not brook  
 Æthereal tumults. Her successe she mourns;  
 And in those so desir'd imbracements burns.  
 310 Th'unperfect Babe, which in her womb did lie,  
 Was ta'ne by *Jove*, and sew'd into his thigh,  
 His mothers time accomplishing: Whom first,  
 By stealth, his careful Aunt, kinde *Ino*, nurst:  
 Then, given to the *Nyfeides*, and bred  
 315 In secret Caves, with Milk and Honey fed.  
 While this on Earth besel by Fates decree  
 (The twice-born *Bacchus* now from danger free)  
*Jove*, waighy cares expelling from his breast  
 With flowing Nectar, and dispos'd to jest  
 320 With well-pleas'd *Juno*, said: In *Venus* deeds,  
 The Femal's pleasure far the Male's exceeds.  
 This she denies; *Tiresias* must decide  
 The difference, who both delights had try'd.  
 For, two ingendring Serpents once he found,  
 325 And with a stroke their slimy twists unbound;  
 Who straight a Woman of a Man became:  
 Seven Autumns past, he in the eighth the same  
 Refinding, said: If such your power so strange,  
 That they who strike you must their nature change;  
 330 Once more I'll try. Then struck, away they ran:  
 And of a Woman he became a Man.  
 He, chosen Umpire of this sportful strife,  
*Jove's* words confirm'd. This vex't his froward Wife,  
 More then the matter crav'd. To wreak her spite,  
 His eyes she muffled in eternal night.  
 335 Th'omnipotent (since no God may undoe  
 An others deed) with Fates which should insue

- Inform'd his intellect; and did supply  
 His body's eye sight, with his mindes clear eye.
- 340 He giving sure replies to such as came,  
 Through all th' *Aonian* Citi's stretcht his fame.  
 First blew *Liriope* sad trial made,  
 How that was but too true which he had said:  
 Whom in times past *Cephisus* flood imbrac't  
 Within his winding streams: and forc't the chaste,  
 The lovely Nymph (who not unfruitful prov'd)
- 345 Brought forth a Boy, even then to be belov'd,  
*Narcissus* nam'd. Enquiring if old age  
 Should crown his Youth; He, in obicure presage,  
 Made this reply: Except himself he know.  
 Long, they no credit on his words bestow:  
 Yet did the event the prophecy approve,
- 350 In his strange ruine, and new kinde of love.  
 Now, he to fifteen added had a year:  
 Now in his looks both Boy and Man appear,  
 Many a love-sick Youth did him desire;  
 And many a Maid his beauty set on fire;  
 Yet, in his tender age his pride was such,
- 355 That neither Youth nor Maiden might him touch.  
 The vocal Nymph, this lovely Boy did spy  
 (She could not proffer speech, nor not reply)  
 When busie in pursuit of salvage spoyles,  
 He drave the Deer into his corded toyles.  
*Eccho* was then a body, not a voyce:
- 360 Yet then, as now, of words she wanted choyce;  
 But only could reiterate the close  
 Of every speech. This *Juno* did impose.  
 For, often when she might have taken *Jove*  
 Compressing there the Nymphs, who weakly strove;  
 Her long discourses made the Goddesse stay,
- 365 Until the Nymphs had time to run away.  
 Which when perceiv'd; she said, For this abuse  
 Thy tongue henceforth shall be of little use,  
 Those threats are deeds: She yet ingeminates  
 The last of sounds, and what she hears relates.
- 370 *Narcissus* seen, intending thus the chace;  
 She forth-with glows, and with a noiselesse pace  
 His steps pursues; the more she did persew,  
 More hot (as nearer to her fire) she grew:  
 And might be likened to a sulph'rous match,  
 Which instantly th'approach'd flame doth catch.

- 375 How oft would she have woo'd him with sweet words!  
 But, Nature no such liberty affords :  
 Begin she could not, yet full readily  
 To his expected speech she would reply.  
 The Boy, from his companions parted, said ;  
 380 Is any nigh ! I, *Eecho* answer made.  
 He, round about him gazed (much appall'd)  
 And cry'd out, Come. She him, who called, call'd.  
 Then looking back ; and seeing none appear'd,  
 Why shunst thou me ? The self-same voice he heard,  
 385 Deceived by the Image of his words ;  
 Then let us joyn, said he : no sound accords  
 More to her wish : her faculties combine  
 In dear consent ; who answer'd, *Let us joyn!*  
 Flattering her self, out of the Woods she sprung ;  
 And would about his struggling neck have hung.  
 390 Thrutt back, he said, Life shall this breast forsake,  
 Ere thou, light Nymph, on me thy pleasure take.  
*On me thy pleasure take*, the Nymph replies  
 To that disdainful Boy, who from her flies.  
 Despis'd, the wood her sad retreat receives :  
 Who covers her shamed face with leaves :  
 And sculks in desert caves. Love still possest  
 395 Her soule ; through griefe of her repulse increast.  
 Her wretched body pines with sleeplese care :  
 Her skinne contracts : her blood converts to ayre.  
 Nothing was left her now but voyce and bones :  
 The voyce remaynes ; the other turn to stones.  
 400 Conceal'd in Woods, in Mountains never found,  
 Yet heard in all : and all is but a Sound.  
 Thus her, thus other Nymphs, in mountaines born,  
 And sedgy brooks, the Boy had kild with scorn.  
 Thus many a youth he had afore deceiv'd !  
 When one thus praid, with hands to heav'n upheav'd ;  
 405 So may he love himselfe, and so despaire !  
*Rhamusia* condescends to his just pray'r  
 A Spring there was, whose silver Waters were,  
 As smooth as any mirror nor lesse cleare :  
 Which neither Herdsmen, tame, nor salvage Beast,  
 410 Nor wandring Fowle, nor scattered leaves molest ;  
 Girt round with grasse, by neighbouring moysture fed,  
 And Woods, against the Sunnes invasion spread.  
 He, tyr'd with heat and hunting, with the Place  
 And Spring delighted, lyes upon his face,

- 415 Quenching his thirst, another thirst doth rise,  
Rays'd by the forme which in that glasse he spyes.  
The hope of nothing doth his powres invade:  
And for a body he mistakes a shade.  
Himselfe, himselfe distracts: who pores thereon  
So fixedly, as if of *Parian* stone.
- 420 Beholds his eyes, two starres! his dangling haire  
Which with unshorne *Apollo's* might compare:  
His fingers worthy *Bacchus*! his smooth chin!  
His Ivory neck! his heavenly face! where-in  
The linked Deities their Graces fix!  
Where Roses with un sullied Lillies mix!  
Admireth all; for which, to be admir'd:
- 425 And unconsiderately himselfe desir'd.  
The prayes, which he gives, his beauty claim'd.  
Who seeks, is sought: th' Inflamer is inflam'd.  
How often would he kisse the flattering spring!  
How oft with downe-thrust armes sought he to cling  
About that loved neck! Those cous'ning lips  
Delude his hopes; and from himselfe he slips.
- 430 Not knowing what, with what he sees he fries:  
And th' error that deceives, incites his eyes:  
O Foole! that striv'st to catch a flying shade!  
Thou seek'st what's no-where: Turn aside, 'twill fade.  
Thy formes reflection doth thy sight delude:
- 435 Which is with nothing of its owne indu'd.  
With thee it comes, with thee it staies, and so  
'Twould goe away, hadst thou the power to goe,  
Nor sleep, nor hunger could the lover rayse:  
Who, ly'd along, on that false forme doth gaze  
With lookes, which looking never could suffice,
- 440 And ruines himselfe with his own eyes.  
At length, a little lifting up his head,  
You Woods, that round about your branches spread,  
Was ever so unfortunate a Lover!  
You know, to many you have beene a cover.  
From your first growth to this long distant day
- 445 Have you knowne any, thus to pine away!  
I like, and see: but yet I cannot find  
The lik'r, and scene. O Love, with error blind!  
What grieves me more; no Sea, no Mountayne steep,  
No wayes, no walls, our joyes a-sunder keep:  
Whom but a little water doth divide,
- 450 And he himselfe desires to be enjoy'd.

As oft as I to kisse the flood decline,  
 So oft his lips ascend, to close with mine.  
 You'd think we toucht : so small a thing doth part  
 Our equal loves ! Come forth what ere thou art.  
 Sweet Boy, a simple Boy beguile not so :

455 From him that seeks thee, whither would'st thou go ?

My age nor beaurty merit thy disdain :  
 And me the Nymphs have often lov'd in vain.  
 Yet in thy friendly shews my poor hopes live ;  
 Still striving to receive the hand I give :  
 Thou smil'st my smiles : when I a tear let fall,

460 Thou shedd'st another ; and consent'st in all,

And, lo, thy sweetly-moving lips appear  
 To utter words, that come not to our ear.  
 Ah, he is I ! now, now I plainly see :  
 Nor is't my shadow that bewitcheth me.  
 Love of my self me burns ; (O too too sure !)  
 I suffer in those flames which I procure.

465 Shall I be woo'd, or wooe ? What shall I crave ?

Since what I covet, I already have.

Too much hath made me poor ! O, you divine  
 And favouring Powers, me from my self dis-joyn !  
 Of what I love, I would be dispossest :  
 This, in a Lover, is a strange request :  
 Now, strength through grief decays : short is the time

470 I have to live ; extinguish in my prime.

Nor grieves it me to part with well-mist breath ;  
 For grief will finde a perfect cure in death :  
 Would he I love might longer life enjoy !  
 Now, two ill-fated Lovers, in one, dye.

This said ; again upon his Image gaz'd ;

475 Tears on the troubled water circles rais'd :  
 The motion much obscur'd the fleeting shade.

With that, he cry'd (perceiving it to vade)  
 O, whither wilt thou ! stay : nor cruel prove,  
 In leaving me, who infinitely love.

Yet let me see, what cannot be possest ;  
 And with that empty food, my fury feast.

480 Complaining thus, himself he disarrays ;  
 And to remorselesse hands his brest displays :  
 The blows that solid Snow with crimson stripe ;

485 Like Apples party-red, or Grapes scarce ripe.  
 But in the water when the same appear,  
 He could no longer such a sorrow bear,

- As Virgin-wax dissolves with fervent heat ;  
 Or morning Frost, whereon the Sun beams beat :  
 So thaws he with the ardor of desire ;  
 490 And, by degrees consumes in unseen fire.  
 His meagre cheeks now lost their red and white ;  
 That life ; that favour lost, which did delight.  
 Nor those divine proportions now remain,  
 So much by *Eccho* lately lov'd in vain.  
 Which when she saw : although she angry were ,  
 And still in minde her late repulse did bear ;  
 495 As often as the miserable cry'd,  
 Alas ! Alas, the woful Nymph reply'd.  
 And ever when he struck his sounding brest,  
 Like sounds of mutual sufferance exprest.  
 His last words were, still hanging o're his shade ;  
 500 Ah, Boy, belov'd in vain ! So *Eccho* said.  
 Farewel. Farewel, sigh't she. Then down he lyes :  
 Deaths cold hand shuts his self-admiring eyes :  
 Which now eternally their gazes fix  
 505 Upon the Waters of infernal *Styx*.  
 The woful *Naiades* lament the dead ;  
 And their clipt hair upon their brother spred.  
 The woful *Dryades* partake their woes :  
 With both, sad *Eccho* joynes at every close.  
 The funeral Pyle prepar'd, a Herse they brought  
 To fetch his body, which they vainly sought.  
 Instead whereof a yellow flower was found,  
 510 With tufts of white about the Button crown'd.  
 This, through *Achaia* spred the Prophets frame ;  
 Who worthily had purchas't a great name.  
 But, proud *Echion's* son, who did despise  
 The righteous Gods, derides his prophecies ;  
 515 And twits *Tiresias* with his ravish't sight.  
 He shook his head, which age had cloth'd in white ;  
 And said, 'Twere well for thee, hadst thou no eyes  
 To see the *Bacchanal* solemnities.  
 The time shall come (which I presage is neer)  
 520 When *Semele's* *Liber* will be here :  
 Whom if thou honour not with Temples due ;  
 Thy Mother, and her Sisters shall imbrue  
 Their furious hands in thy effused blood ;  
 And throw thy sever'd limbs about the Wood :  
 'Twill be ; thy malice cannot but rebel :  
 525 And then thou'lt say ; The blinde did see too well.

- His mouth proud *Pemheus* stops. Belief succeeds  
 Fore-running threats : and words are seal'd by deeds ;  
*Liber* is come, the fields with clamour sound :  
 They in his Orgies tread a frantick round.  
 Women with Men, the base, and nobler sort  
 Together to those unknowne Rites resort.
- 330 You sonnes of *Mars*, you of the Dragons race  
 (Said he) what fury do h your minds imbaze ?  
 As Brasse of such a power, which drunkards bear,  
 Or sound of Hornes, or Magicall deceit ;  
 That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid fight,
- 335 Nor death, with all his terrors, could affright,  
 Lowd Women, wine-bred rage, a lustfull crew  
 Of Beasts, and Kettle-drums, should thus subdew ?  
 At you, grave Fathers, can I but admire !  
 Who brought with you your flying Gods from *Tyre*,  
 And fixt them here : now from that care so farre
- 340 Estranged, as to lose them without warre :  
 Or you, who of my able age appeare ;  
 Whose heads should helmets, and not garlands, were !  
 Not leavy Iavelins, but good Swords adorne  
 The hands of Youth. O you, so nobly borne,  
 That Dragon's fiery fortitude indue,  
 Whose single valour such a number slue.
- 345 He, in defending of his Fountaine fell :  
 Doe you th' Invaders of your fame repell.  
 He slew the strong : doe you the weake destroy,  
 And free your Country from foule infamy.  
 If Destinies decree that *Thebes* must fall,  
 May men, may warlike engines raze her wall :
- 350 Let sword and fire our famisht lives assault :  
 Then should we not be wretched through our fault,  
 Nor strive to hide our guilt, but, Fortune blame,  
 And vent our pittied sorrowes without shame.  
 Now, by a naked Boy we are put to flight :  
 Whom bounding Steeds, nor glorious Armes delight,
- 355 But haire perfum'd with Myrthe, soft Anadems,  
 And purple Robes inchac't with gold and gems :  
 Who shall confesse (if you your ayd denie)  
 His forged Father, and false Deity.  
 What ? had *Acrisius* vertue to withstand  
 Th' Impostor, chased from the *Argive* strand ?
- 360 And shall this vagabond, this forrainer,  
 Me *Pemheus*, and the *Theban* State deterre ?

- Goe (said he to his servants) goe your way,  
 And drag him hither bound : prevent delay.  
 Him, *Cadmus*, *Atamas*, and all dissuade,  
 365 By opposition, more intemperate made.  
 Fury increaseth, when it is withstood :  
 And then good counsell doth more harme then good.  
 So have I seene an unstopt torrent glide  
 With quiet waters, scarcely heard to chide,  
 370 But, when false Trees, or Rocks, impeacht his course ;  
 To some, and roare with uncontroled force.  
 All bloody they returne. Where is, said he ,  
 This *Bacchus* ? *Bacchus* none of us did see ;  
 Reply'd they ; This his minister we found  
 375 (Presenting one with hands behind him bound)  
 A *Thyrcan* zealous in those mysteries.  
 On whom fierce *Pentheus* lookes, with wrathfull eyes :  
 Who hardly could his punishment deferre.  
 Then, thus : Thou wretch, that others shalt deterre.  
 380 Declare thy name, thy Nation, Parentage ;  
 And why thou followest this new-fangled Rage.  
 He, in whom innocency feare ore-came ,  
 Made this reply : *Acetis* is my name :  
 My life I owe to the *Mæonian* earth ;  
 To none, my fortunes ; borne of humble birth.  
 No land my Father left me to manure,  
 385 Nor Heards, nor bleating Flocks : himselfe was poore.  
 The tempted Fish, with hooke and line he caught :  
 His skill was all his wealth : His skill he taught ;  
 And said, My heire, successour to my Art,  
 Receive the riches which I can impart.  
 390 He, dying, left me nothing ; and yet all :  
 The Sea may I my patrimony call.  
 Yet, lest I still should on those Rocks abide,  
 To navigation I my time apply'd ;  
 Observ'd th' *Olenian* Goate portending raine ;  
 Wet *Hyades*, when stooping to the Maine,  
 395 *Taygeta*, and cold *Arctos* ; the resorts  
 Of severall winds ; and harbour-giving Ports.  
 For *Delos* bound, we made the *Chian* shores :  
 And, there arrived, with industrious Oares.  
 Leaping a-shore, I made the beach my bed.  
 400 When aged Night *Aurora's* blushes fled,  
 I rose ; and bade my men fresh water bring :  
 Shewing the way that guided to the Spring.

- Then, from a *Hill* observ'd the windes accord ;  
 My Mates I call'd, and forth-with went aboard.
- 605 All here, the Master's Mate *Opheltes* cries :  
 And thinking he had light upon a prize,  
 Along the shore a lovely Boy convey'd,  
 Adorned with the beauty of a Maid.  
 Heavy with wine and sleep, he reeled so,  
 That, though supported, he could hardly go.  
 When I beheld his habit, gait, and feature,
- 610 I could not think it was a humane Creature.  
 Fellowes, I doubt what God, but sure said I,  
 This excellence includes a Deity.  
 O, be propitious, who-so-ere thou art ;  
 Unto our industry successe impart ;  
 And pardon these who have offended thus.
- 615 Then, *Dyctis* said : Forbear to pray for us :  
 (Than he, none could the top-sail-yard bestride  
 With lighter speed ; nor thence more nimbly slide)  
 This, *Lybis*, swart *Melampus* (who the Prow  
 Commanded) and *Alcimedon* allow ;  
*Epeus* the Boats-swain, so all say ;
- 620 Bewitched with the blinde desire of prey.  
 This Ship, said I, you shall not violate  
 With sacrilege of so divine a weight ;  
 Wherein I have most int'rest, and command :  
 And on the Hatches their ascent with-stand,  
 Whereat, the desperate *Lycabus* grew wild ;
- 625 Who for a bloody murder was exil'd  
 From *Tuscany*. Whil'st I alone resist,  
 He took me such a buffet with his fist,  
 That down I fell ; and had faine over-board,  
 If I (though senselesse) had not caught a cord.  
 The wicked company the fact approve.  
 Then, *Bacchus* (for, 'twas he) began to move,
- 630 As if awaked with the noyse they made  
 (His wine-bound senses now discharg'd) and said.  
 What clamor's this ? What do you ? Sailers, which  
 Mean you to bear me ? Ah, how came I hither !  
 Fear not, said *Proetus* : name where thou would'st be ;
- 635 And to that Harbor we will carry thee.  
 Then, Friends, *Lycus* said, for *Naxos* stand :  
*Naxos* my home ; an hospitable Land.  
 By Seas, by all the Gods, by what awayles,  
 They swear they will, and bade me hoys-up sayles.

- 640 Which trim'd for *Naxos* on the Star-board side ;  
 What do'st thou Mad-man, Fool ? *Opheltes* cry'd.  
 Each fears his losse ; Some whisper in mine ear :  
 Most say by signes, unto the Lar-board steer.  
 Amaz'd : some other hold the *Helm*, said I ;
- 645 I'll not be tainted with your perjury.  
 All chafe and storme. What ? said *Ethalion*,  
 Is all our safety plac'd in thee alone ?  
 With that, my office he upon him tooke ;  
 And *Naxos* (altering her course) forsooke.
- 650 The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)  
 From th'upper deck the Sea survay'd round ;  
 Then, seem'd to cry. Sirs, this is not, said he,  
 That promis'd shore, the Land so wisht by me.  
 What is my fault ? what glory in my spoyle,
- 655 If Men a Boy, if many one beguile,  
 I wept afore : but, they my tears deride ;  
 And with laborious Oars the waves divide :  
 By him I swear (then whom none more in view)  
 That what I now shall utter, is as true,
- 660 As past belief. The Ship in those profound  
 And spaceful Seas, so stuck as on dry ground.  
 They, wondring, ply'd their Oars ; the sayls display'd ;  
 And strive to run her with that added ayd.  
 When Ivy gave their Oares a forc't restraint ;
- 665 Whose creeping bands the sayles with *Petries* paint,  
 He, head-bound with a wreath of clustered Vines,  
 A Javelin shook, clasp't with their leavy twines.  
 Stem Tygers, Lynxes (such unto the eye)  
 And spotted Panthers, round about him lye.  
 All, over-board now tumble ; whether 'twere
- 670 Out of infused madnesse ; or for fear.  
 Then *Medon* first with spiny fins grew black ;  
 His form depressed, with a compass back.  
 To whom said *Lycabas* ; O more then strange !  
 Into what uncouth Monster wilt thou change !  
 As thus he spake, his mouth became more wide ;
- 675 His nose more hookt : scales arm his hardned hide.  
 While *Lybis* tugg'd an Oar that fixed stands,  
 His hands shrunk up, now fins, no longer hands.  
 Another by a Cable thought to hold :
- 680 But, mist his armes. He fell : the Seas infold  
 His maymed body : which a tayl est-foon  
 Receives, reversed like the horned Moon,

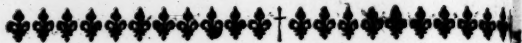
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- They leapt aloft, and sprinkle-up the Flood :  
 Now chace above ; now under water scud :  
 685 Who like lascivious Dancers frisk about ;  
 And gulped Seas, from their proud nostrils, spout,  
 Of twenty Saylers, only I remain'd :  
 So many men our Complement contain'd.  
 The God my minde could hardly animate ;  
 Trembling with horror of so dire a Fate.  
 Suppress'd, said he, these tumults of thy fear ;  
 690 And now thy course for sacred *Dia* bear.  
 Arrived I, by his implor'd consent,  
 Became his Priest ; and thus his Feasts frequent.  
 Our ears are tyr'd with thy long ambages :  
 Which wrath, said he, would by delay, ap; ease.  
 Go, servants, take him hence : let his forc't breath :  
 695 Expire in groans : and torture him to death.  
 In solid prison pent ; while they provide  
 Whips, Racks, and Fire, the doors flie open wide.  
 And of themselves, as if dissolv'd by charms,  
 The fetters fall from his unpinion'd arms.  
 700 But now, not bidding others, *Pentheus* flings  
 To high *Cytheron's* sacred top, which rings  
 With frantick songs, and shril-voic'd *Bacchanals*,  
 In *Liber's* celebrated Festivals.  
 And as the warlike Courser neighs and bounds,  
 705 Inflam'd with fury, when the Trumpet sounds :  
 Even so their far-heard clamours set on fire  
 Stern *Pentheus*; and exasperate his ire.  
 In midst of all the spacious Mountain stood  
 A perspicable Champian, fring'd with wood.  
 Here, first of all his Mother him espies,  
 710 Viewing those holy Rites with prophane eyes.  
 She, first, upon him frantickly did run :  
 And first her eager Javelin pierc't her son.  
 Come, sisters cry'd she, this is that huge Bore  
 Which roots our fields ; whom we with wounds must gon.  
 715 With that, in-rush the sense-distracted Crew :  
 And altogether the amaz'd persew.  
 Now trembled he, now late-breath'd threats suppress :  
 Himself he blames, and his offence confest,  
 Who cry'd, Help Aunt *Autonoe* ; I bleed :  
 720 O let *Atheons* ghost soft pitty breed !  
 Not knowing who *Atheon* was, she lops  
 His right hand off : the other, *Mo crops*.

The wretch now to his Mother would have thrown  
His suppliant hands : but, now his hands were gone.  
125 Yet lifting up their bloody stumps, he said,  
Ah, Mother, see ! *Agave*, well appay'd,  
Shouts at the sight, casts up her neck, and shakes  
Her staring hair. In cruel hands she takes  
His head, yet gasping : *Io* sings, said she,  
*Io* my Mates ! this spoil belongs to me.  
130 Not leaves, now wither'd, nipt by Autumns frost,  
So soone are raviisht from high Trees, and tost  
By scattering windes, as they in peeces tear  
His minced limbs. Th'*Ismenians*, struck with fear,  
His Orgies celebrate, his prayes sing,  
And incense to his holy altars bring.

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OVIDS



# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS

### The Fourth Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**D**erceta, a Fish. Semiramis a Dove.  
 Transforming Nais equal Fate doth prove,  
 White berries Lovers blood with black defiles.  
 Apollo, like Eurynome, beguiles  
 Leucothoe, buried quick for that offence :  
 Who, Nectar sprinkled, sprouts to Frankincense.  
 Griev'd Clytie, turn'd t' a Flower, turns with the Sun,  
 Daphnis, to Stone. Sex changeth Scytheon.  
 Celmus, a Load-stone. Curets, got by Showres.  
 Crocus, and Smilax turn'd to little flowres.  
 In one Hermaphrodite, two bodies joyn.  
 Mineides, Bais. Sad Ino made divine,  
 With Melicert. Who Junos fact upbray'd,  
 Or statues, or Cadmean Fowles are made.  
 Hermione and Cadmus ; worne with woe,  
 Prove hartlesse Dragons. Drops to Serpents grow.  
 Atlas, a Mountain. Gorgon toucht Sea-weeds  
 To Coral change. From Gorgons blood, proceeds  
 Swift Pegasus : Crysaor also takes  
 From thence his birth. Fair hairs convert to Snakes.

10. **B**uryet Alcithoe Mineides  
 The honour'd Orgies of the God displease.  
 Her sisters share in that impiety ;  
 Who Bacchus for the son of Jove deny.

And now his Priest proclaims a solemn Feast ;  
 That Dames and Maids from usual labour rest ;  
 That wrapt in skins, their hair-laces unbound,  
 And dangling Tresses with wilde Ivy crown'd,  
 They leavy Spears assume. Who prophesies  
 Sad haps to such as his command despise.

The Matrons and new-married Wives obey :

10 Their Webs, their un-spun Wooll, aside they lay ;

Sweet odours burn ; and sing : *Lyæus Bacchus*,

*Nysæus, Bromius, Evæn, great Iacchus* :

Fire-got, Son of two Mothers, The twice-born,

Father *Elelius*, *Thyon* never shorn,

*Lenæus*, planter of life-cheering Vines ;

5 *Nysæus* : with all names that *Greece* assigns

To thee, O *Liber* ! Still dost thou enjoy

Unwasted youth ; eternally a Boy ?

Thou'rt seen in *Heaven* ; whom all perfections grace ;

And when unhorn'd, thou hast a Virgins face.

• Thy conquests through the Orient are renown'd,

Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound.

Proud *Pentheus*, and *Lycærgus*, like prophane,

By thee (O greatly to be fear'd ! ) were slain :

The *Thuscans* drencht in Seas. Thou holdst in awe

The spotted *Lynxes*, which thy Chariot draw.

Light *Bacchides*, and skipping Satyrs follow,

Whil'st old *Sylæus*, reeling still, doth hallow ;

Who weakly hangs upon his tardy Ass.

What place so-e're thou entrest, sounding brasse,

Lowd Sack-buts, Tymbrels, the confused cries

• Of youths and Women, pierce the marble skyes.

Thy presence, we *Ilmenides*, implore :

Come, O come pleas'd ! Thus they his Rites restore.

Yet, the *Mineides* at home remain :

And with untimely Art his feast prophane :

Who either weave, or at their Distaffs spin ;

And urge their Maids to exercise their sin.

One said, as she the twisted thread out-drew ;

While others sport, and forged Gods persew,

Let us, whom better *Pallas* doth invite,

Our useful labour season with delight,

And stories tell by turns ; that what past years

Deny our eyes, may enter at our ears.

They all agree ; and bad the eldest tell

Her story first. She paus'd ; not knowing well

- Of many which to choose T'insist upon  
 45 The sad *Dereetis*, of fam'd *Babylon*  
 (Who, as the *Palestines* beleewe, did take  
 A scaly forme, inhabiting a Lake)  
 Or of her daughter speake, with wing'd ascent  
 High-pearcht on towers : who there her old age spent :  
 Or of that *Nais* ; who with charmes most strange,  
 50 And weeds too-pow'rfull, humane shapes did change.  
 Into mute Fishes, till a Fish she grew :  
 Or of the Tree whose berryes chang'd their hew ;  
 The white to black, by bloods asperision, growne :  
 This pleaseth best, as being most unknowne.  
 Who thus began ; and drawes the following woe.\*  
 55 Young *Pyramus* ( no Youth so beautifull  
 Through all the East) and *Thisbe* (who for faire  
 Might with th' immortall Goddesses compare )  
 Ioyn'd houses, where *Semiramis* inclos'd  
 Her stately towne, with walls of brick compos'd.  
 This neighbourhood their first acquaintance bred ;  
 60 That, grew to love ; Love sought a nuptiall bed ;  
 By Parents crost : yet equall flames their blood  
 A like incenst, whi h could not be withstood.  
 Signes only utter their unwitnest loves :  
 But hidden fire the violenter proves,  
 65 A cranny in the parting wall was left ;  
 By shrinking of the new-layd mortar, cleft :  
 This for so many ages undescri'd  
 (What cannot love find out ! ) the Lovers spy'd.  
 70 By which, their whispering voices softly trade,  
 And Passion's amorous embassie convey'd,  
 On this side and on that, Like Snailes they cleave ;  
 And greedily each others breath receave.  
 O envious walls (said they) who thus divide  
 Whom Love hath joyn'd ! O, give us way to slide  
 Into each others armes ! if such a blisse  
 75 Transcend our Fates, yet suffer us to kisse !  
 Nor are w'ingrate : much we confesse we owe  
 To you, who this deare liberty bestow.  
 At night they bid farewell. Their kisses greet  
 80 The senselesse stones, with lips that could not meet.  
 When from th' approaching Morn the stars withdrew,  
 And that the Sunne had dranke the scorched dew,  
 They at the usuall Station meet againe ;  
 And with soft murmurs mutually complaine.

\* Lana sua gila sequente

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At last, resolve in silence of the Night;  
 To steale away, and free themselves by flight;  
 And with their houses, to forsake the Towne.  
 Yet, lest they so might wander up and downe;  
 To meete at *Ninus* tomb they both agree,  
 Vnder the shelter of a shady Tree.  
 There, a high Mulbery, full of white fruit,  
 Hard by a living Fountaine fixt his Root.  
 The Sun, that seem'd too slow, his steeds bestowes  
 In restfull Seas: from Seas, wisht Night arose.  
 Then *Thisbe* in the darke the doores unbarr'd;  
 And slipping forth, unmiss'd by her guard,  
 Comes maskt to *Ninus* tomb: there in the cold  
 Sits underneath that Tree: Love made her bold.  
 When (lo!) a Lyonesse, smear'd with the blood  
 Of late-slaime Beeves, approacht the neighbour flood,  
 To queuch her thirst. Far-off by Moon-light spy'd,  
 Swift feare her flight into a Cave doth guide.  
 Flying, her mantle from her shoulders fell:  
 The fatall Lionesse, as from the Well,  
 Vp to the rocky Mountaine she with-drawes,  
 Found it, and tore it with her bloody jawes.  
 When *Pyramus*, who came not forth so soone,  
 Perceived by the glimpses of the Moone  
 The footing of wild Beasts: his looke grew pale.  
 But when he spy'd her torne and bloody vaile;  
 One night (said he) two lovers shall destroy!  
 Shee longer life deserved to injoy.  
 The guilt is mine: 'twas I (poore soule!) that slew thee,  
 Who to a place so full of danger drew thee,  
 Nor came before. You Lyons, O descend  
 From your aboads: a wretch in peeces rend,  
 Condemned by his selfe-pronounced doom:  
 And make your entralls my opprobrious tomb:  
 But Cowards wish to die. Her mantle he  
 Carryes along unto th' appointed Tree.  
 There having kist, and washt it with his eyes;  
 Take from our blood, said he, the double dyes.  
 With that, his body on his sword he threw:  
 Which, from the reaking wound, he dying drew.  
 Now, on his back, up-spun the blood in smoke:  
 As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,  
 The waters at a little breach breake out,  
 And hissing, through the aery Region spout.

- 125 The Mulberries their former white forsaks ;  
 And from his sprinkling blood their crimson take.  
 Now she, who could not yet her feare remove,  
 Returnes, for fear to disappoint her Love.  
 Her eager spirit seekes him through her eyes ;  
 130 Who longs to tell of her escap't surprise.  
 The place and figure of the Tree she knew ;  
 Yet doubts, the berryes having chang'd their hew,  
 Vncertaine ; she his panting limbs descry'd,  
 That struck the stayned earth ; and starts aside.  
 135 Box was not paler then her changed looke :  
 And like the lightly breath'd on Sea she shooke ;  
 But, when she knew 'twas he (now dispossest  
 Of her amaze) she shrieks, beats her swolne brest,  
 Puls off her haire ; imbraces, softly reares  
 140 His hanging head, and fills his wound with teares.  
 Then, kissing his cold lips : Wo's me (she said)  
 What cursed Fate hath this division made !  
 O speake, my *Pyramus* ! O looke on me !  
 Thy deare, thy desperate *Thisbe* calls to thee !  
 145 At *Thisbe's* name he opens his dim eyes ;  
 And having seene her, shuts them up, and dyes.  
 But when his empty scabbard she had spy'd,  
 And her known Robe ; Vnhappy man ! she cry'd,  
 These wounds from love, from thine own hand prom  
 Nor is my hand too weake for such a deed :  
 150 My love as strong. This, this shall courage give,  
 To force that life which much disdaynes to live.  
 In death I'll follow thee ! instyl'd by all,  
 The wretched Cause, and partner of thy Fall.  
 Whom Death ( that had alas ! ) alone the might  
 To pull thee from me ! ) shall not dis-unite.  
 155 O you, our wretched Parents (thus severe  
 To your owne blood ! ) my last Petition heare :  
 Whom constant love, whom death hath joyn'd, intent  
 Without your envy in one Sepulcher.  
 And thou, O Tree, whose branches shade the slaine ;  
 Of both our slaughters beare the lasting staine :  
 160 In funerall habit ever clothe your brood,  
 A living monument of our mixt blood.  
 This said, his sword, yet reeking, she revers't,  
 And with a mortall wound her bosome pearc't,  
 The easie Gods unto her wish accord ;  
 Their Parents also her desire afford :

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- 165 The late white Mulberies in black now mourne ;  
And what the fire had left, lay in one Vrne.  
Here ended she. Some intermission made,  
*Leucothoe*, her sister silent, said :
- This Sunne, who all directeth with his light,  
70 Weake Love hath tam'd : his loves we now recite,  
He first discover'd the adultery  
Of *Mars* and *Venus* (nothing scapes his eye )  
And in displeasure told to *Iuno's* sonne  
Their secret stealths, and where the deede was done.
- 75 His spirits faint : his hands could not sustaine  
The worke in hand : Forthwith he forg'd a chaine ,  
With nets of brasse, that might the eye deceave,  
(Lesse curious far the webs which Spiders weave)  
80 Made pliant to each touch, and apt to close ,  
This, he about the guilty bed bestowes.  
No sooner these Adulterers were met,  
Then caught in his so strangely forged net ;  
Who, strugling, in compeld imbracements lay.
- 85 The Ivory doores then *Vulcan* doth display ;  
And calls the Gods. They shamefully lay bound.  
Yet one, a wanton, Wisht to be so found.  
The heavenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told  
Through all the Round, and mirth did long uphold.
- 90 *Venus*, incens'd, on him who this disclos'd,  
A memorable punishment impos'd.  
And he, of late so tyrannous to love ;  
Love's tyranny in just exchange doth prove.  
✓ *Hyperion's* sonne, what boots thy piercing sight !  
Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light !  
For thou, who earth inflamest with thy fires,  
95 Art now thy self inflam'd with new desires.  
Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoe* view ;  
And give to her, what to the World is due.  
Now, in the East thou hastnest thy up-rise :  
Now, slowly sett'st ; even loath to leave the skyes.
- 100 And, while that object thus exacts thy stay,  
Thou addest houres unto the Winters day.  
Oft, in thy face thy mindes disease appears :  
Affrighting all the darkned World with feares.  
Not *Cynthia's* interposed Orbe doth move  
These pale aspects ; this colour springs from love.  
She all thy thoughts ingroft : nor didst thou care  
For *Clymene*, for her who *Circe* bare.

For *Rhodos* ; *Clytie*, who in love abounds,  
 Although despis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds,  
 All, all were buried in *Leucothoe* ;  
 Borne in sweet *Saba*, of *Eurynome*.

- 210 As she in beauty far surpast all other :  
 So much the Daughter far surpast the Mother.  
 Great *Orchamus* was father to the Maid :  
 Who, seventh from *Belus Priscus*, *Persia* sway'd,  
 In low *Hesperian* Vales those pastures are,  
 215 Where *Phabus* horses on *Ambrosia* fare.  
 There, tyred with the travells of the day,  
 They renovate what labour doth decay.  
 Now, while cœlestiall food their hunger feeds,  
 And Night in her alternate raigne succeeds :  
 In figure of *Eurynome*, the God  
 Approcht the chamber, where his life abroad.  
 222 He, spinning by a lamp, *Leucothoe* found,  
 With twice six hand-maids, who inclos'd her round.  
 Then kissing her (her Mother now by Art )  
 I have, said he, a secret to impart :  
 Maids, presently withdraw. They all obey'd,  
 225 He, after he had cleer'd the chamber, said :  
 The tardie Yeare I measure : I am he.  
 Who see all Objects, and by whom all see ;  
 The World's cleere eye : by thy fair self, I sweare,  
 I love thee above thought. She shooke for feare ;  
 Her spindle and her distaffe from her fell :  
 230 And yet that feare became her wondrous well,  
 Then, his owne forme and radiancy, he tooke :  
 Though with that unexpected presence strooke ;  
 Yet, vanquished by his beauty, her complaint  
 She laid aside, and suffered his constraint.  
 This *Clytie* vext (not lesse affectionate  
 235 Before to her) who with a rivalls hate  
 Divulg'd the quickly-spreading infamy :  
 And to her father doth the fact descry.  
 Who sterne and savage, shuts up all remorse,  
 From her that su'd subdued, she said, by force ;  
 And *Sol* to witnesse calls. He his dishonour  
 240 Inters alive, and casts a Mount upon her.  
 ✓ *Hyperion's* sonne this batters with his rayes :  
 And for her re-ascent a breach displayes,  
 Yet could not she advance her heavy head :  
 But life, too hasty, from her body fled,

- 145 Never did *Phæbus* with such sorrow mourne  
 Since wretched *Phaeton* the world did burne :  
 Yet strives he with his influence to beget  
 In her cold limbs a life-revoking heat.  
 But, since the Fates such great attempts withstood ;  
 150 He steeps the place and body in a floud  
 Of fragrant *Nectar* : much bewailes her end :  
 And sighing, said ; Yet shalt thou heaven ascend :  
 Forthwith, her body thawes into a dew :  
 Which, from the moystned earth, an odour threw.  
 Then throw the hill a shrub of *Frankincense*  
 155 Thrust up his crown, and tooke his root from thence.  
 Though love might *Clyties* sorrow have excus'd ;  
 Sorrow, her tongue ; *Daye's* King her bed refus'd.  
 She, with distracted passion, pines away ,  
 160 Detesteth company ; all night, all day ,  
 Distobed, with her ruffled haire unbound,  
 And wet with humour, sits upon the ground,  
 For nine long daies all sustenance forbears ;  
 Her hunger cloyd with dew, her thirst with teares.  
 Nor rose ; but, rivets on the God her eyes ;  
 165 And ever turnes her face to him that flies.  
 At length, to earth her stupid body cleaves :  
 Her wan complexion turnes to blood-lesse leaves,  
 Yet streak't with red : her perisht limbs beget  
 A flowre, resembling the pale *Violet* ;  
 Which with the sun, though rooted fast, doth move ;  
 170 And, being changed, changeth not her love.  
 Thus she. This wondrous story caught their eares :  
 To some the same impossible appears ;  
 Others, that all is possible, conclude ,  
 To true-styl'd Gods : but : *Bacchus* they exrude.  
 All whist, *Alcithoe* call'd upon, doth run  
 175 Her shuttle through the web ; and thus begun.  
 To mit the pastorall loves, to few unknowne,  
 Of young *Idean Daphnis* ; turn'd to stone  
 By that vext Nymph, who could not else assuage  
 Her jealousie : such is a lover's rage :  
 And *Scythian* who his nature innovates,  
 180 Now male, now female, by alternate Fates ;  
 With *Celmus* turn'd into an Adamant ,  
 Who of his faith to little *Iove* might vant ;  
 The shorne *Curetes*, got by falling showres ;  
*Crocos* and *Smilax*, chang'd to pretty flowres,

- I over-passe ; and will your eares surprize  
 With sweet delight of unknowne novelties.
- 282 Then, know, how *Salmacis* in famous grew ;  
 Whose too strong waves all manly strength undoe,  
 And mollifie, with their soule-softning touch :  
 The cause unknowne ; their nature knowne too much.  
 Th' *Idæan* Nymphs nurst in secure delight,  
 The sonne of *Hermes*, and faire *Aphrodite*.
- 290 His father and his mother in his looke  
 You might behold : from whom, his name he tooke.  
 When Summers five he thrice had multiply'd ;  
 Leaving the fount-full Hills of foster *Ide*,  
 He wandred through strange Lands , pleas'd with the sight
- 295 Of forrain streames ; toyle less'ning with delight.  
 The *Lycian* Cities past, he treads the grounds  
 Of wealthy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds :  
 There lighted on a Poole, so passing cleere,  
 That all the glittering bottome did appeare ;  
 Inviron'd with no marish-loving Reeds,  
 Nor piked Bull-rushes, nor barren weeds :
- 300 But, living Turf upon the border grew ;  
 Whose ever-Spring no blasting Winter knew.  
 A Nymph this haunts, unpractis'd in the chace,  
 To bend a Bow, or run a strife-full race.  
 Of all the Water Nymphs, this Nymph alone  
 To nimble-footed *Dian* was unknowne.
- 305 Her sisters oft would say ; Fie, *Salmacis*,  
 Fie lazie sister, what a sloth is this !  
 Vpon a Quiver, or a Iavelin seaze ;  
 And with laborious hunting mix to ine ease.  
 On Quiver, nor on Iavelin, would she seaze ;  
 Nor with laborious hunting mix her ease.
- 310 But now in her owne Fountaine bathes her faire  
 And shapefull limbs, now kems her golden haire ;  
 Her selfe oft by that liquid mirror drest ;  
 There taking counsell what became her best :  
 Her body in transparent Robes array'd.  
 Now on soft leaves, or softer mosse display'd :
- 315 Oft gathers flowers, so, when she saw the Boy :  
 Whom seen, forthwith she covets to enjoy,  
 And yet would not approach, though big with hast,  
 Till neatly trickt, till all in order plac't,  
 Her love inveighling lookes set to insnare,  
 Who merited to be reputed faire.

- Sweet Boy, said she, well worthy the aboard  
 320 Of blest celestialls ! if thou be a God,  
 Then art thou *Cupid* ! if of humane race,  
 Happy the Parents, whom thy person grace !  
 Thy sister, if thou hast a sister, blest !  
 Thy Nurse, much more, who fed thee with her brest !  
 325 But (O ! ) no lesse then deifi'd is she,  
 Whom marriage shall incorporate to thee !  
 If any such ; let me this treasure steale :  
 If not, be't I ; and our deare Nuptials seale.  
 This said, she held her peace. He blusht for shame ;  
 330 Not knowing love : whom shamefastnesse became.  
 So Apples shew upon the sunny side ;  
 So Ivory, with rich Vermillion dy'd :  
 So pure a red the silver Moon doth staine,  
 When auxil'ary brasse resounds in vaine,  
 She earnestly intreats a sisters kisse :  
 335 And now, advancing to imbrace her blisse,  
 He, strugling, said ; Lascivious Nymph, forbear ;  
 Or I will quit the place, and leave you here.  
 Faire Stranger, timorous *Salmacis* reply'd ,  
 'Tis freely yours ; and therewith stept aside :  
 Yet looking back, amongst the shrubby Trees  
 340 She closely sculks, and crouches on her knees.  
 The vacant Boy, now being left alone,  
 Imagining he was observ'd by none ,  
 Now here, now there, about the margent trips ;  
 And, in th' alluring waves his ankles dips.  
 Caught with the water's flattering temperature.  
 345 He streight disrobes his body ; O, how pure :  
 His naked beauty *Salmacis* amaz'd :  
 Who with unsatisfied longing gaz'd.  
 Her sparkling eyes shoot flame through this sweet error ;  
 Much like the Sunne reflected by a mirror.  
 350 Now, she impatiently her hope delayes ;  
 Now, burnes t'imbrace : now, halfe-madde , hardly stayer :  
 He swiftly from the banke on which he stood,  
 Clapping his body, leaps into the flood ;  
 And, with his rowing armes, supports his limbs :  
 Which, through the pure waves, glister as he swims.  
 Like Ivory statues, which the life surpasse ;  
 355 Or like a Lilly, in a crysell glasse.  
 He's mine ; the Nymph exclaim'd : who all unstript ;  
 And, as she spake, into the water skipt :

- Hanging about the neck that d d resist;  
 And, with a mastring force, th' unwilling kist:  
 Now, puts her hand beneath his scornefull brest;  
 360 Now every way invading the distrest:  
 And wraps-about the subject of her lust,  
 Much like a Serpent by an Eagle trufs't;  
 Which to his head and feet, infettered, clings;  
 And wreaths her tayle about his stretcht-out wings.  
 365 So clasping Ivy to the Oke doth grow;  
 And so the *Polypus* detaines his foe.  
 But *Atlamiades*, relentlesse coy,  
 Still struggles, and resists her hop't-for joy.  
 370 Invested with her body: foole, said she,  
 Struggle thou mai'st; but never shalt be free.  
 O you, who in immortall thrones reside,  
 Grant that no day may ever us divide!  
 Her wishes had their Gods. Even in that space  
 Their cleaving bodies mix: both have one face.  
 375 As when we two divided scions joyne,  
 And see them grow together in one rine:  
 So they, by such a strict embracement glew'd,  
 Are now but one, with double forme indew'd.  
 No longer he a Boy, nor she a maid;  
 But neither, and yet either, might be said.  
 380 *Hermaphroditus* at himself admires:  
 Who halfe a female from the Spring retires,  
 His manly limbs now sofin'd; and thus prays,  
 With such a voice as neither sex betrays:  
 Swift *Hermes*, *Aphrodite*! him O heare  
 Who was your sonne! who both your names doth beare:  
 385 May every man, that in this water swims,  
 Returne halfe-woman, with infeebleld limbs.  
 His gentle parents signe to his request;  
 And with unknowne receipts the Spring infect.  
 Here, they conclude: yet give their hands no rest;  
 390 But *Bacchus* slight, and still prophane his Feast.  
 Then suddenly harsh instruments surprize  
 Their charged cares, not extant to their eyes:  
 Sweet Myrrhe, and Saffron all the house perfume:  
 Their webs (past credit!) flourish in the loome:  
 395 The hanging wooll to greene-leav'd Ivy spreads;  
 Part, into vines: the equall twisted threads  
 To branches run: buds from the distaffe shoot;  
 And with that purple paint their blushing frutt.

Now to the day succeeds that doubtfull light;  
 400 Which neither can be called day, nor night  
 The building trembles: torches of fat Pines.  
 Appeare to burne; the roome with flashes shines;  
 Fill'd with fantastickall resemblances  
 Of howling beasts, whom blood, and slaughter please.

405 The Sisters, to the smoaky rooffe retire;  
 And, there disperst avoid both light and fire.  
 Thus, while they corners seeke, thin filmes extend  
 From lighned limbs, with small beams inter-pend.

But how their former shapes they did forgoe,  
 410 Concealing darknesse would not let them know.  
 Nor are these little Light-detesting things  
 Born-up with feathers, but transparent wings.  
 Their voice befits their bodies, small, and faint:  
 Wherewith they harshly utter their complaint  
 These houses haunt, in night conceale their shame;  
 415 And of the loved Evening take their name.

All *Thebes* now feared *Bacchus* celebrates:  
 Whose wondrous power his boasting Aunt relates.  
 She onely, of so many sisters, knew  
 No griefe as yet, but what from them she drew.

420 A happy Mother, Wife to *Athamas*,  
 Nurse to a God: these caus'd her to surpasse  
 The bounds of her felicities; and made  
 Vext *Io* storme; who to her selfe thus said;

What? could that Strumpets brat the forme debase  
 Of poore *Maonian* Saylers, drencht, in Seas?  
 A Mother urge to murder her owne sonne?

425 And wing the three *Minides* that spun?  
 Can I but un-revenged wrongs deplore?  
 Must that suffice? and is our power no more?  
 He teacheth what to doe; learne of thy Foe:  
 What furie can, the wounds of *Penithus* show

430 More then too-much. Why should not *Io* tread  
 The path which late her frantick sisters lead?

A steepe darke Cave, with dead'y yew replent,  
 Through silence leads to hells infernall seat:  
 By this dull *Stryx* ejects a blasting fume:

435 Here ghosts descend, whose bodies graves inhume;  
 Amongst those thorns, stiffe Cold, and Palenesse dwell:  
 The new-come ghosts nor know the way to Hell;  
 Nor where the roomy *Sixgian* City stands;  
 Or that dire Palace where black *Dys* commands.

- A thousand entries to this City guide :  
 The gates still open stand, on every side.  
 440 And as all Rivers run into the Deep :  
 So all unhoused souls do thither creep.  
 Nor are they pestered for want of room :  
 Nor can it be perceiv'd that any come.  
 Here shadows wander from their bodies pent :  
 445 Some plead ; and some the Tyrants Court frequent :  
 Some in life-practiz'd Arts imploy their times :  
 Others are tortur'd for their former Crimes.  
*Saturnia* stooping from her Throne of Ayre,  
 (Her hate immortal ! ) thither makes repair.  
 As soon as she had entered the gate,  
 The threshold trembl'd with her sacred waight.  
 450 Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddesse dreads,  
 And barketh thrice at once, with his three heads.  
 Shee calls the Furies, Daughters to old night ;  
 Implacable, and hating all delight.  
 Before the doors of Adamant they sit ;  
 And there with combs their snaky curls unknit.  
 455 When they through gloomy darknesse did disclose  
 That form of Heaven, the Goddesses arose.  
 The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.  
 Here *Tiutus*, for attempted Rape defam'd,  
 Had his vast body on nine Acres spread :  
 And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.  
 From *Tantalus* deceitful water slips :  
 And catcht-at fruit avoids his touched lips.  
 460 Thou ever seekest, or roll'st up in vain  
 A stone, O *Sisyphus* to fall again.  
*Ixion* turn'd upon a restless wheel,  
 With giddy head pursues his flying heel.  
 The *Belides*, whom Kinsmen's blood accuse,  
 For ever draw the Water which they lose.  
 On all, *Saturnia* frowns ; but most of all  
 465 At thee *Ixion* ; then, a look lets fall  
 On *Sisyphus* : And why (said she) remains  
 This brother only in perpetual pains ;  
 When haughty *Athamas*, whose thoughts despise  
 Both *Jove*, and me, abides in constant joyes ?  
 Then tels the cause of her approach, her hate,  
 470 And what she would : the fall of *Cadmus* state ;  
 That *Athamas* the Furies would distract,  
 And urge him to some execrable fact.

- Importunately she soliciteth,  
 Commands, intreats, and promist, with one breath,  
 Incens'd *Tisiphone* her restless shakes;  
 475 And tossing from her face the hissing Snakes,  
 Thus said: You need not use long ambages;  
 Suppose all done already, that may please:  
 Forake this lothsome Kingdome, and repayre  
 To th' upper world's more comfortable ayre.  
 Well-pleas'd *Saturnia* then to heaven with-drew:  
 480 Whom first *Thaumantian Iris* purg'd with dew.  
 Forthwith, *Tisiphone* her garment takes,  
 Dropping with blood, and girt with knotted Snakes.  
 About her head a bloody torch she shooke;  
 And swiftly those accurs'd abodes forsook.  
 485 Still-sighing Sorrow, Horror, Trembling, Fear,  
 And gantly Madnesse, her associates were.  
 The entred Palace gron'd: pale poyson soyles:  
 The polish'd doores: the frighted Sun recoyles;  
 Then *Athamas* and *Ino*, struck with dread  
 And monstrous apparitions, sought to have fled:  
 490 But stern *Erinny's* their escape withstands;  
 And stretching out her viper-grasping hands,  
 Shook her dark brows. The troubled Serpents hift:  
 Some falling on her shoulders, there untwist;  
 Others, upon her ngly brest descend,  
 Spet poyson, and their forked tongues extend.  
 495 Two Adders from her crawling hair she drew;  
 And those at *Athamas* and *Ino* threw:  
 These up and down about their bosomes roul;  
 And with infus'd affection sad the soul.  
 No wound upon their bodies could be found:  
 It was the minde that felt the desperate wound.  
 500 She brought besides from her abhorred home,  
 The surfet of *Echidna*, with the some  
 Of hell-bred *Cerberus*, still-wandering Error,  
 Oblivion, Mischief, Tears, infernal Terror,  
 Distracted Fury, an Affection fixt  
 On murder; altogether ground, and mixt  
 505 With blood yet reeking; boyld in hollow brasie,  
 And stird with Hemlock. While sad *Athamas*,  
 And *Ino* quake, she powres into their breasts  
 The rageful poyson; which their peace infests.  
 Her flamy Torch then whisking in a round  
 510 (Whose circulary fire her conquest crown'd)

To *Pluto's* empty regiment she makes  
A swift descent ; and there ungirts her Snakes.

Forthwith, *Æolides* with poyson boyles ;  
*Io*, my Mates, he cries, here pitch your toyles ;  
Here, late a *Lyoneſſe* by me was ſcene

515 With her two whelps. With that purſues the Queene,  
And from her breſt *Clæarchus* ſnatcht : The child  
Stretcht forth his little armes, and on him ſmil'd :  
Whom like a ſling about his head he ſwings ;  
And cruelly againſt the pavement flings.

520 The Mother, whether with her griefe diſtraight,  
Or that he poyſon on her ſenſes wrought,  
Runs howling with her haire about her eares ;  
And in bare armes her *Melicerta* beares ;  
Cries *Euohe Bacchus* : *Immo* laugh, and ſaid ;  
Thus art thou by thy Foſter-child repay'd.

525 There is a Rock that over-lookes the Mayne,  
Hollow'd by fretting Surges, ſconſt from rayne ;  
Whoſe craggy brow to vaſter Seas extends.  
This, *Ino* (fury adding ſtrength) aſcends ;  
Descending head-long, with the load ſhe beares ;

530 And ſtrikes the ſparkling waves, that fall in teares.  
Then, *Venus*, grieving at her Neece's Fate,  
Her Vnkle thus intreats : O thou, whoſe State  
Is next to *Ioves* ; great Ruler of the Flood ;  
My ſute is bold, yet pittie thou my blood,

535 Not roſſed in the deepe *Ionian* Seas :  
And joyne them to thy watry Deities.  
Some favour of the Sea I ſhould obtaine,  
That am ingender'd of the foamie Mainie :  
Of which, the acceptable name I beare.

540 *Neptune* affords a favourable ear ;  
Who what was mortall from their beings tooke ;  
Then gave to either a Maſteſticke looke ;  
In all their faculties divinely fram'd :  
And her, *Leucothea*, him *Palemon* nam'd.

The *Theban* Ladies, who her ſteps perſew'd,  
Her laſt on the firſt Promontorie view'd.

545 Then, held for dead ; with haire, and garments rent,  
They beat their breſts ; and *Cadmus* Houſe lament.  
Of little Juſtice, and much Cruelty,  
All *Imo* tax. Indure (ſhe ſaid) ſhall I  
Such blaſphemies ? I'll make you monuments.

550 Of my revenge. Threats uſher their events,

- When one, of all the most affectionate,  
 Cry'd, O my *Queene*, I will partake thy Fate!  
 And thought to leap into the roaring Flood;  
 But could not move: her feet fast fixed stood.  
 Another, who her bosome meant to beat,  
 555 Perceiv'd her stiffned armes to lose their heat:  
 By chance, her hand, This stretcheth to the Maine;  
 Nor could her hand, now stone, unstretch againe.  
 As She her violated Tresses tare,  
 Her fingers forthwith hardned in her haire.  
 560 Their Statues now those severall gestures beare  
 Wherein they formerly surpris'd were.  
 Some, Fowles became; now cald *Cadmeides*;  
 Who with their light wings sweepe those gulphy Seas.  
 Little knew *Cadmus*, that his Children raign'd  
 In sacred Seas, and deathlesse States retayn'd.  
 Subdew'd with woes, with tragicall events,  
 565 That had no end, and many dire ostents,  
 He leaves his Citie; as not through his owne,  
 But by the fortune of the place o're-throwne:  
 And with his wife *Hermione*, long tost,  
 At length arriveth at th' *Illyrian* Coast:  
 Now spent with griefe and age, whil'st they relate.  
 570 Their former toyles, and Familie's first fate:  
 And was that Serpent sacred, which I flew  
 (Said he) whose teeth into the Earth I threw  
 (An uncouth seed) when I from *Sidon* came?  
 If this, the vengefull Gods so much inflame,  
 575 May I my belly Serpent-like extend!  
 His belly lengthned, ere his wish could end.  
 Tough scales upon his hardned out-side grew:  
 The black, distinguished with drops of blew.  
 Then, falling on his breast, his thighs unite;  
 580 And in a spiny progresse stretch out-right.  
 His armes (for, armes as yet they were) he spreads:  
 And teares on cheekes, that yet were humane, sheds.  
 Come, O sad Soule, said he; thy husband touch;  
 Whil'st I am I, or part of me be such.  
 585 Shake hands, while yet I have a hand to shake.  
 Before I totally endue a Snake.  
 His tongue was yet in motion; when it cleft  
 In two, forthwith of humane speech-bereft.  
 He hift, when he his sorrowes sought to vent,  
 Then onely language now which Nature lent,

- 390 His Wife her naked bosome beats, and cries,  
 Stay *Cadmus*, and put-off these prodigies,  
 O strange ! where are thy feet, hands, shoulders, brest,  
 Thy colour, face, and (while I speak) the rest !  
 You Gods, why also am not I a Snake ?  
 395 He lickt her willing lips even as he spake ;  
 Into her well-known bosom glides ; her waste  
 And yeelding neck, with loving twines imbrac't.  
 Amazement all the standers-by posselt ;  
 While glittering combs their slippery heads invest.  
 400 Now are they two : who crept, together chain'd,  
 Till they the covert of the Wood obtain'd.  
 These gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,  
 Do hurt to no man, nor mans presence fear.  
 Yet were those sorrows, by their daughters son.  
 405 Much comforted, who vanquish't *India* won :  
 To whom th' *Achaians* Temples consecrate ;  
 Divinely magnifi'd through either State,  
 Alone *Acrisius* *Abamiades*,  
 Though of one Progeny, dissents from these :  
 Who, from th' *Argonian* City, made him flie ;  
 And manag'd arms against a Deitie.  
 410 Nor him, nor *Perseus* he for *Joue's* doth hold ;  
 (Begot on *Danae* in a showre of gold)  
 Yet straght repents (so prevalent is truth)  
 Both to have forc't the God, and doom'd the Youth.  
 Now is the one inthroned in the skyes :  
 The other through Ayr's empty Region flies ;  
 415 And bears along the memorable spoyl,  
 Of that new Monster, conquer'd by his toyl.  
 And as he o're the *Lybian* Deserts flew ;  
 The blood, that dropt from *Gorgon's* head, straight grew  
 To various Serpents, quickned by the ground :  
 420 With these, those much infested Climes abound.  
 Hither and thither, like a Cloud of rain,  
 Born by crosse windes, he cuts the ayrie Main ;  
 Far-distant earth beholding from on high ;  
 And over all the ample World doth flie :  
 425 Thrice saw cold *Arctos*, thrice to *Cancer* prest ;  
 Oft hurried to the East, oft to the West.  
 And now, not trusting to approached night  
 Upon th' *Hesperian* Continent doth light :  
 And craves some rest, till *Lucifer* displayes  
 430 *Aurora's* blush, and she *Apollo's* rayes,

Huge-statur'd *Atlas Japetonides*

Here sway'd the utmost bounds of Earth and Seas ;

Where *Titans* panting Steeds his Chariot steep,

And bathe their fiery fet-locks in the Deep.

635 A thousand Herds, as many Flocks, he fed  
In those large Pastures, where no neighbours tread.  
Here to their tree the shining branches sute ;  
To them, their leaves ; to those, the golden fruit.  
Great King, said *Persens*, if high birth may move

640 Respect in thee, behold the son of *Jove* :  
If admiration, then my Acts admire ;  
Who rest, and hospitable Rites desire :  
He, mindful of this prophetic, of old  
By sacred *Themis* of *Parnassus* told ;  
In time thy golden fruit a prey shall prove,

645 O *Japhets* son, unto the son of *Jove*.  
This fearing, he his Orchard had inclos'd  
With solid Cliffs, that all access oppos'd :  
The Guard whereof a monstrous Dragon held ;  
And from his Land all Forrainers expell'd.  
Be gone, said he, for fear thy glories prove,

650 But counterfeit ; and thou no son to *Jove* ;  
Then adds uncivil violence to threats,  
With strength the other seconds his intreats :  
In strength inferior ; Who so strong as he ?  
Since curtesie, nor any worth in me,  
Vext *Persens* said, can purchase my regard ;  
Yet from a guest receive thy due reward.

655 With that, *Medusa's* ugly head he drew,  
His own revers'd. Forthwith *Atlas* grew,  
Into a Mountain equal to the Man :

His hair and beard, to Woods, and Bushes ran ;  
His arms and shoulders into ridges spread ;  
And what was his, is now the Mountains head :

660 Bones turn to stones ; and all his parts extrude  
Into a huge prodigious altitude.  
(Such was the pleasure of the ever-blest)  
Whereon the heavens, with all their tapers rest.

665 *Hippodates* in hollow Rocks did close  
The strife-full Windes : Bright *Lucifer* arose  
And rous'd-up Labour. *Persens*, having ty'd  
His wings to his feet, his fauchion to his side,  
Sprung into ayre : below, on either hand  
Innumerable Nations left : the Land

- Of *Aethiop*, and the *Cephen* fields survey'd;  
 670 There, where the innocently wretched Maid  
 Was for her Mothers proud impiety,  
 By unjust *Ammon* sentenced to die.  
 Whom when the *Peroe* saw to hard Rocks chain'd,  
 But that warm tears from charged eye-springs drain'd,  
 And light windes gently fann'd her fluent hair,  
 675 He would have thought her Marble: Ere aware  
 He fire attracteth, and, astonish'd by  
 Her beauty, had almost forgot to fly.  
 Who lighting said; O fairest of thy kinde  
 (More worthy of those bands which Lovers binde,  
 Then these rude gyves) the Land by thee renown'd,  
 680 Thy name, thy birth, declare, and why thus bound.  
 At first the silent Virgin was afraid  
 To speak t'a Man, and modesty had made  
 A Visard of her hands, but, they were ty'd:  
 Yet what she could, her tears their fountains hide.  
 685 Still urg'd, lest he should wrong her innocence,  
 As if asham'd to utter her offence  
 Her Country she discovers, her own name,  
 Her beaution Mother's confidence, and blame.  
 All yet untold, the Waves began to rore:  
 Th'ap'arent Mon'ner (hast'nin' to the shore)  
 690 Before his breast, the broad-spread Sea up-bears:  
 The Virgin shrieks: Her Parents see their fears.  
 Both mourn, both wretched (but, she justly so):  
 Who bring no aid, but extasies of woe,  
 With tears that suit the time: Who take the leave  
 They loathe to take, and to her body cleave.  
 695 You for your grief may have, the stranger said,  
 A time too long: short is the hour of aid.  
 If freed by me, *Jove's* son, in fruitful gold  
 Begot on *Danae*, through a brazen Hold,  
 Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the snaky hair;  
 700 And boldly glide through un-inclosed air:  
 If for your son you then will me prefer;  
 Adde to this worth, That in delivering her,  
 I'll try (so favour me the Powers divine)  
 That she, sav'd by my valour, may be mine.  
 They take a Law, inrear what he doth offer:  
 705 And further, for a Dowre their Kingdom proffer.  
 Lo! as a Gally with fore-fixed prow  
 (Row'd by the sweat of Slaves) the Sea doth plow:

- Even so the Monster furroweth with his brest,  
The foaming flood ; and to the neer Rock prest :  
Not farther distant, then a Man might sling  
710 A way-inforcing Bullet from a sling.  
Forth-with, the youthful issue of rich showres,  
Earth pushing from him, to the blew sky towres.  
The furious Monster eagerly doth chace  
His shadow, gliding on the Seas smooch face.  
And as *Jove's* Bird, when she from high surveys  
715 A Dragon basking in *Apollo's* rayes ;  
Descends unseen, and through his necks blew scales  
(To shun his deadly teeth) her talons naile's :  
So swiftly stoops high-pitcht *Inachides*  
Through singing ayr : then on his back doth seaze ;  
720 And near his right fin sheaths his crooked sword  
Up to the hilt ; who deeply wounded, roar'd :  
Now capers in the ayr, now dives below  
The troubled waves ; now turn's upon his foe :  
Much like a chafed Bore, whom eager Hounds  
Have at a Bay, and terrifie with sounds.  
He, with swift wings, his greedy jaws avoids ;  
725 Now, with his Fauchion wounds his scaly sides ;  
Now, his shell-rough-cast back ; now, where the tail  
Ends in a Fish, or parts expos'd t'assail.  
A stream mixt with his blood the Monster flings  
From his wide throat ; which wets his heavy wings :  
730 Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely  
On their support. He sees a Rock hard by,  
Whose top above the quiet Waters stood,  
But underneath the winde-incensed flood.  
There lights ; and, holding by the Rocks extent,  
His oft-thrust sword into his bowels sent.  
735 The shore rings with th'applause that fills the sky.  
Then, *Cepheus* and *Cassiope*, with joy,  
Salute him for their son : whom now they call  
The Saviour of their house, and of them all.  
Up came *Andromeda*, freed from her chains ;  
The cause, and recompense of all his pains.  
740 Mean-while he washeth his victorious hands  
In cleansing waves. And lest the Beachy Sands  
Should hurt the Snaky head, the ground he strew,  
With leaves, and twigs that under water grew :  
Whereon, *Medusa's* ugly face he layes.  
The green, yet juicy, and attractive sprayes.

- 745 From the toucht Monster stiffning hardnesse took,  
And their own native pliancy forsook.  
The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder try  
On other sprigs; and in the issue joy:  
Who sowe again their Seeds upon the Deep;
- 750 The Coral now that property doth keep,  
Receiving hardnesse from felt ayr alone,  
Beneath the Sea a twig, above, a stone.  
Forth-with, three Altars he of Turf erects,  
To *Hermes Jove*, and her who war affects:  
*Minerva's* on the right; on the left hand
- 755 Stood *Mercurie's*: *Joves* in the midst did stand.  
To *Mercury*, a Calf they sacrifice;  
To *Jove*, a Bull; a Cow, to *Pallas* dyes:  
Then takes *Andromeda*, the full reward  
Of so great worth; with Dow'r of lesse regard.  
Now, Love and *Hymen* urge the Nuptial bed:  
The sacred Fires with rich perfumes are fed;
- 760 The house hung round with Garlands; every where  
Melodious Harps, and Songs salute the ear;  
Of jocund mirth the free and happy signes:  
With *Dores* display'd, the golden Palace shines:  
The *Cephen* Nobles, and each stranger Guest,  
Together enter to this sumptuous Feast;
- 765 The Banquet done, with generous Wines they chear  
Their hightned spirits: *Persens* longs to hear  
Their fashions, manners, and original;  
Who, by *Lyncides* is inform'd of all.  
This told; he said: Now tell, O valiant Knight,
- 770 By what felicity of force, or sleight,  
You got this purchase of the snaky haire.  
Then *Abantiades* forthwith declares,  
How under frosty *Atlas* clifffy side  
There lay a Plaine, with Mounraines fortifi'd:  
In whose accessse the *Phorides* did lye;
- 775 Two sisters; both of them had but one eye:  
How cunningly his hands thereon he lay'd,  
As they from one another it convey'd.  
Then through blind wastes, and rocky forrests came,  
To *Corgon's* house: the way unto the same.
- 780 Beset with formes of men, and beasts, alone  
By seeing of *Medusa* turn'd to stone:  
Whose horrid shape securely he did eye,  
In his bright target's cleere refulgency.

- 785 And how her head he from her shoulders tooke;  
 Ere heavy sleepe her snakes, and her forooke.  
 Then told of *Pegasus*, and of his brother,  
 Sprung from the blood of their new-slaughtred mother  
 Adding the perils past in his long way;  
 What feats, what soyles, his eyes below surway;  
 And to what starres his lofty pitch ascends:  
 790 Yet long afore their expectation ends.  
 One Lord among the rest would gladly know,  
 Why Serpents only on her head did grow.  
 Stranger, said he, since this that you require,  
 Deserves the knowledge, take what you desire:  
 Her passing beauty was the onely scope  
 795 Of mens affections, and their envied hope:  
 Yet was not any part of her more rare  
 (So say they who have seene her) then her haire,  
 Whom *Neptune* in *Minerva's* Fane comprest.  
*Ioue's* daughter, with the *Aegis* on her brest.  
 800 Hid her chaste blushes: and due vengeance takes,  
 In turning of the *Gorgon's* haire to Snakes.  
 Who now to make her enemies affraid,  
 Beares in her shield the Serpents which she made.
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# OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

## The Fifth Book.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**He Gorgon seen, Cepheni Statues grow :  
 So Phineus, Prætus, Polydeft, the foe  
 To Perſeus prayſe. The fountain Hippocrene  
 By Horſe-boof rays'd. The Muſes, into Nine  
 Rape-flying Birds : Pierides, to Pyes.  
 The Gods, by Typhon chac't, themſelves diſguiſe,  
 Sad Cyane into a Fountain flowes.  
 Th'ill-martur'd Boy a ſpotted Steellion growes.  
 Lov'd Arethufa thawes into a Spring.  
 Aſcalaphus an Owle. Light feathers wing  
 The ſweet-tongu'd Syrens, who on Waters mourn.  
 Stern Lynxus Ceres to a Lynx doth turn.

**W**Hil'ſt the Danaedan Hero this relates,  
 Amidſt th'aſſembly of the Cephen States ;  
 Exalted voyces through the Palace ring :  
 Not like to theirs who at a mariage ſing ;  
 But ſuch as menace war. The Nuptial Feaſt,  
 5 Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life expreſt  
 A peaceful Sea, whoſe brow no frown deforms,  
 Straight ruffled into billows by rude ſtorms.  
 Firſt *Phineus*, the raſh Author of this war,  
 Shaking a Launce, began the deadly jar.  
 10 Lo, I the Man, that will upon thy life  
 Revenge, ſaid he, the rapture of my Wife.

- Nor shall thy wings, nor *Jove* in forged gold,  
 Work thy escape. About to throw : O hold !  
 Perplexed *Cepheus* cries : What wilt thou do !  
 What fury, frantick brother, tempts thee to  
 So foul a fact ? Is this the recompence  
 15 For such high merit ? For her life's defence ?  
 Not *Persews*, but th'incens'd *Nereides*,  
 But horned *Hammon*, and the wrath of seas  
 (That Orke that sought my bowels to devour.)  
 Hath snatcht her from thee ; raviſht in the hour  
 20 Of her expoſure. But thy cruelty  
 Perhaps was well content that ſhe ſhould die,  
 To eaſe thy loſſe with ours. May't it not ſuffice,  
 That ſhe was bound in chains before thine eyes ;  
 That thou, her Uncle, and her Husband, brought  
 Her peril no prevention, nor none ſought ;  
 But that anothers aid thou muſt envy,  
 25 And claim the Trophies of his victory ?  
 Which, if of ſuch eſteem, thou ſhouldeſt have ſtrain'd  
 T'have forc't them from thoſe Rocks, where lately chain'd.  
 Let him, who did enjoy them : nor exact  
 What is his due by merit, and compaſt.  
 Nor think, we *Persews* before thee prefer ;  
 But him, before ſo abhor'd a ſepulcher.  
 30 He without answer, rowling to and fro  
 His eyes on either, doubts at which to throw :  
 And paufing, his ill-aimed Launce at length  
 At *Persews* hurls, with rage-redoubled ſtrength.  
 Fixt in the bed-ſtock ; up fierce *Persews* ſtarts,  
 35 And his retorted Spear at *Phineus* darts :  
 Who ſuddenly behinde an Altar ſtept ;  
 An Altar vengeance from the wicked kept :  
 And yet in *Rhæus* brow the weapon ſtuck.  
 He fell : the ſteel out of his ſcull they pluck :  
 40 Who ſpurns the Earth, and ſtains the board with blood,  
 With that, the multitude, with fury wood,  
 Their Lances ſing : and ſome there be who cry,  
 That *Cephus*, and his ſon-in-law, ſhould die.  
 But *Cephus* wiſely quits the clamorous Hall :  
 Who faith, and juſtice doth to record call,  
 45 With all the hoſpitable Gods ; that he  
 Was from this execrable uproar free.  
 The warlike *Pallas*, preſent, with her ſhield  
 Protects her brother, and his courage ſteel'd.

- Young *Indian Atys* by ill hap was there ;  
 Whom *Ganges*-got *Limniace* did beare  
 In her cleare Waves : his beauty excellent,  
 Which care, and costly ornaments augment :  
 50 Who scarce had fully sixteene Summers told :  
 Clad in a *Tyrian* mantle, fring'd with gold.  
 About his neck he wore a carquet :  
*His* haire with Riband bound, and odors wet.  
 Although he cunningly a Dart could throw ;  
 55 Yet with more cunning could he use his bow.  
 Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand ;  
*Quick Persus* from the Altar snatcht a Brand ,  
 And dasht it on his face : out-start his eyes :  
 And through his flesh the shivered bones arise.  
 60 When *Syrian Lycabas* his *Atys* view'd,  
 Shaking his formelesse looks, with blood imbrew'd :  
 To him in strictest bonds of friendship ty'd,  
 And one who could not his affection hide :  
 After he had his tragedy bewail'd ;  
 Who through the bitter wound his soule exhal'd :  
 He tooke the Bow, which erst the Youth did bend ;  
 And said ; With me, thou Murderer contend ;  
 65 Nor longer glory in a Boye's sad fate,  
 Which stains thy actions with deserved hate.  
 Yet speaking, from the string the arrow flew :  
 Which tooke his plighted robe, as he with-drew,  
*Acrifonia* ades upon him prest ;  
 70 And sheath'd his Harpy in his groning brest.  
 Now dying, he for *Atys* looks, with eyes  
 That swim in night ; and on his bosom lyes :  
 Then chearefully expires his parting breath :  
 Rejoycing to be joyn'd to him in death.  
*Phorbas* the *Sycrit*, *Methion's* son,  
 75 With him the *Lybian Amphimedon* ;  
 Eager of combate, slipping in the blood :  
 That drencht the pavement, fell : his sword with-stood  
 Their re-ascent, which through the short-ribs smote  
*Amphimedon*, and cut the others throge.  
 80 Yet *Persus* would not venture to invade  
 The Halbertere *Eritheus* with his blade ;  
 But in both hands a Goblet high imboyst,  
 And massie, tooke ; which at his head he tost :  
 Who vomits clotted blood ; and, tumbling downe,  
 Knocks the hard pavement with his dying crowne.

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- 85 Then *Polydemon* (sprung from Goddess-born  
*Semiramis*) *Phlegyas*, the unshorne  
*Elyee*, *Clytus*, *Scythian*, *Abaris*,  
And brave *Lyctus* (old *Sperchesus* blisse)  
Fell by his hand : whose feet in triumph tread  
Vpon the slaughtered bodies of the dead.  
But *Phineus*, fearing to confront his Foe  
In close assault, far-off a dart doth throw :
- 90 Which led by error, did on *Ida* light ;  
A Neuter, who in vaine forbare to fight.  
He, sternly frowning, thus to *Phineus* spake :  
Since you, me an unwilling party make,  
Receive the enemy whom you have made ;  
That, by a wound, a wound may be repay'd.
- 95 About to hurle the Dart, drawne from his side ;  
With losse of blood he faints, and falling dy'd.  
Then, great *Odytes* fell by *Clymens* sword ;  
Next to the King, the greatest *Cephen* Lord.  
*Hysseus* slew *Protenor* ; *Lyncedes*  
*Hysseus*. Old *Emathion* fell with these ;
- 100 Who fear'd the Gods, and favoured the right.  
He, whom old age exempted from the fight,  
Fights with his tongue ; himself doth interpose,  
And deeply execrates their wicked blowes.  
*Cromis*, as he imbract the Altar ; lopt  
His shaking head ; which on the Altar dropt :
- 105 Whose half-dead tongue yet curses ; and expires  
His righteous soule amidst the sacred Fires.  
Then *Broteas* and *Ammon*, *Phineus* slew ;  
Who from one womb at once their being drew :  
Invincible with hurle-bats, could they quell  
The dints of swords. Neere these *Alphytus* fell ;
- 110 The Priest of *Ceres*, with a Miter crown'd ;  
Which to his temples a white fillet bound,  
And thou *Lamperides*, whose pleasant wit  
Detesting discord, in soft peace more fit  
To sing unto thy tunefull Liré ; now prest  
With Songs to celebrate the nuptiall Feast :  
When *Pettalus*, at him, who stood far off,  
With his defenselesse Harp ; strikes with this scoff ;
- 115 Goe sing the rest unto the Ghosts below :  
And pierc't his Temples with a deadly blow :  
His dying fingers warble in his fall :  
And then, by chance, the Song was tragicall,

This.

- This, unreveng'd *Lycormas* could not brooke ;  
 120 But from the door's right side a Leaver tooke,  
 And nim betweene the head, and shoulders knocks :  
 Downe falls he, like a sacrificed Oxe.  
*Ciniphean Palates* then sought to seaze  
 Vpon the left : when fierce *Marmorides*  
 125 His hand nail'd to the doore-post with a Speare :  
 Whose side sterne *Abas* pierc't as he stuck there.  
 Nor could he fall but, giving up the ghost,  
 Hung by the hand against the smeared post.  
*Melanens* then, of *Pe-seus* party fell ;  
 And *Dorilas*, whose riches did excell :  
 130 In *Nasemonia* none, then he more great  
 For large possessions, and huge hoards of Wheat.  
 The steele stuck in his groine, which death pursew'd :  
 Whom *Halcyonens* of *Bactria* view'd  
 (The Author of the wound) as he did roule  
 His turn'd-up eyes, and sigh'd out his soule :  
 135 For all thy land, said he, by this divorce  
 Receive thy length, and left his bloodlesse corse.  
 The Speare, revengefull *Abanti*'s drew  
 From his warme wound ; and at the Thrower threw :  
 Which doth his nostrills in the midst divide ;  
 And, passing through, appear'd on either side.  
 140 Whilst Fortune crown'd him, *Clytus* he confounds  
 And *Darus*, of one womb, with different wounds :  
 Through *Clytus* thighes a ready dart he cast ;  
 An other 'twixt the jawes of *Darus* past.  
*Mindebian Celadon* and *Asper* slew,  
 145 His father doubtfull, gotten on a Jew :  
*Echion*, late well seene in things to come,  
 Now over-taken by an unknowne doome :  
*Thonetes*, *Phineus* Squire, his fauchion try'd :  
 And fell *Agyries* that foule parricide.  
 Yet more remain'd then were already spent :  
 For, all of them, to murder one, consent.  
 150 The bold Conspirators on all sides fight ;  
 Impugning promise, merit, and his right.  
 The vainely-pious Father sides with th' other ;  
 With him, the frighted Bride, and pensive Mother :  
 Who fill the court with out-cryes, by the sound  
 Of clashing Armes, and dying screeches drown'd.  
 155 *Bellona* the polluted floore imbrew's  
 With streames of blood, and horrid warre renewes,

False *Phineus*, with a thousand, in a ring  
 Begirt the Heroe : who their Launces fling  
 As thick as Winters hail, that blinde his sight,  
 Sing in his ears, and round about him light.

160 His guarded back he to a pillar sets,  
 And with undaunted force confronts their threats.

*Chamian Molpeus* prest to his left side :  
 The right, *Nabatbean Ethemon* ply'd.

As when a Tyger, pinch't with famine, hears  
 165 Two bellowing Herds within one vale, forbears,

Nor knows on which to rush, as being loth  
 To leave the other, and would fall on both :  
 So *Perseus*, which to strike uncertain proves,  
 Who daunc'd *Molpeus* with a wound removes,  
 Contented with his sight, in that the rage  
 Offierce *Ethemon* did his force ingage :

170 Who at his neck uncircumspectly stroke,  
 And his keen sword against the pillar broke.  
 The blade from unrelenting stone rebounds,  
 And in his throat th'unhappy owner wounds.  
 Yet was not that enough to work his end,  
 Who fearfully doth now his arms extend

175 For pity unto *Perseus*, all in vain,  
 Who thrust him through with his *Cyllenian* skein.

But, when he saw his valour oversway'd  
 By multitude : I must said he, seek ayd  
 (Since you your selves compell me) from my foe,

180 Friends turn your backs : then *Gorgons* head doth shewe.

Some others seek, said *Thessalus*, to fright  
 With this thy Monster, and with all his might  
 A deadly dart endeavour'd to have thrown :

But in that posture became a stone.

Next, *Amphix*, full of spirit, forward prest,

185 And thrust his sword at bold *Lyncides* brest :

When in the passe, his fingers stupid grow,  
 Nor had the power of moving to or fro.

But *Nileus* (he who with a forged stile  
 Vaunted to be the son of seven-fold *Nile*,  
 And bare seven silver Rivers in his shield,  
 Distinctly waving through a golden field)

190 To *Perseus* said : Behold, from whence we sprung !

To ever-silent shadowes bear a-long  
 This comfort of thy death, that thou didst die  
 By such a brave, and high-born enemy.

- His utterance faultred in the latter clause :  
 The yet-unfinisht sound stuck in his jawes ;  
 Who gaping stood as he would something say :  
 And so had done, if words had found a way.
- 195 These *Eryx* blames ; 'Tis your faint soules that dead  
 Your powers, said he, and not the *Gorgon's* head.  
 Rush on with me, and prostrate with deepe wounds  
 This youth, who thus with Magick armes confounds,  
 Then rushing on, the ground his foot-steps stay'd ;  
 Now mutely fixt : an armed Statue made.
- 200 These suffer'd worthily. One, who did fight  
 For *Persews*, bold *Acomens*, at the sight  
 Of *Gorgon's* Snakes, abortive marble grew.  
 On whom *Astyages* in fury flew,  
 As if alive, with his two handed blade :  
 Which shrilly twang'd ; but no incision made :
- 205 Who, whilst he wonders, the same nature tooke ;  
 And now his Statue hath a wondring looke.  
 It were too tedious for me to report  
 Their names, who perisht, of the vulgar sort.  
 Two hundred scap't the furie of the fight :  
 Two hundred turne to stone at *Gorgon's* sight :
- 210 Now *Phineus* his unjust commotion rewes :  
 What should he doe ? the senselesse shapes he views  
 Of his knowne friends, which differing figures bore ;  
 And doth by name their severall ayd implore.  
 And yet not trusting to his eyes alone,  
 The next he toucht ; and found it to be stone.  
 Then turnes aside : and now, a penitent,
- 215 With suppliant hands, and armes obliquely bent ;  
 O *Persews*, thine, said he, thine is the day !  
 Remove this Monster. Hence, O hence convey  
*Medusa's* ugly looks, or what more strange,  
 Which humane bodies into marble change :  
 Not hate, not thirst of rull begot this strife :  
 I onely fought to re-obtaine my wife.
- 220 Thine is the plea of Merit ; mine, of Time :  
 Yet, in contending I confesse my crime.  
 For life (O chiefe of men) I onely sue :  
 Afford me that : the rest I yeeld to you.  
 Thus he ; not daring to revert his eyes  
 On him whom he intreats : who thus replies.  
 Faint-hearted *Phineus*, what I can afford,
- 225 (A gift of worth to such a fearfull Lord)

Take courage, and perswade thy selfe I will :  
No wounding sword thy blood should ever spill.

Moreover, that I may thy wish prevent,  
Here will I fix thy lasting monument :  
That thou by her thou lov'st mayst still be seene ;  
And with her Spouse's image cheare our Queene.

330 Then, on that side *Phorcynis* head doth place,  
To which the Prince had turn'd his trembling face.  
And as from thence his eyes he would have throwne,  
His neck grew stiffe : his teares congeale to stone.  
With fearefull suppliant looks, submissive hands,

335 And guilty countenance the Statue stands.  
Victorious *Abantiades* now hies  
This native Citie, with the rescu'd prize :  
There, vengeance takes on *Proteus*, and restor'd  
His Grand-father ; whose wrongs redresse implor'd.  
For *Proteus* had by force of Armes expeld  
His brother ; and usurped *Argos* held.

340 But him, nor Armes, nor Bulwarks, could protect  
Against the snaky Monsters grim aspect.

Yet not the vertue of the youth, which shone  
Through so great toyle, nor sorrowes under-gone ;  
With thee, O *Polydectes*, king of small  
Sea-girt *Seriphus*, could prevaile at all.

345 Endlesse thy wrath, thy hate inexorable :  
Detructing ; and condemning for a fable  
*Medusa's* death. The moved Youth replies :  
The truth your selfe shall see ; Friends, shut your eyes.  
Then represents *Medusa* to his view :  
Who presently a bloodlesse Statue grew.

350 Thus long *Tritonia* to her brother cleaves :  
Then in a hollow cloud *Seriphus* leaves  
(*Seyros* and *Gyaros* on the right-hand side)  
And o're the toyling Seas, her course apply'd  
To *Thebes*, and Virgin *Helicon* ; there stay'd :

355 And thus unto the learned Sisters said.  
The fame of your new Fountaine, rays'd by force  
Of that swift-winged *Medusean* horse,  
Me hither drew, to see the wondrous Flood,  
Who saw him issue from his Mothers blood.

360 Goddesse, *Vrania* answered, what cause  
So-ever you to this our Mansion drawes,  
You are most welcome. What you heard is true :  
And from that *Pegasus* this Fountaine grew.

Then

- Then *Pallas* to the sacred Spring convey'd,  
 She admires the waters by the horse-hoofe made;  
 165 Surveys their high grown groves, coole caves, fresh bow  
 And meadows painted with all sorts of flowers:  
 Then happy stiles she the *Maenides*,  
 Both for their Arts, and such aboads as these.  
 O heavenly Virgin one of them reply'd,  
 170 Most worthy our society to guide,  
 If so your active vertue did not move  
 To greater deeds: deserv'dly you approve  
 Our studies, pleasant seat, and happy state.  
 Were we secure from what we chiefly hate.  
 But nothing is unlawfull to the lewd:  
 And Maids by Nature are with feare indu'd.  
 The dire *Pereus* still invades my sight:  
 175 Nor have I yet recover'd that affright.  
 He, *Daulis* with all *Phocis* had obtain'd  
 By *Thracian* Armes; there unjustly raign'd:  
 Bound for *Parnassus* Temple, us he spies;  
 And with false zeale adores our Deities.  
 180 *Maenides* saith he, (he knew us well)  
 While sad starres governe, and showrs fall (then fell  
 By chance a mighty shower) vouch safe I pray  
 Beneath the shelter of my roofe to stay:  
 The Gods have entred humble Cottages.  
 Vrg'd by the weather, and such words as these,  
 We to his importunity assent;  
 And yet no father then the Lobby went.  
 185 It now held up: the vanquisht South-winds flie  
 Before the North; which purge the duskie skie.  
 Prest to depart: he shuts the doores; prepares  
 To offer force: with wings we scape his snares.  
 He presently the highest tower ascends;  
 And, as he would have flowne, his body bends:  
 190 The way you goe, said he, will I pursue,  
 And from the battlements himselfe he threw:  
 Who falling, strikes the earth with dash out-braine  
 Which with his wicked blood, he dying stains.  
 The Muse yet spake, when, wings were heard to clatte.  
 195 And from high trees saluting voices chatter.  
*Iove's* daughter wonders, and enquires from whence  
 Those voices came, including humane sense.  
 Not men, but nine all-imitating Fies;  
 Bewailing their deserved destinies.

- 300 The Goddesse to th'admiring Goddesse said :  
They, foyl'd by us, by us were thus repai'd.  
*Pierus*, who rich *Pella* held by lot,  
These on *Pæonian Evi*ppe got.  
Nine times she on *Lucina* call'd aloud :
- 305 The foolish sisters, of their number proud,  
Through all *Æmonia* and *Achaia* came ;  
And thus uncivilly they strife proclaim.  
*Thespiades*, th'unlearned multitude  
No more with your vain harmony delude:  
But cope with us (if hope excite your will)
- 310 As many ; yet unmatch'd, for voice, or skill.  
Surrender you to us, if we excell,  
*Hyantian Aganip*, and *Gorgon's Well* :  
Th'*Ematian Woods* to snowy *Pæone*  
Shall pay our losse. The Nymphs our judges be :
- 315 A shame it was to strive : more shame it were  
To yeeld. The Nymphs by their own rivers swear :  
And sit on benches made of living stone.  
Then, un-elected rudely steps forth one ;  
Who sung the Giants warre : their fayned acts
- 320 She magnifies, and from the Gods detracts.  
Now *Typhon*, from earth's gloomy entrails rais'd,  
Struck all their powr's with feare : who fled amaz'd,  
Till *Ægypt*s scorched soyle the weary hides ;  
And weal hy *Nile*, who in seven channels glides.
- 325 That thi her Earth-borne *Typhon* them pursu'd :  
When as the Gods concealing shapes indu'd.  
*Iove* turn'd himself, she said, into a Ram :  
From whence the hornes of *Lybian Hammon* came.  
*Bacchus* a Goat, *Apollo* was a Crow,
- 330 *Phebe* a Cat, *Iove's* wife a Cow of snow :  
*Venus* a Fish, a Stork did *He*mes hide :  
And still her voice unto her Harpe apply'd.  
Then call they us. But, ours perhaps to heare.  
Nor leasure serves you, nor is't worth your care.
- 335 Doubt not, said *Pallas*, orderly repeat  
Your long'd for Verse, and takes a shady seat.  
Then she ; On one we did the taske impose :  
*Calliope*, with ivy crown'd, up rose ;  
Who with her thumb first tun'd the quavering strings,
- 340 And then this Ditty to the musique sings.  
The gleab, with crooked plough, first *Ceres* rent ;  
First gave us come, a better nourishment,

- First Lawes perſcrib'd : all from her bounty ſprung,  
 By me, the Goddeſſe *Ceres* ſhall be ſung.  
 Would We could Verſes, worthy her, reherſe :
- 345 For ſhe is more then worthy of our Verſe.  
*Trimacria* was on wicked *Typhon* throwne ;  
 Who underneath the Ilands waight doth grone ;  
 That durſt affect the Empire of the ſkies :  
 Oft he attempteth, but in vaine, to riſe.
- 350 *Auſonian Pelorus* his right hand  
 Downe waighs ; *Pachyne* on the left doth ſtand ;  
 His legs are under *Lilybæus* ſpred ;  
 And *Ætna's* baſes charge his horrid head :  
 Where, lying on his back, his jawes expire  
 Thick clouds of duſt, and vomit flakes of fire.  
 Oft times he ſtruggles with his load below :
- 355 And Townes, and Mountaines labours to ore-throw.  
 Earth quakes therewith : the King of ſhadowes dread,  
 For feare the ground ſhould ſplit above their heads,  
 And let-in Day, t'affright the trembling Ghoſts.  
 For this, he from his ſilent Empire poſts,
- 360 Drawne by black horſes ; tracing all the Round  
 Of rich *Sicilia* ; but, no breaches found.  
 Him *Erycina* from her Mount ſurway'd  
 (Now fearleſſe) and, her ſonne imbracing, ſaid.  
 My Armes, my ſtrength, my glory ; for my ſake,
- 365 O *Cupid*, thy all-conquering weapons take ;  
 And fix thy winged arrowes in his heart,  
 Who rules the triple world's inferior part.  
 The Gods, even *Jove* himſelfe ; the God of waves :
- 370 And who illuſtrates earth have beene thy ſlaves.  
 Shall Hell be free ? Thine, and thy mother's Sway  
 Inlarge, and make th' infernall Powr's obay.  
 Yet we (ſuch is our patience ! ) are deſpis'd  
 In our owne heaven ; and all our force unpriſ'd.
- 375 Seeſt thou not *Pallas* and the Queene of Night,  
 Far darting *Dian* ; how my worth they ſlight ?  
 And *Ceres* daughter will a Maid abide,  
 If we permit ; for ſhe affects their pride.  
 But, if thou favour our joynt Monarchy,  
 Thy Vnkle to the Virgin-Goddeſſe tie.  
 Thus *Venus*. He his Quiver doth uncloſe ;
- 380 And one, out of a thouſand arrowes, choſe  
 At her arbitrement : a ſharper head  
 None had ; more ready, or that ſurer ſped.

Then bends his bow : the string t'his eare arrives,  
And through the heart of *Dis* the arrow drives.

385 Not farre remov'd from *Enna's* high-built wall,  
A Lake there is which men *Pergusa* call.

*Cayster's* slowly-gliding waters beare  
Far fewer singing Swans then are heard there.  
Woods crown the Lake, and cloath it round about  
With leavy veils, which *Phæbus* beams keep-out.

390 The trees creat fresh ayre, th' Earth various flowers :  
Where heat nor cold th' eternall Spring devoures.

Whil'ft in this grove *Proserpina* disports ,  
Or Violets pulls, or Lillies of all sorts ;  
And while she strove with childish care, and speed,  
To fill her lap, and others to exceed ;

395 *Dis* saw, affected, carried her away,  
Almost at once. Love could not brooke delay,  
The sad-fac't Goddesse cryes (with feare appall'd )  
To her Companions ; oft her Mother call'd.  
And as she tore th' adornment of her hair,  
Downe fell the flow'rs which in her lap she bare.

400 And such was her sweet Youth's simplicity ,  
That their losse also made the Virgin crie.  
The Ravisher flies on swift wheelles ; his horses  
Excites by name, and their full speed inforces :  
Shaking for haste the rust-obscured raines  
Vpon their cole-black necks, and shaggy maines

405 Through Lakes, through the *Palici*, which expire  
A sulph'rous breath; through earth ingendring fire,  
They passe to where *Corinthian Bacchides*  
His City built betweene unequall Seas.

The Land t'wixt *Arethusa* and *Cyane*

410 With stretcht-out hornes begirts th' included Sea.  
Here *Cyane*, who gave the Lake a name,  
Amongst *Sicilian* Nymphs of speciall fame,  
Her head advanc't : who did the Goddesse know ;  
And boldly said, You shall not farther goe ;

515 Nor can you be unwilling *Ceres* son :  
What you compell, perswasion should have won,  
If humble things I may compare with great ;  
*Anapis* lov'd me : yet did he intreat ;  
And me, not frighted thus, espous'd. This said,  
With out-stretcht armes his farther passage staid,

420 His wrath no longer *Pluto* could restraine ;  
But gives his terror-striking Steeds the mine ;

- And with his Regal Mace, through the profound  
 And yeelding water, cleaves the solid ground ;  
 The breach t'infernal *Tartarus* extends :  
 At whose dark jaws the Chariot descends.
- 425 But *Cyane* the Goddesse Rape laments ;  
 And her own injur'd Spring ; whose discontents  
 Admit no comfort : in her heart she bears  
 Her silent sorrow : now, resolves to tears ;  
 And with that Fountain doth incorporate,  
 Whereof th'immortal Deity but late.  
 Her softned members thaw into a dew,
- 430 Her nails lesse hard, her bones now limber grew.  
 The slender'st parts first melt away : her hair  
 Fine fingers, legs, and feet ; that soon impair,  
 And drop to streams : then, arms, back, shoulders, side,
- 435 And bosome, into little Currents glide.  
 Water, instead of blood, fills her pale veins :  
 And nothing now, that may be graspt, remains.  
 Mean-while, through all the Earth, and all the Main  
 The fearful Mother sought her childe in vain.
- 440 Not dewy-hair'd *Aurora*, when she rose,  
 Nor *Hesperus* could witness her repose.  
 Two pitchy Pines at flaming *Ætna* lights ;  
 And restlesse, carries them through freezing Nights :  
 Again, when Day the vanquisht Stars suppress,
- 445 Her vanisht comfort seeks from East to West.  
 Thirsty with travel, and no Fountain nye,  
 A Cottage thatcht with Straw invites her eye.  
 At th'humble gate she knocks : An old Wife shewes  
 Her self thereat ; and seeing her, bestowes
- 450 The water so desir'd ; which she before  
 Had boyld with Barley. Drinking at the door,  
 A rude hard-favour'd Boy beside her stood,  
 Who laught, and call'd her Greedy-gut. Her blood  
 Inflam'd with anger, what remain'd she threw
- 455 Full in his face ; which forthwith speckled grew.  
 His arms convert to legs ; a tail withal  
 Spines from his changed shape : of body small,  
 Left he might prove too great a foe to life :  
 Though lesse, yet like a Lizard, th'aged Wife  
 (That wonders, weeps, and fears to touch it) shuns,
- 460 And presently into a crevise runs.  
 Fit to his colour they a name elect ;  
 With sundry little stars all-over speckt.

- What Lands, what Seas, the Goddesse wandred through  
 Were long to tell : Earth had not room enough.  
 To *Sicil* she returns : where ere she goes,  
 465 Inquires, and came where *Cyane* now flows.  
 She, had she not been changed, all had told ;  
 Now, wants a tongue her knowledge to unfold :  
 Yet, to the Mother, of her Daughter gave  
 A certain signe : who bore upon a wave  
 470 *Persephone's* rich zone ; that from her fell,  
 When, through the sacred Spring, she sunk to Hell.  
 This seen, and known ; as but then lost, she tare,  
 Without self-pity, her dis-shevel'd hair ;  
 And with redoubled blows her brest invades :  
 Nor knows what Land t'accuse, yet all upbraids ;  
 475 Ingrate, unworthy with her gifts t'abound :  
*Trinacria* chiefly ; where the steps she found  
 Of her misfortunes. Therefore there she brake  
 The furrowing plough ; the Ox and owner strake  
 Both with one death ; then, bade the fields beguile  
 480 The trust impos'd, shrunk seed corrupts. That soile,  
 So celebrated for fertility,  
 Now barren grew : corn in the blade doth die.  
 Now, too much drouth annoyes ; now, lodging showres :  
 Stars smitch, winds blast. The greedy Fowl devoures  
 485 The new-sown grain : Kintare, and Darnel tire  
 The fetter'd Wheat ; and Quitch that through it spire.  
 In *Elean* waves *Alpheus* Love appear'd ;  
 And from her dropping hair her fore-head clear'd :  
 O Mother of that far-sought Maid, thou friend  
 490 To life, said she ; here let thy labour end :  
 Nor be offended with thy faithful Land ;  
 That blamelesse is, nor could her Rape with-stand,  
 I, here a guest, not for my Countrey plead :  
 My Countrey *Pisa* is, in *Elis* bred ;  
 And as an Alien, in *Sicania* dwell :  
 495 But yet no Countrey pleaseth me so well.  
 I, *Arebusa*, now these Springs possesse :  
 This is my seat : which, courteous Goddesse blesse.  
 Why I affect this place, t'*Ortygia* came  
 Through such vast Seas ; I shall impart the same  
 500 To your desire ; when you, more fit to hear,  
 Shall quit your care, and be of better chear.  
 Earth gives me way, through whose dark caverns roll'd  
 I here ascend ; and long-must stars behold.

- While under ground by *Styx* my waters glide,  
 505 Your sweet *Proserpina* I there espy'd ;  
 Full sad she was : even then you might have scene  
 Feare in her face : and yet she is a *Queene* ;  
 And yet she in that gloomy *Empire* swayes ;  
 And yet her will th' infernall King obayes.  
 Stone-like stood *Ceres* at this heavy newes ;  
 510 And, staring, long continued in a muse.  
 When griefe had quickned her stupidity,  
 She tooke her Chariot, and ascends the skie :  
 There, veiled all in clouds, with scattered haire,  
 She knees to *Iupiter*, and made this pray'r ;  
 515 Both for my blood and thine, O *Love*, I sue :  
 If I be nothing gracious, yet doe you  
 A Father to your Daughter prove ; nor be  
 Your care the lesse, because she sprung from me.  
 Lo, she at length is found, long sought through all  
 The spacious World ; if you a Finding call  
 What more the losse assures : but if, to know  
 520 Her being, be to Finde, I have found her so.  
 And yet I would the injury remit,  
 So he the stolne restore : 'Twere most unfit  
 That holy *Hymen* should thy daughter joyne  
 Vnto a Thiefe ; although she were not mine.  
 Then *Love* : the pledge is mutuall, and these cares  
 To either equal : Yet this deed declares  
 525 Much love, mis-called wrong : nor should we shame,  
 Of such a sinne, could you but think the same.  
 All wants suppose, can he be lesse then great,  
 And be *Love's* brother ? What when all compleat ?  
 I, but perferr'd by lot ? Or if you burne  
 530 In endlesse spleene ; Let *Proserpine* returne :  
 On this condition, That she yet have ta'ne  
 No sustenance : so *Destinies* ordaine.  
 To fetch her daughter, *Ceres* posts in haste :  
 But, Fates with stood : the Maid had broke her fast.  
 535 For, wandring in the Ort-yard simply she  
 Pluckt a Pomegranat from the stooping Tree ;  
 Thence tooke seven graines, and eats them one by one :  
 Observed by *Ascalaphus* alone ;  
 Whom *Acheron* on *Orpheus* erst begot  
 In pitchy Caves : a Dame of speciall note  
 540 Amongst th' *Avernall* Nymphs. This utter'd, stayd  
 The sighing *Queene* of *Erebus*, who made

- The Blab a Bird : with waves of *Phlegeton*  
 His face besprinkles ; plume appears thereon,  
 Crookt beake, and broader eyes : the shape he had  
 345 He lost, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.  
 His head o're-sizd, his long nailes talons prove ;  
 His winged armes for lazinesse scarce move :  
 A filthy, ever ill-presaging Fowle,  
 To Mortals ominous : a screeching Owle.  
 350 Yet was the punishment no more then due  
 To his offence. But how offended you  
*Acheloides*, that wings and clawes disgrace  
 Your goodly formes, yet keepe your Virgin-face ?  
 Was it, you *Sirens*, that your deathlesse Powers  
 Were with the Goddesse when she gathered flowrs ?  
 355 Whom when through all the Earth you sought in vaine,  
 You wisht for wings to fly upon the Maine,  
 That pathlesse Seas might testifie your care :  
 The easie Gods consented to your pray'r.  
 360 Streight, golden feathers on your Backs appeare :  
 But, lest that musick, fram'd to enchant the eare,  
 And so great gifts of speech should be profan'd ;  
 Your Virgin-looks, and humane voyce remayn'd.  
 But *Love*, his sister's discontent to cheare,  
 Betweene her, and his Brother parts the yeare.  
 365 The goddesse now in either Empire swayes :  
 Six months with *Ceres*, six with *Pluto* staves.  
*Proserpina* then chang'd her minde, and looke,  
 (Late such as sullen *Dis* could hardly brooke)  
 And clear'd her browes ; as *Sol*, obscur'd in shrowds  
 370 Of exhalations, breaks through vanquisht cloudes.  
 Pleas'd *Ceres* now bade *Arethusa* tell  
 Her cause of flight : and why a sacred Well ?  
 Th' obsequious waters left their murmuring :  
 The Goddesse then above the Chrystall Spring  
 Her head advanc't ; and, wringing her greene haire,  
 375 She thus *Alpheus* ancient love declares.  
 I, of *Achaia* once a Nymph : none more  
 The Chace affected, or t'intoyle the Bore.  
 380 By beauty though I never sought for fame :  
 Though masculine ; of faire I bare the name.  
 Nor tooke I pleasure in my prayesd face,  
 Which others value as their only grace :  
 But, simple, was ashamed to excell ;  
 And thought it infamy to please too-well.

- 385 As from *Stymphalian* woods I made retreat  
 ('Twas hot, and labour had increast the heat)  
 When well-nigh tyr'd ; a silent stream I found,  
 All eddiesse, perspicuous to the ground :  
 Through which you every pebble might have seen ;  
 And ran, as if it had no River been.
- 390 The Poplar, and the hoary Willow, fed  
 By bordring streams, their grateful shadow spread.]  
 In this cool Rivulet my foot I dipt ;  
 Then knee-deep wade : nor so content, unstript  
 My self forth-with ; upon a Sallow stud  
 My Robe I hung, and leapt into the flood.
- 395 Where, while I swim, and labour to and fro  
 A thousand wayes, with arms that swiftly row,  
 I from the bottom heard an unknown tongue ;  
 And frighted, to the higher margent sprung.  
 Whither so fast, O *Arethusa* ! twice
- 600 Out-cry'd *Alpheus*, with a hollow voice.  
 Unclothed as I was, I fled for fear  
 (For, on the other side my garments were)  
 The faster followed he, the more did burn ;  
 Who naked, seem the readier for his turn.
- 605 As trembling Doves the eager Hawks eschew ;  
 As eager Hawks the trembling Doves pursue ;  
 I fled, He followed. To *Orethomenus*,  
*Psophis*, *Cyllene*, high-brow'd *Manalau*,  
*Cold Erymanthus*, and to *Elis*, I  
 My flight maintained ; nor could he come ny :
- 610 But, far unable to hold out so long ;  
 He, patient of much labour, and more strong.  
 And yet o're Plains, o're woody hills I fled,  
 And craggy Rocks, where foot did never tread.  
 The Sun was at our backs : before my feet
- 615 I saw his shadow ; or my fear did see't.  
 How-ere his sounding steps, and thick drawn breath  
 That fann'd my hair, affrighted me to death.  
 Stark tyr'd, I cry'd : Ah caught ! help (O forlorn !)  
*Diana* help thy Squire, who oft have born
- 620 Thy Bow and Quiver ! Mov'd at my request,  
 With muffling clouds she cover'd the distressed.  
 The River seeks me in that pitchy shroud,  
 And searches round about the hollow cloud :  
 Twice came to where *Diana* me did hide ;
- 625 And twice he to *Arethusa* cry'd,

Then what a heart had I ! the Lamb so fears  
 When howling Wolves about the Fold she hears :  
 So heartless Hare, when trayling Hounds draw nyc:  
 630 Her sented Form ; nor dares to move an eye.  
 Nor went he on, in that he could not trace  
 My further steps : but guards the cloud, and place.  
 Cold sweats my then-besieged limbs possess :  
 In thin thick-falling drops my strength decreast.  
 Where-ere I step, streams run ; my hair now fell.  
 635 In trickling dew ; and, sooner then I tell  
 My destiny, into a Flood I grew.  
 The River his beloved waters knew ;  
 And, putting off th'assumed shape of man,  
 Resumes his own ; and in my Current ran.  
 Chaste *Delia* cleft the ground. Then, through blind caves,  
 640 To lov'd *Orygia* she conducts my waves ;  
 Affected for her name : where first I take  
 Review of day. This, *Arethusa* spake.

The fertil Goddess to her Chariot chains  
 Her yoked Dragons, checkt with stubborn rains :  
 Her course, 'twixt heaven and earth, to *Athens* bends ;  
 645 And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot sends.  
 Part of the seed she gave, she bade him throw  
 On untill'd Earth ; part on the till'd to sow.  
 O're *Europe*, and the *Asian* soyl convey'd,  
 The Youth to *Scythia* turns ; where *Lyncus* swayd.  
 650 His Court he enters. Askt what way he came,  
 His cause of coming, Country, and his name :  
*Triptolemus* men call me, he reply'd ;  
 And in renowned *Athens* I reside.  
 No ship through toyling Seas me hither bare ;  
 Nor over land came I ; but through the ayre.  
 655 I bring you *Ceres* gift : which sown in fields,  
 Com-bearing crops (a better feeding) yields;  
 The barbarous King envies it : and, that he  
 The Author of so great a good might be,  
 Gives entertainment : but, when sleep oppress  
 His heavy eyes, with steel attempts his brest.  
 660 Whom *Ceres* turns t'a *Lynx* : and home-wards makes  
 The young *Mopsopian* drive her sacred Snakes.  
 Our Chief concluded here her learned Layes.  
 The Nymphs, with one consent, give us the Bayes.  
 665 The vanquish'd rail. To whom the Muse : Since you  
 Esteem it nothing to deserve the due

To your contention, but must adde foul words  
 To your ill deeds ; nor this your pride affords  
 Our patience room : we'll wreak it on your heads,  
 And tread the path which Indignation leads.

The *Pæons* laugh, and our sharp threats despise.

- 670 About to scold, and with disgraceful noyse  
 To clap their hands ; they saw the feathers sprout  
 Beneath their nailes, and clothe their arms throughout :  
 Hard nebs in one another's faces spie ;  
 And now, new Birds, into the Forest flie.

- 675 These sylvan Scoulds, as they their arms prepare  
 To beat their bosomes ; mount, and hang in ayr.  
 Who yet retain their ancient eloquence ;  
 Full of hash chat, and prating without sense.

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# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Sixth Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**P**allas an old Wife. Haughty thoughts o're-throw  
 Hæmus and Rodophe; who Mountains grow.  
 The Pigmy a Crane. Antigone becomes  
 A Stork. A Statue Cyneras intombs:  
 His impious Daughters, stones. In various shapes  
 The Gods commit adulteries and rapes.  
 Arachne, a Spider. Niobe yet drownes  
 Her Marble cheeks in tears. Uncivil Clownes  
 Are cunst to Frogs: From tears clear Marfyas flowes.  
 His Ivory shoulder new-made Pelops shoves.  
 Progne, a Swallow; sign'd with murders stains.  
 Sad Philomel to secret night complains.  
 Rage to a Lapwing turns th' Odrisian King.  
 Calais and Zetes native feathers wing.

*T*Ritonia to the Muse attention lends:  
 Who both her Verse, and just revenge commends.  
 Then said t'her self: To praise is of no worth:  
 Let our revengeful Power our praise set forth.  
 5 Intends *Arachnes* ruine. She, she heard,  
 Before her curious webs, her own preferr'd.  
 Nor dwelling, nor her nation fame impart  
 Unto the Damsel, but excelling Art.  
 Deriv'd from *Colophonian* Idmonds side;  
 Who thirsty Wooll in *Phocian* purple dide.

- 10 Her Mother (who had paid her debt to fate)  
 Was also mean, and equal to her mate.  
 Yet through the *Lydian* townes her praise was spread;  
 Though poor her birth, in poor *Hypapa* bred.
- 15 The Nymphs of *Tmolus* oft their Vines forfook;  
 The sleek *Pactolian* Nymphs their streams; to look  
 On her rare works: nor more delight in viewing  
 The done (done with such grace) then when adoring.  
 Whether she Orb-like roul the ruder wooll;
- 20 Or, finely finger'd, the selected cull;  
 Or draw it into cloud-resembling flakes;  
 Or equal twine with swift-turn'd spindle makes;  
 Or with her lively-painting Needle wrought:  
 You might perceive she was by *Pallas* taught.  
 Yet such a Mistressse her proud thoughts disclaim:
- 25 Let her with me contend; if soyl'd, no shame  
 (Said she) nor punishment will I refuse.  
*Pallas*, forth-with, an old-wives shape indues:  
 Her hair all white; her limbs, appearing weak,  
 A staff supports: who thus began to speak.  
 Old Age hath something which we need not shun:  
 Experience by long tract of time is won.
- 30 Scorn not advice: with Dames of humane race  
 Contend for fame, but give a Goddess place.  
 Crave pardon, and she will thy crime remit.  
 With eyes confessing rage, and ey-brows knit,
- 35 (Her labour-leaving hands scarce held from strokes)  
 She, masked *Pallas* with these words provokes.  
 Old Fool, that dot'st with age; to whom long-life  
 Is now a curse: thy Daughter, or Sons Wife,  
 (If thou hast either) taught be they by this:
- 40 My wisdom, for my self, sufficient is.  
 And lest thy counsel should an int'rest clame  
 In my diversion, I abide the same.  
 Why comes she not? why tryal thus delays?
- She comes, said *Pallas*, and her self displays.  
 Nymphs, and *Mygdonian* Dames the Power adore:  
 Only the Maid her self undaunted bore:
- 45 And yet she blusht; against her will the red  
 Flusht in her cheeks, and thence as swiftly fled.  
 Even so the purple Morning paints the skies;  
 And so they whiten at the Suns uprise.  
 Who now, as desperately obstinate,
- 50 Praise ill affecting, runs on her own fate.

- No more *Joves* daughter labours to dissuade ;  
 No more refuserh ; nor the strife delayd.  
 But settle to their tasks apart : both spread  
 At once their warps, consisting of fine thread,  
 55 Ty'd to their beams : a reed the thred divides,  
 Through which the quick-returning shuttle glides,  
 Shot by swift hands. The combs inserted tooth  
 Between the warp suppress the rising woof :  
 Strife less'ning toyl. With skirts tuckt to their waste,  
 60 Both move their cunning arms with nimble haste.  
 Here crimson dyde in *Tyrian* brasse they weave :  
 The scarcee distinguish'd shadows sight deceave.  
 So watry clouds, gilt by *Apollo*, show ;  
 The vast sky painted with a mighty Bow :  
 65 Where though a thousand severall colours shine,  
 No eye their close transicion can define :  
 The next, the same so clearly represents ;  
 As by degrees, scarce sensible, dissents.  
 Through-out imbelished with ductil gold :  
 And both reviv'd antiquities unfold.  
 70 *Pallas*, in *Athens*, *Mars*'s Rock doth frame :  
 And that old strife about the Cities name.  
 Twice six Cœlestials sit inthron'd on high,  
 Repleat with awe-infusing gravity :  
*Jove* in the midst. The suted figures took  
 Their lively forms : *Jove* had a royal look.  
 75 The Sea-god stood, and with his Trident strake.  
 The cleaving Rock, from whence a Fountain brake :  
 Whereon he grounds his claim With spear and shield :  
 Her self she arms : her head a murrion shield :  
 Her brest her *Ægis* guards. Her I aunce the ground  
 80 Appears to strike ; and from that pregnant wound  
 The hoary Olive, charg'd with fruit ascends.  
 The Gods admire : with victory she ends.  
 Yet she, to show the Rival of her praise  
 What hopes to cherish for such bold assaies,  
 85 Add's four contentions in the utmost bounds  
 Of every angle, wrought in little Rounds.  
 One, *Thracian*, *Rhodope* and *Hæmus* shoves,  
 Now Mountains, topt with never melting snowes.  
 Once humane bodies : who durst emulate  
 The blest Cœlestials, both in stile, and state.  
 90 The next contains the miserable doom,  
 Of that *Pygmean* marron, over-come

- By *Juno* made a Crane, and forc'r to jar  
 With her own nation in perpetual war.  
 A third presents *Antigone*, who strove  
 For unmatcht beauty with the Wife of *Jove*.  
 95 Nor *Ilium*, nor *Laomedon* her fire,  
 Prevail'd with violent *Saturnia's* ire.  
 Turn'd to a Storke, who, with white pinions rais'd  
 Is ever by her creaking Bill self-prais'd.  
 In the last circle *Cynaras* was plac't;  
 Who charg'd with grief, the Temples stairs imbract;  
 (Of late his Daughters by their pride o're-thrown)  
 100 Appears to weep, and grovel on the stone.  
 The web a wreath of peaceful Olive bounds:  
 And her own tree her work both ends and crowns.  
*Arachne* weaves *Europa's* rape by *Jove*:  
 The Bull appears to live, the Sea to move,  
 105 Back to the shore she casts a heavy eye;  
 To her distracted Damsels seems to cry:  
 And from the sprinkling waves, that skip to meet  
 With such a burden, shrinks her trembling feet.  
*Asteria* there a struggling Eagle preſt:  
 A Swan here ſpreads his wings o're *Leda's* brest,  
 110 *Jove*. Satyr-like, *Antiope* compels;  
 Whose fruitful womb with double issue swells:  
*Amphytrio* for *Alcmena's* love became:  
 A showre for *Danaos*; for *Ægina* flame:  
 For beautiful *Mnemosyne* he takes  
 A ſhepherds form; for *Deois* a Snakes.  
 115 Thee alſo, *Neptune*, like a luſtful Stere,  
 She makes the fair *Æolian* Virgin bear:  
 And get th' *Aloides* in *Europe's* ſhape:  
 Now turn'd t'a Ram in ſad *Biſaltis* rape.  
 The gold-hair'd mother of life-ſtrengthning ſeed;  
 The ſnake-hair'd mother of the winged Sreed,  
 120 Found thee a Stallion: thee *Melambe* findes  
 A Delphin. She to every form aſſignes  
 Like-equal looks; to every place the ſame.  
 Aſpect. A herdsman *Phœbus* here became;  
 A Lyon now; now Falcons wings diſplayes:  
*Macarean Iſſa* ſhepherd-like betrayes.  
 125 *Liber*, a Grape, *Erigone* compreſt:  
 And *Saturn*, horſe-like *Chiron* gets, half-beaſt.  
 About her web a curious trail deſignes:  
 Flowers intermixt with clasp'ing Ivy twines.

Not *Pallas* this, not *Envy* this reproves :

130 Her fair successe the vext *Virago* moves ;  
Who tears the web, with crimes celestial fraught :  
With shuttle from *Cytorian* Mountainss brought,  
*Arachne* thrice upon the fore-head smote.

Her great heart brooks it not. About her throte  
135 A halter knits. Remorsefull *Pallas* stayd  
Her falling waight ; Live wretch, yet hang, she said.  
This curse (least of succeeding times secure)  
Still to thy issue, and their race, indure.

140 Sprinkled with *Hecat's* baneful weeds, her hair  
She forthwith sheds : her nose and ears impair ;  
Her head growes little ; her whole body so ;  
Her thighs and legs to spiny fingers grow :  
The rest all belly. Whence a thred she sends :

145 And now, a Spider, her old webs extends.  
All *Lydia* storms ; the same through *Phrygia* rung :  
And gave an argument to every tongue.  
Her, *Niobe* had known ; when she a maid,  
In *Sipylus*, and in *Maconia* staid.

150 Yet slights that home example : still rebels  
Against the Gods ; and with proud language swells,  
Much made her haughty. Yet *Amphion's* town,  
Their high descents ; nor glory of a crown.  
So pleas'd her (though she pleas'd her self in all

155 As her fair race. We *Niobe* might call  
The happiest mother that yet ever brought  
Life unto light ; had not her self so thought.  
*Tiresian Manto*, in presages skill'd,  
The streets, inspir'd by holy fury, fill'd  
With these exhort : *Ismenides*, prepare :

160 To great *Latona*, and her Twins, with prayer  
Mix sweet perfumes ; your browes with Laurel bind !  
By me *Latona* bids. The *Thebans* wind  
About their temples the commanded Bay :  
And sacred fires, with incense feeding, pray.

165 Behold, the Queen in light of state appears :  
A *Phrygian* mantle, weav'd with gold, she wears :  
Her face, as much as rage would suffer, fair.  
She stops ; and shaking her disheveled hair,  
The godly troop with haughty eyes surveys.

170 What madness is it unseen Gods (she says)  
Before the seen Celestials to prefer ?  
Or while I Altars want, to worship her ?

- Me *Tantalus* (alone allowd to feast  
 In heaven) begot ; my mother not the least  
*Pleias* ; greatest *Atlas* fire to those,  
 175 On whose high shoulders all the stars repose.  
*Love* is my mothers Grandfather ; and he  
 My father in law : a double grace to me.  
 Me *Phrygia*, *Cadmus* kingdoms me obay :  
 My husbands harp-rai'd walls we joyntly sway.  
 180 Through out my Court behold in every place.  
 Infinite riches ! adde to this, a face  
 Worthy a Goddesse. Then, to crowne my joyes,  
 Seven beauteous daughters, and as many boyes :  
 All these by marriage to be multiply'd.  
 Behold, have we not reason for our pride ?  
 185 Dare you *Latona* then, by *Cæus* got,  
 Before me place ? to whom a little spot  
 The ample Earth deny'd t'unlade her wombe ?  
 Heaven, Earth, nor seas, afford your Goddesse roome :  
 A Vagabond, till *Delos* harbour gave,  
 190 Thou wandrest on the land, I on the wave ;  
 It said ; and graunted an unstable place.  
 She brought forth two ; the seventh part of my race.  
 I happy am : who doubts ? So will abide :  
 Or who doubts that ? with plenty fortifi'd.  
 195 My state too great for fortune to bereave :  
 Though much she ravish, she much more must leave.  
 My blessings are above low fear. Suppose  
 Some of my hopefull sons this people lose,  
 They cannot be reduced to so few.  
 200 Off with your bayes ; these idle Rites eschew.  
 They put them off ; the sacrifice forbore :  
 And yet *Latona* silently adore.  
 As much as free from barrenesse, so much  
 Disdaine and grieve th' enraged Goddesse touch.  
 205 Who on the top of *Cynthus* thus begins,  
 To vent her passion to her sacred Twins.  
 Lo I, your mother, proud in you alone ;  
 (Excepting *Ilus*, second unto none)  
 Am question'd if a Goddesse, and must lose,  
 210 If you assist not, all religious dewes.  
 Nor is this all ; that curst *Tantalian* Seede  
 Adds foule reproaches to her impious deed.  
 She dares her children before you prefer ;  
 And calls me childlesse ; may it light on her !

Whose wicked words her fathers tongue declare,

- 215 About to send her report with prayer;  
 Peace, *Phæbus* said, complaint too long delayes  
 Conceiv'd revenge; the same vext *Phæbe* sayes.  
 Then swiftly through the yeelding ayre they glide,  
 To *Cadmus* towres; in clouds their glories hide.  
 A spacious plaine before the city lyes,  
 Made dusty with the daily exercise  
 220 Of trampling hooves; by strifefull Chariots trackt  
 Part of *Amphions* active sons here backt  
 High-bounding steeds; whose rich caparison  
 With scarlet blusht, with gold their bridles shone.  
 225 *Ismenus*, from her womb who first did spring,  
 As with his ready horse he beats a ring,  
 And checks his fomy jawes; ay me! out cries;  
 While through his groaning brest an arrow flies:  
 His bridle slackning with his dying force,  
 230 He leasurely sinks side-long from his horse.  
 Next, *Siphilus* from clashing quiver flies  
 With slackned raines: as when a Pilot spies  
 A growing storme; and, lest the gentle gale  
 Should scape besides him, claps on all his saile.  
 235 His haste th' unevitable bow o're-took,  
 And through his throat the deadly arrow strook,  
 Who, by the horses mane, and speedy thighes  
 Drops headlong, and the earth in purple dies.  
 240 Now *Thædimus*; and *Tamalus*, the heire  
 Th'is Grand-fires name; that labour done, prepare  
 To wastle. Whilst with oyled limbs they prent  
 Each others power, close grasping brest to brest;  
 A shaft, which from th' impulsive bow-string flew,  
 245 Them, in that sad Conjunction joyntly slew.  
 Both grone at once, at once their bodies bend  
 With bitter pangs, at once to earth descend:  
 Their rowling eyes together set in death;  
 Together they expire their parting breath.  
 In rusht *Alphenor* (bleeding in their harmes)  
 250 And rais'd their heartlesse coarces in his armes:  
 But in that pious dutie fell. The threds  
 Of life, his heart-strings wrathfull *Delius* shreds.  
 Part of his lungs clave to th' extracted head:  
 And with his blood his troubled spirit fled.  
 255 But unshorne *Damascithon* slaughtered lies  
 Not by a single wound: shot where the thighes

- Knit with the ham-strings in the knotty joint,  
 Striving from thence to tug the fatall point.  
 Another at his neck the bow directs.  
 260 Thick-gushing blood the piercing shaft ejects ;  
 Which spinning upward cleft the passive ayre.  
 Last *Ilioneus*, with succeslesse prayer,  
 His hands up-heaves : You Gods in generall  
 Said he (and ignorantly pray'd to all)  
 265 O pity me ! The Archer had remorse ;  
 But now irrevocable was that force :  
 And yet his life a little wound dispatcht,  
 His heart but onely with the arrow scratcht,  
 Ill newes, the peoples griefe, her households teares  
 Present their ruine to their mothers eares :  
 270 Who wonders how the Gods their lives durst touch ;  
 And swels with anger that their powre was such.  
 For sad *Amphion*, wounding his owne brest,  
 Had now his sorrow, with his soule releast.  
 How different is this *Niobe* from that :  
 275 Who great *Latona's* Rites supprest of late,  
 And proudly pac't the streets ; envi'd by those  
 That were her friends ; now pittied by her foes:  
 Frantick she doth on their cold corpes fall,  
 And her last kisses distributes to all,  
 280 From whom, to heaven erecting her bruiz'd armes :  
 Cruell *Latona*, feast thee with our harmes :  
 Feast, feast, she said, thy salvage stomach cloy ;  
 Cloy thy wild rage, and in our sorrow joy :  
 Seaven times, upon seaven *Herses* borne, I dye.  
 Triumph, triumph, victorious foe. But why  
 285 Victorious ? haplesse I have not so few :  
 Who, after all these funeralls, subdew :  
 This said, the bow-string twangs. Pale terror chills  
 All hearts save *Niobes* ; obdur'd by ills.  
 The sisters, in long mourning robes array'd,  
 290 About their *Herses* stood, with haire display'd.  
 One drawes an arrow from her brothers side ;  
 And joying her pale lips to his, so dide.  
 Another striving to assuage the woes  
 That rackt her mother, forth-with speechlesse growes,  
 And bowing with the wound, which inly bled,  
 295 Shuts her fixt teeth . the soule already fled.  
 This, flying falls : that, her dead sister makes  
 Her bed of death : this, hides her selfe : that quakes.

Six slain by sundry wounds ; to shield the last,  
 Her Mother, over her, her body cast,  
 300 This one, she cries, and that the least, O save !  
 The least of many, and but one, I crave !  
 Whilst thus she sues, the su'd-for *Delia* hits.  
 She, by her husband, sons, and daughters, sits  
 A childlesse Widow ; waxing stiff with woes.  
 The wind wags not one hair ; the ruddy Rose  
 305 Forsakes her cheek : in her declining head  
 Her eye-balls fix : through-out appearing dead.  
 Her tongue and pallat rob'd of inward heat  
 At once congeale : her pulse forbears to beat :  
 Her neck wants power to turn, her feet to go,  
 310 Her arms to move : her very bowels grow  
 Into a stone. She yet retains her tears.  
 Whom straight a whirl-winde to her countrey bears ;  
 And fixes on the summit of a Hill.  
 Now from that mourning Marble tears distill.  
 Th'exemplary revenge struck all with fear :  
 Who offerings to *Latona's* altars bear  
 315 With doubled zeal. When one, as oft befalls,  
 By present accidents the past recalls.  
 In fruitful *Lycia* once, said he, there dwell  
 A sort of Peasants, who her vengeance felt.  
 320 'Twas of no note, in that the men were base :  
 Yet wonderful. I saw the pool, and place,  
 Fam'd by the prodigy. My father, spent  
 Almost with age, ill-brooking travel, sent  
 Me thither for choice Steers : and for my Guide  
 325 A native gave. Those pastures searcht, we spy'd  
 An ancient Altar, black with cinders, plac't  
 Amidst a Lake, with shivering reeds imbrac't.  
 O favour me ! he, softly murmuring, said :  
 O favour me ! I, softly murmuring prai'd :  
 330 Then askt, if Nymph, or Faun, therein reside,  
 Or rural God. The *Lycian* thus reply'd.  
 O Youth, no Mountain Powers this altar hold :  
 She calls it hers, to whom *Jove's* Wife of old,  
 Earth interdicted : scarce that floating Ile,  
 335 Wave-wandering *Delos* finisht her exile.  
 Where, coucht on Palms and Olive, she in spight  
 Of fretful *Juno*, brought her Twins to light.  
 Thence also, frighted from her painful bed,  
 With her two infant Deities she fled.

Now

- 340 Now in *Chimera*-breeding *Lycia* (fir'd  
By burning beames) and with long travell tyr'd,  
Heat raising thirst the Goddesse fore oppress,  
By their exhausting of her milke increast.  
By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes  
A Lake of shallow water she descries :
- 345 Where Clownes were then a gathering picked weeds,  
With shrubby Ofsers, and plash-loving reeds.  
Approacht ; *Titania* kneeles upon the brinke.  
And of the cooling liquor stoops to drinke.  
The Clownes withstood. Why hinder you, said she,
- 350 The use of water, that to all is free ?  
The Sun, aire, water, Nature did not frame  
Peculiar ; a publick gift I clame.  
Yet humbly I intreat it : not to drench  
My weary lims, but killing thirst to quench.
- 355 My tongue wants moisture, and my jawes are drie :  
Scarce is there way for speech. For drink I die.  
Water to me were Nectar. If I live,  
'Tis by your favour : life with water give.  
Pity these babes : for pity they advance
- 360 Their little armes ! their armes they stretcht by chance.  
With whom would not such gentle words prevaile ;  
But they, persisting to prohibit, raile ,  
The place with threats command her to forsake.
- 365 Then with their hands, and feet disturbe the lake :  
And leaping with malicious motion, move  
The troubled mud ; which rising, flotes above.  
Rage quencht her thirst : no more *Latona* sues  
To such base slaves : but Goddesse-like doth use  
Her dreadfull tongue ; which thus their fates imply'd :
- 370 May you for ever in this lake reside !  
Her wish succeeds. In loved lakes they strive ,  
Now sprawle above, now under water dive ;  
Oft hop upon the banke, as oft againe
- 375 Back to the water : nor can yet restrain  
Their brawling tongues ; but setting shame aside,  
Though hid in water, under water chide.  
Their voyces still are hoarse : the breath they fetch  
Swells their wide throates ; their jawes with railing stretcht
- 380 Their heads their shoulders touch ; no neck betwene,  
As intercepted. All the back is greene :  
Their bellies (every part o're-sizing) white,  
Who now, new Frogs, in slimy pooles delight.

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- Thus much, I know not by what *Theban*, said :  
 An other mention of a Satyre made,  
 385 By *Phebus*, with *Tritonia's* reede, o're-come :  
 Who for presuming felt a heavy doome.  
 Me from my selfe, ah why doe you distract ?  
 (Oh ! ) I repent, he cry'd : Alas ! this fact  
 Deserves not such a vengeance ! Whilst he cry'd ;  
*Apollo* from his body stript his hide.  
 His body was one wound, blood every way  
 390 Streames from all parts : his sinewes naked lay  
 His bare veines pant : his heart you might behold ;  
 And all the fivers in his brest have told.  
 For him the Faunes, that in the Forrests keepe ;  
 395 For him the Nymphs, and brother Satyres weepe :  
 His end *Olympus* (famous then) bewailes :  
 With all the shepheards of those hills, and dales.  
 The pregnant Earth conceiveth with their teares ;  
 Which in her penetrated womb she beares ;  
 Till big with waters : then discharg'd her fraught.  
 400 This purest *Phrygian* Streame a way out sought  
 By down-falls, till to toying seas he came :  
 Now called *Marsyas* of the Satyres name.  
 The Vulgar, these examples told, retume  
 Vnto the present : for *Amphion* mourne,  
 And his lost issue. All the mother hate.  
 405 *Pelops* alone laments his sisters fate.  
 While with torne garments he presents his woes,  
 The ivory peece on his left shoulder showes.  
 This once was flesh, and coloured like the right.  
 Slaine by his Sire, the Gods his limbs unite :  
 His scattered parts all found ; save that alone  
 410 Which interpos'd the neck and shoulder bone.  
 They then with ivory supply'd th' unfound :  
 And thus restored *Pelops* was made found.  
 The neighbouring princes met : the Cities neare  
 Intreat their kings the desolate to cheare.  
 415 Renown'd *Mycene* *Sparta* th' *Argive* State ;  
 And *Calydon*, not yet in *Dian's* hate ;  
 Fertill *Orchomenos* ; *Corinthus*, fam'd  
 For high-priz'd brasse ; *Messene*, never tam'd ;  
*Cleone* ; *Patrae* ; *Pylos*, *Nelius* crowne ;  
 And *Træzen*, not as then *Pittheus* towne ;  
 420 Withall that two-sea'd, *Isthmos* Streights include :  
 And all without, by two-sea'd *Isthmos* view'd.

- Athens* alone (who would beleev't ?) with-held :  
 Thee, from that civil office, war compell'd.  
 Th'inhabitants about the *Pontick* coast  
 Had then besieg'd thee with a barbarous hoast :
- 435 Whom *Thracian Terens*, with his Aids, o're-threw,  
 And by that victory renowned grew.  
 Powerful in wealth, and people ; from the loynes  
 Of *Mars* deriv'd : *Pandion Progne* joynes  
 To him in marriage. This, nor *Juno* blest,
- 430 Nor *Hymen*, nor the Graces grac't that feast.  
 The snake-hair'd furies held the sputtering light  
 From funerals snatch, and made the bed that Night,  
 Th'ill boading Owl upon the roof was set,  
*Progne* and *Terens* with these omens met :
- 435 Thus Parents grew. The *Thracians* yet rejoyce ;  
 And thank the Gods with one united voice.  
 The marriage day, and that of *Irys* birth,  
 They consecrate to universal mirth.  
 So lyes the good unseen. By this the Sun,
- 440 Conducting Time, had through five Autumns run :  
 When flartering *Progne* thus allures her Lord.  
 If I have any grace with thee, afford  
 This favour, that I may my sister see :  
 Send me to her, or bring thou her to me,  
 Promise my father that with swiftest speed  
 She shall return. If this attempt succeed,
- 445 The sum of all my wishes I obtain.  
 He bids them lanch his ships into the main :  
 Then makes th' *Athenian* port with sails and oares,  
 And lands upon the wisht *Piræan* showres.  
 Brought to *Pandion's* presence, they salute,
- 450 The King with bad presage begins his fate.  
 For lo, as he his wives command recites,  
 And for her quick return his promise plights,  
 Bright *Philomela* came in rich array ;  
 More rich in beauty. So they use to say  
 The stately *Naiades*, and *Dryad's* go
- 455 In Sylvan shades ; were they apparel'd so.  
 This sight in *Terens* such a burning breeds,  
 As when we fire a heap of hoary reeds ;  
 Or catching flames to Sun-dry'd stubble thrust.  
 Her face was excellent : but in-bred lust
- 460 Inrag'd his blood ; to which those Climes are prone :  
 Stung by his countries fury, and his own.

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He streight intends her women to intice.  
 And bribe her Nurse to prosecute his vice,  
 Her selfe to tempt with gifts; his crowne to spend:  
 465 Or ravish, and by warre his rape defend.  
 What dares he not, thrust on by wilde desire?  
 Nor can his brest containe so great a fire.  
 Rackt with delay, he *Progne's* sure renewes:  
 And for himselfe, that but pretended fues.  
 470 Love made him eloquent. As oft as he  
 Exceeded, he would say. Thus charged she.  
 And moving teares (as she had sent them) sheds;  
 You Gods: how dark a blindnesse over-spreads  
 The soules of men! whilst to his sin he climes,  
 475 They thinke him good; and praise him for his crimes;  
 Even *Philomela* wisht the same! now she  
 Hangs on her fathers neck: and what would be  
 Her utter ruine, as her safety prest:  
 While *Terens* by beholding pre-possess,  
 480 Her kisses and imbraces heat his blood:  
 And all afford his fire, and fury food.  
 And wisht, as oft as she her Sire imbrac't,  
 Him-self her Sire: nor would have been more chaf't,  
 He, by their importunities is wrought.  
 485 She over-joy'd her father thanks: and thought  
 Her self, and Sister in that fortunate,  
 Which drew on both a lamentable fate.  
 The labour of the Day now near an end,  
 From steep *Olympus Phæbus* Steeds descend.  
 The boards are Prince: y serv'd: *Lyæus* flowes  
 490 In burnisht gold. Then take their soft repose.  
 And yet th' *Odryasian* King, though parted, fries:  
 Her face and graces ever in his eyes.  
 Who parts unseen unto his fancy fains;  
 And feeds his fires: Sleep flies his troubled brains.  
 495 Day rose: *Pandion* his departing son  
 Wrings by the hand; and weeping, thus begun.  
 Dear Son, since Piety this due requires;  
 With her, receive both your, and their desires;  
 By faith, alliance, by the Gods above,  
 500 I charge you guard her with a fathers love:  
 And suddenly send back (for all delay  
 To me is death) my ages only stay.  
 And Daughter ('tis enough thy sister's gone)  
 For pity leave me not too long alone.

- 505 As he impos'd this charge, he kist with-all :  
 And drops of teares at every accent fall.  
 The pledges then of promis'd faith demands,  
 (Which mutuallly they give) their plighted hands,  
 To *Progne*, and her little boy, said he,  
 My love remember, and salute from me.
- 510 Scarce could he bid farewell : sobs so ingage  
 His troubled speech ; who dreads his soules presage.  
 As soone as shipt ; as soone as active oares  
 Had mov'd the surges, and remov'd the shores :  
 She's ours ! with me my wish I beare ! he cries.
- 515 Exults ; and barbarous, scare desers his joyes :  
 His eyes fast fixt. As when *Joves* eagle beares  
 A Hare t'her Ayery, truss't in rapefull feares :  
 And to the trembling prisoner leaves no way  
 For hoped flight ; but still beholds her prey.
- 520 The voyage made ; on his owne land he treads :  
 And to a Lodge *Pandions* daughter leads ;  
 Obscur'd with woods : pale, trembling, full of feares ;  
 And for her sister asking now with teares.  
 There mues her up ; his soule intent makes knowne :
- 525 Inforc't her ; a weake virgin, and but one.  
 Helpe father ! sister helpe ! in her distresse,  
 She cries ; and on the Gods, with like successe.  
 She trembles like a lambe, snatcht from the phangs  
 Of some fell wolfe ; that dreads her former pangs :
- 530 Or as a dove, who on her feathers beares  
 Her bloods fresh staines, and late-felt tallons feares  
 Restor'd unto her minde, her ruffled haire,  
 As at a wofull funerall she tare ;  
 Her armes with her owne fury bloody made :  
 Who, wringing her up-heaved hands, thus said.  
 O monster ! barbarous in thy horrid lust ?
- 535 Treacherous Tyrant ! whom my fathers trust,  
 Impos'd with holy teares ; my sisters love ;  
 My virgin state ; nor nuptiall ties, could move !  
 O what a wild confusion hast thou bred !  
 I, an adultresse to my sisters bed :  
 Thou, husband to us both ; my onely hate ;  
 And to expect a miserable fate.
- 440 Why mak'st thou not thy villanies compleat ;  
 By forcing life from her abhorred seat ?  
 O would thou hadst, e're I my honour lost :  
 Then had I parted with a spotlesse ghost

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Yet, if the Gods have eyes ; if their Powers be  
Not meerely names ; nor all decay with me ;  
345 Thou shalt not scape due vengeance. Sense of shame  
I will abandon ; and thy crime proclame  
To men, if free ; if not, my voice shall breake  
Through these thick walls, ; and teach the woods to speake :  
Hard rockes resolve to ruth. Let heaven this heare ;  
And Heaven-thron'd Gods : if there be any there !

350 These words the salvage Tyrant moves to wrath :  
Nor lesse his feare : alike provok't by both.  
Who drawes his sword : his cruell hands he winds  
In her lose haire : her armes behind her binds,  
Her throate glad *Philomela* ready made :

355 Conceiving hope of death from his drawne blade,  
Whilst she reviles, invokes her father ; sought  
To vent her spleene ; her tongue in pincers caught,  
His sword divideth from the panting root :  
Which, trembling, murmurs curses at his foot.

360 And as a serpents taile, dissever'd, leaps :  
Even so her tongue : and dying sought her steps.  
After this fact (if we may rumor trust)  
He oft abus'd her body with his lust.

Yet to his wife, even after this, retires,  
365 Who for her sister hastily inquires,  
He funeralls belyes, with fained grieve,  
And by instructed teares begets believe.

*Progne* her royall ornaments rejects,  
And puts on black, an empty tomb erects,

370 To her imagin'd Ghost oblations burnes,  
Her sisters fate, not as she should, the moumes.

Now through twelve Signes the sun had borne his light.  
What should sad *Philomela* doe ? her flight

A barbarous guard restrain'd, the walls were strong,

375 Her mouth had lost the Index of her wrong.

I he wit that misery begets is great,  
Great sorrow adds a quicknesse to conceit.

A woofe upon a *Thracian* loome she spreads,  
And inter-weaves the white with crimson threds,

That character her wrong. The closely wrought,  
Gave to a servant, by her lookes besought

380 To beare it to her Mistresse ; who presents  
The Queene therewith, not knowing the contents,

The wife to that dire Tyrant this unfolds,

And in a wofull verse her state beholds.

- She held her peace : 'twas strange : grieve struck her mute,  
 585 No language could with such a passion sute.  
 Nor had she time to weepe. Right, wrong, were mixt  
 In her fell thoughts : her soule on vengeance fixt  
 It was that time ; when, in a wild disguise,  
*Sithonian* matrons use to solemnise  
*Ljaws* three-yeares Feast. Night spreads her wings :  
 590 By night high *Rhodope* with timbrels rings.  
 By night th' impatient *Queene* a javelin takes,  
 And now a *Bacchanal*, the Court forsakes :  
 Vines shade her browes : the rough hide of a Deare  
 Shogs at her side : her shoulder bare a speare.  
 595 Hurried though woods, with her attendant froes,  
 Terrible *Progne*, frantick with her woes,  
 Thy farre more sober fury, *Bacchus* strives  
 To counterfeit. Now at the lodge arrives :  
 Howles ; *Evohe*, cries : breakes ope the doores, and took  
 600 Her sisters thence : with ivy hides her lookes :  
 In habit of a *Bacchanal* arrayd :  
 And to her City the amaz'd convey'd.  
 That hated rooffe when *Philomela* knew,  
 The poor soul shooke ; her visage bloodlesse grew.  
*Progne* with-drawes ; the sacred weeds unlos'd ;  
 605 Her wofull sisters bashfull face disclos'd :  
 Falls on her neck. The other durst not raise  
 Her downe-cast eyes : her sisters wrong surveyes  
 In her dishonour. As she strove t'have sworne  
 With up-raisd lookes ; and call the Gods t'have borne  
 Her pure thoughts witnesse, how she was compeld  
 610 To that loth'd fact ; she hands, for speech, upheld.  
 Sterne *Progne* broiles ; her bosome hardly beares  
 So vast a rage : who chides her sisters teares.  
 Not teares, said she, our lost condition needs :  
 But Steele ; or if thou hast what Steele exceeds.  
 I, for all horrid practises, am fit.  
 615 To wrap this rooffe in flame, and him in it :  
 His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee inforce,  
 T'extirp : or with a thousand wounds, divorce  
 His guilty soule. The deede I intend, is great :  
 620 But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat  
 Came *Itys* in and taught her what to doe.  
 Behold with cruell eyes ; Ah, how I view ;  
 In thee, said she, thy father ! then intends  
 Her tragick Scene : Rage in her looks ascends.

- 635 But when her son saluted her, and clung  
Unto her neck, mixt kisses, as he hung,  
With childish blandishments; her high wrought blood  
Began to calm, and rage distracted stood.  
Tears trick'd from her eyes by strong constraint,
- 640 But when she found her resolution faint  
With too much pity; her sad sister views,  
And said, while both, her eyes by turns peruse.  
Why flatters he? why tonguelesse weeps the other?  
Why Sister calls not she, whom he calls Mother?
- 645 Degenerate! think whose Daughter; to whom wed:  
All piety is sin to *Tereus* bed.  
Then *Itys* trails: as when by *Ganges* floods  
A Tigresse drags a Fawne through silent woods.  
Retiring to the most sequestred roome:
- 650 While he, with hands up-heav'd, fore-sees his doome.  
Clings to her bosome; mother! mother! cry'd;  
She stabs him: nor once turn'd her face aside.  
His throte was cut by *Philomela's* knife:  
Although one wound suffic'd to vanquish life.
- 645 His yet quick limbs, ere all his soul could passe,  
She peece-meale teares. Some boyle in hollow brasle.  
Some hisse on spits. The pavements blusht with blood;  
*Progne* invites her husband to this food  
And faines her Countries Rite; which would afford
- 650 No servant, nor companion, but her Lord.  
Now *Tereus*, mounted on his Grand-fires throne,  
With his sons carved entrailles stuffs his owne:  
And bids her (so Soule-blinded!) call his boy.  
*Progne* could not disguise her cruell joy:
- 655 In full fruition of her horrid ire,  
Thou hast, said she, within thee thy desire.  
He looks about: asks where. And while againe  
He asks, and calls: all bloody with the flaine,  
Forth like a Fury, *Philomela* flew;
- 660 And at her face the head of *Itys* threw.  
Nor ever, more then now, desir'd a tongue;  
T'expresse the joy of her revenged wrong.  
He, with lowd out-cryes, doth the boord repell;  
And calls the Furies from the depth of hell.  
Now teares his brest, and strives from thence in vaine  
To pull th' abhorred food: now weepes amaine.  
And calls himselfe his sonnes unhappy tombe.  
Then drawes his sword; and through the guilty room

- Pursues the sisters ; who appear with wings  
 To cut the air : and so they did. One sings  
 670 In woods ; the other near the house remains :  
 And on her brest yet bears her murders stains.  
 He, swift with grief and fury, in that space  
 His person chang'd. Long tufts of feathers grace  
 His shining crown ; his Sword a Bill became ;  
 675 His face all arm'd : whom we a Lapwing name.  
 This killing news, e're half his age was spent,  
*Pandion* to th' infernal Shadows sent.  
*Erichtheus* his throne and scepter held :  
 Who, both in justice, and bold arms excell'd.  
 680 To him his Wife, four sons, all hopeful bare :  
 As many daughters : two surpassing fair.  
 Thee, *Cephalus*, thy *Procris* happy made :  
 But *Thrace* and *Tereus*, *Boreas* nuptial stayd.  
 The God belov'd *Orithya* wanted long ;  
 685 While he put off his powre, to use his tongue.  
 His sute rejected, horridly inclin'd  
 To anger (too familiar with that wind.)  
 I justly suffer this indignity :  
 For why, said he, have I my arms laid by ?  
 Strength, violence, high rage, and awful threats.  
 690 'Tis my dishonour to have us'd intreats :  
 Force me befits. With this, thick clouds I drive ;  
 Toss the blew billows, knotty Oaks up-rive ;  
 Congeal soft Snow, and beat the earth with hail.  
 When I my brethren in the air assail,  
 695 (For that's our field) we meet with such a shock,  
 That thundring skies with our incounters rock,  
 And clowd-struck lightning flashes from on high.  
 When throug the crannies of the earth I fly,  
 And force her in her hollow, caves, I make  
 700 The Ghosts to tremble, and the ground to quake.  
 Thus should I have woo'd ; with these my match have made  
*Erichtheus* should have beene compeld, not pray'd.  
 Thus *Boreas* chafes ; or no lesse storming, shooke  
 His horrid wings whose ayery motion strooke  
 705 The earth with blasts, and made the Ocean rore.  
 Trailing his dusky mantle on the flore,  
 He hid himself in clouds of dust, and caught  
 Belov'd *Orithya*, with her fear distraught.  
 Flying, his agitated fires increast :  
 710 Nor of his ayrie race the rains supprest.

Till to the walled *Cicones* he came.

Two goodly Twins th'espous'd *Athorian* Dame

Gave to the *Icic* author of her rape :

Who had their fathers wings, and Mothers shape.

715 Yet not so born. Before their faces bare

The manly ensignes of their yellow hair.

*Calais* and *Zetes* both unplumed were.

But as the down did on their chins appear ;

So, foul-like, from their sides soft feathers bud.

When youth to action had inflam'd their blood ;

720 In the first vessel, with the flowre of *Greece*,

Through unknown seas, they sought the *Golden Fleece*.

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F 2

OVIDS

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# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Seventh Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*M*EN, Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes their year  
By odors cast. A feir branch Olives bears.  
Drops sprout to flowers. Old Æson young became.  
So Libers Nurses. An old Sheep a Lambe.  
Ceramby flies. A Snake, a snake-like stone.  
An Ox, a Stag. Sad Mera barks unknown.  
Horns front the Coan Dames. The Telchines  
All change. A Dove turn'd Maid. The hard to please  
Becomes a Swan. His Mother Hyrie weeps  
Into a Lake. High-mountain Combe keeps  
Her son-sought life. A King, and Queen estrang'd  
To frightful Foul. Cephissus Nephew chang'd  
Into a Seal. Eumelus daughter flies,  
Through tracelesse regions. Men from Musstrums rise.  
Phineus and Periphas light wings assume.  
So Polyphemons Neece. From Cerberus spume  
Springs Aconite. Just Earth a grave denies  
To Scyrons bones; which now in Rocks arise.  
Arne, a Chough. Stout Myrmidons are born  
Of roylng Ants. The late reject'd Morn  
Marks Cephalus. The Dog, that did pursue,  
And Beast pursu'd; two Marble Saturs grew.

**W**ith Pegasean keel the Minye plow  
The curling waves: and Phineus see, who now  
In endlesse night his needy Age consumes.  
The youthfull sons of Boreas, rais'd with plumes.

Those greedy *Harpyes*, with the Virgin face,  
Far-off from his polluted table chace.

They, under *Jason*, having suffered much ;  
At length the banks of slimy *Phasis* touch.  
Now *Phryxus* fleece the hardy *Minyæ* ask :  
And from the King receive a dreadful task.

Mean while *Ætias* fries in secret fires :

- 10 Who struggling long with over strong desires,  
When reason could not such a rage restrain ;  
She said : *Medea*, thou resistst in vain.  
Some God, unknown, with-stands, What will this prove !  
Or is it such as others fancy, love ?  
Why seem the Kings commands so too severe ?
- 15 And so, in truth they be. Why should I fear  
A Strangers ruinè, never seen before ?  
Whence spring these cares ? Why fear I more and more ?  
These furies from thy virgin-breast repel  
Wretch, if thou canst. Could I, I should be well.  
A new-felt force my striving powres invades :  
Affection this, Discretion that, periwades.
- 20 I see the better, I approve it too :  
The worse I follow. Why shouldst thou pursue  
A husband of another world ; that art  
Of royal birth ? Our Country may impart  
A choice as worthy. If this torrein mate,  
Or live, or die ; 'tis in the hands of fate.  
Yet, may he live ! I such a fate might move
- 25 To equal Gods, although I did not love.  
For what hath *Jason* done ? his hopeful youth  
Would move all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth ;  
His birth, his valour. Set all these apart ;  
His person would : I feel it moves my heart.  
Yet should not I assist, the flaming breath  
Of Bulls would blast him ; or, assaults of death
- 30 Spring up in arms from *Telhis* hostile womb :  
Or else the greedy *Dragon* proves his tomb.  
This suffer, and thou hast a heart of stone ;  
Born of a Tygresse, and more salvage grown.  
Yet why stand I not by ? behold him slain ?  
And so my accessory eyes profane ?
- 35 Adde fury to the Bulls ? to th' Earth-born ire ?  
And sleeplese *Dragon* with more spleen inspire ?  
The Gods forbid ! yet rather help, then pray.  
My Fathers kingdom shall I then betray ?

- And save this stranger, whom I hardly know,  
 40 That fav'd by me, he should without me goe,  
 Marry another, and leave me behind  
 To punishment? could he prove so unkinde,  
 Or for another my deserts neglect;  
 Then should he dye. Such is not his aspect;  
 The clearenesse of his minde, his every grace;  
 45 That I should fraud suspect, or thinke him base.  
 Besides, before hand he shall plight his troth.  
 And bind the contract by a solemne oath.  
 What need thou doubt? goe on; delay decline:  
 Obliged *Inson* will be ever thine.  
 50 *Hymen* shall crowne, and mothers celebrate  
 Their sonnes Prote&resse through th' *Achaian* State;  
 My sister, brother, father, country Gods,  
 Shall I abandon for unknowne abodes;  
 Pierce is my father, barbarous my land,  
 My brother, a child, my sisters wishes stand  
 55 With my desires; the greatest God of all  
 My brest inshrines. What I forsake, is small;  
 Great hopes I follow. To receive the grace  
 For *Argo's* safety know a better place,  
 And Cities, which, in these far-distant parts,  
 Are famous; with civilitie, and arts:  
 60 And *Æsons* sonne, whom I more dearly prize  
 Then wealthy Earth, and all her Monarchies.  
 In him most happy and affected by  
 The bounteous Gods, my crowne shall reach the sky.  
 They tell of Rocks that juttle in the maine:  
*Charybdis*, that sucks in, and casts againe  
 The wrackfull waves how in *Sicilian* straights,  
 65 Girt round with barking dogs, fierce *Scylla* waites,  
 My love possesse; in *Insons* bosome laid;  
 Let seas swell high: I cannot be dismaide,  
 While I infold my husband in my armes.  
 Or should I feare; I should but feare his harmes.  
 Callst thou him husband? wilt thou then thy blame  
 70 *Medea*, varnish with an honest name?  
 Consider well what thou intendst to doe:  
 And, while thou maist: so foule a crime eschue.  
 Thus she. When Honour, Piety, and Right,  
 Before her stood and *Cupid* put to flight.  
 Then goes where *Hecates* old Altar stood;  
 75 O're-shadowed by a darke and secret wood.

- Her broken ardor she had now reclaim'd :  
 Which *Iasons* presence forth-with re-inflam'd.  
 Her cheeks blush fire : her face with fervor flashes.  
 80 And as a dying cinder, rak't in ashes,  
 Fed by reviving windes, augmenting, glowes ;  
 And tossed, to accustom'd fury growes :  
 So sickly Love, which late appear'd to dye ;  
 New life assum'd from his inflaming eye.  
 Whose looks by chance more beauty now discover  
 85 Then heretofore : you might forgive the lover.  
 Her eager eyes she rivets on his face ;  
 And, frantick, thinkes him of no humane race :  
 Nor could divert her looks. As he his tongue  
 Began t'unloose, her faire hand softly wrung,  
 90 Implor'd her ayde, and promis'd her his bed :  
 She answer made, with teares profusely shed.  
 I see to what events m'intentions move :  
 Nor ignorance deceives me thus ; but love.  
 I by my cuning will preserve your life :  
 But sweare, that done, to take me to your wife.  
 He, by the Altar of the Triple Power,  
 95 The groves which that great Deity imbowre.  
 Her fathers Sire, to whom the hid appeares,  
 His owne successe, and so great danger, sweares  
 Beleev'd : from her th' enchanted hearbs receives ;  
 With them, their use : and his Protectresse leaves.  
 100 The Morrow had the sparkling starres defac't :  
 When all in *Marse's* field assemble ; plac't :  
 On circling ridges. Seated on a throne,  
 The ivory-scepter'd King in scarlet shone.  
 From adamant nostrils bras-hoov'd bulls now cast  
 105 Fierce *Vulcan*, and the grasse with vapors blast.  
 And as full forges, blowne by art, resound,  
 As lime of flints, infurnest under ground,  
 By sprinkled water fire conceive : so they  
 Pent flames, involv'd in noysfull brests, display,  
 110 So rore their scorched throates. Yet *Æsons* Haire  
 Came bravely on : on whom they turne, and stare  
 With terrible aspects ; his ruine threat  
 With steele-tipt homes. Inrag'd, their cleft hooves beat  
 The thundring ground ; whence clouds of dust arise ;  
 And with their smoky bellowings rend the skies.  
 115 The *Minæ* feare congeales, but he remains  
 Untoucht : such vertue Sorcery contains.

- Their dew-laps boldly with his hand he strokes,  
 Inforc't to draw the plough with unknowne yokes,  
 The *Colchians* at so strange a sight admire :  
 120 The *Minye* shout, and set his thoughts on fire.  
 Then, in his caske, the Vipers teeth assumes :  
 Those in the turn'd-up furrowes he inhumes.  
 Earth mollifies the poy's'nous seeds, which spring ;  
 And forth a harvest of new People bring.  
 125 And as an Embryon, in the womb inclos'd,  
 Assumes the form of man ; within compos'd  
 Through all accomplisht numbers ; nor comes forth  
 To breath in ayre, till his maturer growth :  
 So when the bowels of the teeming Earth  
 Grew great, she gave mens perfect shapes their birth.  
 130 And, what's more strange ; with them, their armes ascend  
 Who at th' *Æmonian* Youth their launces bend.  
 When this th' *Achaians* saw, they hung the head :  
 And all their courages for terror fled.  
 Even she, who had secur'd him was afraid,  
 135 When she beheld so many one invade.  
 A chill cold checks her blood ; death lookes lesse pale.  
 And lest the hearbs she gave should chance to faile,  
 Vnheard auxiliarie charmes imparts :  
 And call'st h' assistance of her secret Arts.  
 He hurles a massie stone among her foes,  
 140 Who on themselves convert their deadly blowes.  
 The Earth-borne brothers mutuall wounds destroy,  
 And civill war The *Grecians* skip for joy,  
 And throngt' imbrace the Victor. Her the same  
 145 Affection spurd, but was with-held by shame.  
 Yet that too weake if none had lookt upon her :  
 Not virtue checkt her, but the wrack of honour.  
 Now, in conceit, she hugs him in her armes :  
 And thanks the Gods, the authors of her charmes,  
 To make the Dragon sleepe that never slept,  
 Remaines ; whose care the golden purchase kept.  
 150 Bright crested, triple tongu'd ; his cruell jawes  
 Arm'd with sharpe phangs ; his feet with dreadfull clawes,  
 When once besprinkled with *Lethean* juice,  
 And words repeated thrice ; which sleepe produce,  
 Calme the rough seas, and make swift rivers stand ;  
 155 His eye-lids vail'd to sleepes unknowne command.  
 The Heroe of the Golden Fleece posselt,  
 Proud of the spoyle, with her whose favour blest

His enterprize, another Spoyle now bore  
To sea, and lands on safe *Ioleian* shore.

*Æmonian* parents, for their *Sonnes* returne,  
160 Bring gratefull gifts, congested incense burne;  
And chearefully with home-gilt offerings pay  
Religious vowes. But *Æson* was away;  
Opprest with tedious age, now neere his tomb.  
When thus *Æsonides*: O wife, to whom  
165 My life I owe: though all I hold in chief  
From thy deserts, which far surpassè belief;  
If magick can (what cannot magick doe;) )  
Take yeares from me; and his with mine renew.  
Then wept. His pietie her passion stirs:  
170 Who sighs to thinke how she had used hers:  
Yet this concealing, answers: What a crime  
Hath slipt thy tongue? thinkst thou, that with thy time  
I can, or will, anothers life invest?

*Hecate* fore-fend! nor is't a just request.  
175 Yet *Iason*, we a greater gift will give:  
Thy father, by our art renew'd shall live,  
With-out thy losse; if so the triple Powre  
Assist me with her presence in that howre.

Three nights yet wanted, ere the Moone could joyne  
180 Her growing hornes. When with replenisht shine  
She view'd the earth, the Court she leaves; her haire  
Vntrest, her garments loose, her ankles bare.  
And wanders through the dead of drowisie Night  
185 With unseene steps. Men, beasts, and birds of flight,  
Deepe Rest had bound in humid gives; she crept  
So silently, as if her selfe had slept.  
No Aspen wags, moyst ayre no sound receives;  
Starres only twinkle: who to those up-heaves  
190 Her armes: thrice turnes about, thrice wets her crowne  
With gathered dew, thrice yawnes: and kneeling downe:  
O Night thou friend to Secrets, you cleare fires,  
That with the Moone, succeed when Day retires:  
195 Great *Hecate*, that know'st, and aid imparts  
To our delignes: you Charmes, and magick Arts:  
And thou, O Earth, that to Magicians yeelds  
Thy powerfull simples: aires, winds, mountaines, fields,  
Soft murmuring springs, still lakes, and rivers cleare:  
You Gods of woods, you Gods of night, appeare:  
200 By you, at will, I make swift streames retire  
To their first fountaines, whilst their bankes admire,

- Seas tosse, and smooth; cleere clouds, with clouds deforme.  
 Stormes turne to calmes, and make a calme a Storme.  
 With spels and charmes I breake the Vipers jaw,  
 205 Cleave solid rocks, oakes from their seasures draw,  
 Whole woods remove, the ayrie mountaines shake;  
 Earth force to grone, and ghosts from graves awake,  
 And thee, *Tirania*, from thy sphear I hale:  
 Though brasse resounding, thy extreames availe.  
 Our charmes thy charriot pale; our poy's'nous weeds,  
 210 That blushing Goddesse which the night succeeds.  
 Flame-breathing bulls you tam'd; you made them bow  
 Their stubborne necks, unto the servile plow;  
 The Serpents brood by you selfe-slaughtered lyes;  
 Your slumbers clos'd the wakeful Dragons eyes;  
 215 At our command: and sent the Golden Fleece  
 (The guard deladed) to the towers of Greece.  
 Now need I drugs, that may old age indue  
 With vigour, and the flowre of youth renew,  
 Which you shall give. Nor blaze these starres in vaine:  
 Nor Dragons vainely through the ayrie maine  
 220 This Charriot draw. Hard by the charriot rests.  
 Mounting, she strokes the bridled Dragons crests;  
 And shakes the raines. Rapt up, beneath her spies  
*Thessalian Tempe*; and her snakes ap' lies  
 225 To parts remote. The hearbs that *Ossa* beare  
 Steepe *Pelion*, *Othrys*, *Pindus*; ever cleare  
*Olympus*, who the lofty *Pindus* tops;  
 Vp-roots, or with her brazen sickle crops.  
 Much gathers on the bank of *Apidan*;  
 230 By *Amphrysus* much; and where *Enipeus* ran.  
 Nor *Sperchius*, nor *Penews*, barren found:  
 Nor thee smooth *Babes* with sharpe rushes crown'd;  
 And raviht from *Euboiæ* *Anthedon*,  
 That hearb, as yet by *Glaucus* change unknowne.  
 235 By winged Dragons drawne, nine nights, nine dayes,  
 About the romes; and every field survayes.  
 Return'd her Snakes, that did but only smell  
 The Odors, cast their skins, and age expell.  
 Her feet to enter her owne rooffe refuse  
 Rooffe by the sky: she touch of man eschues.  
 240 Two Altars builds of living turfe: the right  
 To *Hecate*, the left to *Youth*. These dight  
 With Vervin and greene boughs; hard by, to pits  
 She forthwith digs: and sacrificing slits

- 245 The throats of black-fleec't Rams. With reaking blood  
 The ditches fill; and powers thereon a flood  
 Of honey, and new milk, from turn'd-up bowls;  
 Repeating powerful words. The King of Souls;  
 250 His ravish'd Queen invokes, and powres beneath,  
 Not to prevent her by old *Æsons* death.  
 They with long murmurings and prayers appeas'd:  
 She bids them to produce the age-diseas'd.  
 Her sleep-producing charm his spirits deads:  
 255 Who on the grasse his senselesse body spreads.  
 Charg'd *Fasos* and the rest, far-off with-drew:  
 Un-hallowed eyes might not such secrets view.  
 Furious *Medea*, with her hair unbound,  
 About the fragrant Altar trots a Round.  
 260 The brands dips in the ditches, black with blood;  
 And on the Altars fires th'infected wood:  
 Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,  
 And thrice with sulphur; muttering horrid names.  
 Mean while in hollow brasse the med'cine boyles,  
 And swelling high, in fomy bubbles toyles.  
 265 There seeths she what th'*Æmonian* vales produce;  
 Roots, juyces, flowres, and seeds of soveraigne use.  
 Addes stones from Oriental rocks bereft:  
 And others by the ebbing Ocean left.  
 The dew collected ere the Dawning springs:  
 270 A Screech-Owls flesh with her ill-boading wings.  
 The entrails of ambiguous Wolves; that can  
 Take, and forsake the figure of a Man.  
 The Liver of a long-liv'd Hart: then takes  
 The scaly skins of small *Cinyphæan* snakes.  
 275 A Crows old head, and pointed beak, was cast  
 Among the rest; which had nine ages past,  
 These, and a thousand more, without a name,  
 Were thus prepared by the barbarous Dame,  
 For humane benefit. Th'ingredients now  
 She mingles with a withered Olive bough.  
 280 Lo! from the caldron the dry stick receaves  
 First virdure; and a little after, leaves;  
 Forth-with, with over-burd'ning Olives deckt,  
 The skipping froth with under flames eject,  
 Upon the ground descended in a dew:  
 285 Whence vernal flowres, and springing pasture grew.  
 This seen, she cuts the old mans throat; out-scrus'd  
 His scarce-warm blood, and her receipt (infus'd)

- His mouth or wound suckt in. His beard and head  
 290 Black hair forthwith adorns, the hoary shed.  
 Pale colour, morpheus, meager looks remove :  
 And under-rising flesh his wrinkles smooth.  
 His limbs wax strong and lusty, *Æson* much  
 Admires his change : himself remembers such  
 Twice twenty Summers past. With all, indu'd  
 295 A youthful minde : and both at once renew'd.  
 This wonder from on high *Læus* views :  
 By *Colchis* gift his Nurses dates renews.  
 Left fraud should cease, she, with her bed's Consort  
 300 Dissention faines, and flies to *Pelias* Court.  
 His daughters (for sad Age the King arrests)  
 Her entertain. Who soon with sly protests  
 Of forged love, allures their quick belief.  
 Her many merits mentions, but in chief  
 305 Of *Æson's* cure ; insisting on that part.  
 This hope engenders, that her able Art  
 Might to their Father's vanish youth restore :  
 Whom they, with infinite rewards implore.  
 She, musing, seems to doubt : and, with pretence  
 310 Of difficulty, holds them in suspense.  
 But when she had a tardy promise made ;  
 To win your stedfast confidence (she said)  
 Take from your flocks the most age-shaken Ram ;  
 And suddenly he shall become a Lamb.  
 315 Straight thither by the wreathed horns they drew  
 A sunk-ey'd Ram ; whose youth none living knew.  
 Now, at his riveled throat, out-lancing life  
 (Whose little blood could hardly stain her Knife)  
 His carcase she into a Caldron throws :  
 With it, her Drugs. Each limb more slender grows :  
 320 He casts his horns, and with his horns, his years :  
 Anon a tender bleating strikes their ears.  
 While they admire, out skips a frisking Lamb ;  
 That sports, and seeks the Udder of his Dam.  
 Fixt with amaze : they, strongly now possess,  
 325 Her promise more importunately prest.  
 Thrice *Phæbus* had unyok't his panting Steeds,  
 Drencht in *Iberian* Seas ; whilst Night succeeds,  
 Studded with starrs : when false *Medea* tooke,  
 With uselesse hearbs, meere water of the brooke.  
 330 On *Pelias*, and his drowlie Guard, she hang  
 A death-like sleepe with her enchanting tongue.

Whom

Whom now the so-instructed Sisters led  
Into his chamber; and besiege his bed.

Why pause you thus, said she, O slow to good?

335 Unheath your swords, and shed his aged blood;

That I his veins with sprightly juice may fill:

His life and youth depend upon your will.

If you have any vertue, not pursue

Unfruitful hopes, perform this filial due.

340 With Steel your fathers age expulse, and purge

His dregs through wounds. Their zeal her speeches urge,

Who were most pious, impious first became:

And, by avoiding, perpetrate the same.

Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow:

But, with averted looks, blind wounds bestow.

345 He, blood-imbrew'd, his hoary head advanc't:

Half-mangled strove to rise. Who now intranc't

Amidst so many swords, his arms up-held;

And, Daughters cry'd, what do you! what compel'd?

Those cruel hands t'invade your fathers life!

Down sunk their hands, and hearts. *Medea's* knife,

350 His following speech' and throat asunder cut:

And his hackt limbs in seething liquor puts.

And had not Dragons rapt her through the skies,

Revenge had tortur'd her. Aloft she flies

O're shady *Pelion* God-like *Chiron's* Den,

355 Aspiring *Othrys*, hills renown'd by men

For old *Cerberus* safe: y: who by aid

Of favouring Nymphs, relief-ful wings displai'd;

While swallowing waves the weighty earth confound:

And swollen *Deiæ* alions surges scap't undrown'd.

*Eolian* *Pitane* on her left hand leaves

360 That Marble, which the Serpents shape receives;

*Idean* groves, where *Liber* turn'd a Steer

(To cloak his sons fly theft) into a Deer;

The sand-heap which *Corytus* Sire contains;

And where new-barking *Mera* frights the plains:

365 *Eurypilus* town, where horns the Matrons sham'd

Of Co, when *Hercules* the Coons tam'd;

*Phœbean* *Rhodes*, *Ialyssian* *Telchines*,

Drencht by *Foves* vengeance in his brothers seas,

For all transforming with their vitious eyes:

370 By *Cea's* old *Cartheian* turrets flies.

Where fates *Acidamus* with wonder move,

To think his daughter could become a Dove.

- Then *Hyrie* lake *Cyenean Tempe* view'd:  
 Grac't by a Swan with sudden plumes indu'd.  
 For *Phyllis* there, had, at a Boyes command,  
 375 Wild birds, and salvage Lyons, brought to hand.  
 Who bid to tame a Bull, his will perform'd;  
 Yet at so sterne a love not seldome storm'd,  
 And his last purchase to the Boy deny'd.  
 Pouting, You'l wish yo' had giv'n him me, he cry'd;  
 380 And jumpt from downe-right cliffs. All held him slaine;  
 When spredding wings a silver Swan sustaine.  
 His mother (ignorant thereof) became  
 A Lake with weeping: which they *Hyrie* name.  
 385 Next *Pleuron* lies, where *Ophian Combe* shuns,  
 With trembling wings, her life pursuing sonnes:  
 Then neere *Latona*-lov'd *Calaurea* rang'd;  
 In which the King and Queene to birds were chang'd.  
*Cyllene* on the right hand (where that beast  
*Menephron* would his mother have comprest)  
 390 *Cephisus* spies (who for his nephew mourn'd;  
 Into a Sea-calf by *Apollo* turn'd.)  
*Eumelus* Court, whose daughter sads her Sire,  
 With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire,  
 To *Pirex Ephyx*: men, if Fame say true,  
 395 Here at the first from shower-rays'd mushrums grew,  
 But after *Colchis* had the new-wed Dame,  
 And *Creon's* Palace, wrapt in Magick flame,  
 When impious steele her childrens blood had shed:  
 The ill-reveng'd from *Iasons* fury fled.  
 400 Whom now the swift *Titanian* Dragons draw  
 To *Pallas* towers. Those thee, just *Phineus*, saw;  
 And thee, old *Periphas*, together fly:  
 Where *Palyphemons* Neece new wings supply.  
*Aegæus* entertaines her (of his life  
 405 The onely staine) and tooke her for his wife.  
 And now arrives unknowne *Aegæus* seede:  
 Who great in name had two-sea'd *Isthmos* freed.  
 Whose undeserved ruin *Phasias* sought  
 By mortall Aconite, from *Scythia* brought.  
 410 This from th' *Echidne* an Dog dire essence drawes.  
 There is a blind steepe cave with foggy jawes,  
 Through which the bold *Tynythian* Heroe straind,  
 Drag'd *Cerberus* wi h adamant inchain'd.  
 Who backward hung, and scouling, lookt askew  
 415 On glorious Day; with anger rabid grew:

Thrice:

- Thrice howles, thrice barks at once, with his three heads;  
 And on the grasse his fomy poyson sheds.  
 This sprung; attracting from the fruitfull soyle  
 Dire nourishment, and power of deathfull spoyle.  
 420 The rurall Swaines, because it takes delight  
 In barren rocks, surnam'd it Aconite.  
*Egeus*, by her sly perswasions wonne;  
 As to a foe, presents it to his sonne.  
 He tooke the cup; when by his ivory hilt,  
 He bo. h his sonne discovered, and her guilt;  
 425 And struck the potion from his lips. With charmes  
 Ingendring clouds, she scapes his lengthlesse armes.  
 Though glad of his sonnes safety, a chill feare  
 Shooke all his powers, that danger was so neere.  
 With fire he feed's the Altars, richly feasts  
 430 The Gods with gifts. Whole Hecatombs of beasts  
 (Their horns with ribands wreath'd) imbrey the ground,  
 No day, they say, was ever so renoun'd  
 Amongst th' *Athenians*. Noble, vulgar, all,  
 Together celebrate that Festivall.  
 435 Thus singing, when full bowles their spirits raise:  
 Great *Theseus*, *Marathon* resounds thy praise  
 For slaughter of the *Cretan* Bull. Secure  
 They live, who *Cremyons* wasted fields manure,  
 By thy exploit and bounty *Vulcans* Seed  
 By thee glad *Epidawre* beheld to bleed.  
 440 Salvage *Procrustes* death *Cephalisa* view'd:  
*Elusis*, *Cercyon's*. *Scimis* ill indu'd  
 With strength so much abus'd; who beeches bent,  
 And tortur'd bodies twixt their branches rent,  
 445 Thou slew'st The way which to *Alcathoe* led  
 Is now secure, inhumane *Scyron* dead.  
 The Earth his scatter'd bones a grave deny'd;  
 Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide:  
 Which tossed to and fro, in time became  
 A solid rock: the rock we *Scyron* name.  
 450 If we thy yeares should number with thy acts:  
 Thy yeares would prove a cypher to thy facts.  
 Great soule! for thee, as for our publique wealth;  
 We pray; and quasse *Lyæus* to thy health.  
 The Palace with the peoples praises rings,  
 And sacred Ioy in every bosome springs.  
 455 *Egeus* yet (no pleasure is compleat:  
 Griefe twines with joy.) for *Theseus* safe receipt

- Reaps little comfort. *Minos* threatens war :  
 Though strong in men and ships, yet stronger far  
 Through vengeance of a father : who, his harms  
 460 In slaine *Androgens*, scourgeth with just armes.  
 Yet wisely first endeavours forraine aid :  
 And all the Ilands of that Sea survaide.  
 Who *Anaphe* and *Astipalea* gaind ;  
 The one by gifts, the other war constraind :  
 465 Low *Mycone*, *Cimolus* & chalkie fields,  
 High *Scyros*, *Siphnus*, which rich metall's yeeld,  
 Champion *Seriphos*, *Taros* far displayd  
 With marble browes, and *Cyknos* il-betrayd  
 By impious *Arne* for yet-loved gold,  
 470 Turn'd to a Chough, whom fable plumes infold.  
*Oliaros*, *Didyme*, the sea-loved soyle,  
 Of *Tenos*, *Peparethos* fat with oyle,  
*Andros*, and *Gyaros* ; these their aid deny'd.  
 The *Gnossian* fleet from thence their sailes apply'd  
 Vnto *Oenopia*, for her children fam'd,  
 475 *Oenopia* by the ancient dwellers nam'd.  
 But *Æacus*, there raigning, call'd the same  
*Ægina*, of his honour'd mothers name.  
 All throng to see a Prince of so great worth,  
 Straight *Telamon* and *Peleus*, issuing forth,  
 With *Phoebus*, youngest of that royall race,  
 480 Make hast to meete him. With a tardy pace  
 Came aged *Æacus*, and askt the cause  
 Of his repaire. When after some short pause,  
 With sighs, which his imbosom'd griefe displaid ;  
 The Ruler of the hundred Cities said.  
 Assist our armes, borne for my murdred son ;  
 And in this pious war our fortunes run :  
 485 Give comfort to his grave. The King reply'd :  
 In vaine you aske what needs must be deny'd.  
 No City is in stricter league then ours  
 Conjoynd to *Athens* : mutuall are our powers.  
 He, parting, said : Your league shall cost you deare,  
 And held it better far to threat, then beare  
 490 An accidentall warre ; whereby he might  
 Consume his force before he came to fight.  
 Yet might they see the *Cretans* under saile  
 From high built walls : when, with a leading gale,  
 The *Attick* ship attain'd their friendly shore :  
 495 Which *Cephalus*, and his embassage, bore.

Th' *Æacides* him knew (though many a day  
 Unseene) imbrace, and to the Court convey.  
 The goodly Prince, who yet th' impression held  
 Of those perfections, which in youth excel'd,  
 500 Enters the Palace, bearing in his hand  
 A branch of *Attick* Olive. By him stand  
*Clytus* and *Butes*; valorous and young:  
 Who from the loyns of high-born *Pallas* sprung.  
 First *Cephalus* his full oration made;  
 Which shew'd his message, and demanded aid:  
 505 Their leagues, and ancient loves to minde recalls;  
 And how all *Greece* was threatned in their fals:  
 With eloquence inforc't his embassie.  
 When God-like *Æacus* made this reply  
 (His royal scepter shining in his hand)  
*Athenians*, crave not succour, but command:  
 510 This Islands forces yours vouchsafe to call;  
 For in your aid I will adventure all.  
 Souldiers I have enough, at once t'oppose  
 My enemies, and to repel your foes.  
 The Gods be prais'd, and happy times, that will  
 Bear no excuses. May your City still  
 Increase with people; *Cephalus* reply'd.  
 515 At my approach I not a little joy'd,  
 To meet so many youths of equal years,  
 So fresh and lusty. Yet not one appears  
 Of those who heretofore your town possesse;  
 When first you entertain'd me for a Guest.  
 Then, *Æacus*, (in sighs his words ascend)  
 520 A sad beginning had a better end.  
 Would I could utter all: Day would expire  
 Ere all were told, and t'would your patience tire.  
 Their bones, and ashes, silent graves inclose.  
 And what a treasure perished with those!  
 525 By *Juno's* wrath, a dreadful pestilence  
 Devour'd our lives: who took unjust offence,  
 In that this Ile her Rivals name profest.  
 While it seem'd humane, and the cause ungest;  
 So long we death-repelling Physick try'd:  
 But those diseases vanquish't art deride.  
 530 Heaven first, the earth with thickned vapours shrouds;  
 And lazic heat involves in fullen clouds.  
 Four pallid Moons their growing horns unite,  
 And had as oft with-drawn their feeble light:

Yet

- Yet still the death-producing *Auster* blew,  
 535 Sunk Springs, and standing Lakes infected grew :  
 Serpents in untild fields by millions creep ;  
 And in the streams their tainting poysons steep,  
 Dogs, Oxen, Sheep, and salvage beasts first die :  
 Nor birds can from the swift infection flye.  
 540 Sad Swains, amazed, see their Oxen shrink  
 Beneath the yoke, and in the furrows sink.  
 The fleecy flocks with anguish faintly bleat ;  
 Let fall their wcoll, and pine away with heat.  
 The generous Horse, that from the Race of late  
 Return'd with honour, now degenerate,  
 545 Unmindful of the glory of his prize ;  
 Groines at his manger, and there deedlesse dyes.  
 The Bore forgets his rage : swift feet now fail  
 The Hart : nor Bears the horned *Heard* assail.  
 All languish. Woods, fields, paths (no longer bare)  
 550 Are fill'd with carkasses, that stench the air.  
 Which neither Dogs, nor greedy Fowle (how much  
 To be admir'd !) nor hoary Wolves would touch.  
 Falling consume : which deadly Odors bred,  
 That round about their dire contagion spread,  
 Now raves among the wretched countrey Swains :  
 555 Now in our large and populous City reigns.  
 At first, their bowels broyl, with fervor stretcht :  
 The symptomes, rednesse, hot wind hardly fetcht.  
 Their fur'd tongues swell ; ther dry jaws gasp for breath ;  
 And with the air inhale a swifter death.  
 560 None could indure or coverture, or bed :  
 But on the stones their panting bodies spread.  
 Cold stones could no way mitigate that heat :  
 Even they beneath those burning burdens sweat.  
 None cure attempt : the stern disease invades  
 The heartlesse Leech ; nor art her author aids.  
 565 The neer ally'd, whose care the sick attends,  
 Sicken themselves, and dye before their friends.  
 Of remedy they see no hope at all,  
 But only in approaching funeral :  
 All their desires obey : for help none care :  
 Help was there none. In shamelesse throngs repair  
 570 To Springs and Wells : there cleave in bitter strife  
 T'extinguish thirst ; but first extinguish life.  
 Nor could th'o're-charg'd arise ; but dying, sink :  
 And of those tainted waters, others drink.

The wretches loath their tedious beds ; thence breake  
 575 With giddy steps. Or, if now growne too weake,  
 Roule on the floore : their quitted houses hate,  
 As guilty of their miserable fate ;  
 And, ignorant of the cause, the place accuse :  
 Halfe-Ghosts, they walke, while they their legs could use.  
 580 You might see others on the earth ly mourning ;  
 Their heavy eyes with dying motion turning :  
 Stretching their armes to heaven, where ever death  
 Surpris'd them, parting with their sigh't-out breath,  
 O what a heart had I ! or ought to have !  
 585 I loath'd my life, and wisht with them a grave.  
 Which way soever I convert my eye,  
 The breathlesse multitude disperfed lye.  
 Like perisht apples, dropping with the strokes  
 Of rocking windes ; or acornes from broad oakes.  
 See you yon Temple, mounted on high staires ?  
 590 'Tis *Jupiters*. Who hath not offerd prayers,  
 And slighted incense there ! husbands for wives ;  
 Fathers for sons : and while they pray, their lives  
 Before th' inexorable Altars vent ;  
 With incense in their hands, halfe yet unspent !  
 How oft the ox, unto the temple brought,  
 595 While yet the Priest the angry Powers besought,  
 And pow'r'd pure wine betweene his hornes ; fell downe  
 Before the axe had toucht his curled crowne !  
 To *Jupiter* about to sacrifice,  
 For me, my country, sons ; with horrid noyse  
 600 Th'unwounded Offring fell ; and now the wound  
 Scarce blood, to wet the knife, that made it, found :  
 The Inwards lost their signes of heavens presage,  
 Out-razed by the sterne Diseases rage.  
 The dead before the sacred doores were laid :  
 605 Before the Altars too ; the Gods t'upbraid.  
 Some choke themselves with cords : by death eschue  
 The feare of death ; and instant Fates pursue :  
 Dead coarces without Dues of funerall  
 They weakly beare : the Ports are now too small.  
 610 Or un-interd they lye : or else are throwne  
 On wealthlesse pyles. Respect these give to none.  
 For Pyles they strive : on those their kinsfolke burne,  
 That flame for others. None are left to mourne.  
 Ghosts wander undeplor'd by sonns or fires :  
 615 Nor is there roome for tombs, or wood for fires.

Astonish

- Astonisht with these tempests of extreames :  
*O Iove*, said I, if they be more then dreames  
 That laid thee by *Ægyna* ; nor thy ire  
 Incensed be, that I should call thee fire ;  
 630 Render me mine, or me afford a grave !  
 With prosperous thunder-claps a signe he gave,  
 I take it, said I ; let this Omen be ,  
 A happy pledge of thy intents to me !  
 Hard by, a goodly Oake, by fortune, stood,  
 525 Sacred to *Iove* ; of *Dodonian* wood :  
 Graine-gathering Ants there, in long files I saw,  
 Whose little mouthes selfe-greater burchens draw ;  
 Keeping their paths along the rugged rine,  
 While I admire their number : O divine,  
 And ever helpfull ! give to me, said I,  
 630 As many men ; who may the dead supply.  
 The trembling Oak his lofty top declin'd :  
 And murmured without a breath of wind.  
 I shooke with feare : my tresses stood an end :  
 Yet on the earth, and oake I kisses spend.  
 I durst not seeme to hope, yet hope I did :  
 635 And in my brest my cherisht wishes hid.  
 Night came ; and Sleepe care-wasted bodies cheard :  
 Before my eyes the selfe-same Oake appeard ;  
 So many branches, as before, there were ;  
 So many busie Ants those branches beare ;  
 So shooke the Oake, and with that motion threw  
 640 To under-earth the graine supporting crue.  
 Greater and greater straight they seeme to sight :  
 To raise themselves from earth, and stand up-right.  
 Whom numerous feet, black colour lanknesse leave :  
 And instantly a humane shape receive.  
 645 Now sleepe with-drew. My dreame I waking blame :  
 And on the small performing Gods exclaime :  
 Yet heard a mighty noyse ; and seem'd t'have heard  
 Almost forgotten voyces : yet I feard  
 That this a dreame was also. Where upon,  
 The doore thrust open, in rusht *Telamon* :  
 Come forth, said he, O father ; and behold  
 650 What hope transcends ; nor can with faith be told !  
 Forth went I ; and beheld the men which late  
 My dreame presented : such in every state  
 I saw ; and knew them. They salute their King.  
*Iove* prais'd . a party to the towne I bring ;

- 655 Leave to the rest the empty fields : and call  
 Them *Mermydons* of their originall.  
 You see their persons : such their manners are  
 As formerly. A people given to spare,  
 Patient of labour ; what they get, preserve,  
 660 They, like in years and minds, these wars shall serve,  
 And follow your conduct ; when first this wind  
 (The wind blew Easterly) that was so kind  
 To bring you hither, will to your avail  
 Convert it self into a Southern gale,  
 Discourse thus entertain'd the day ; with feasts  
 They crown the Evening : Sleep the Night possesse,  
 665 The Morning Sun projects his golden rayes :  
 Still *Eurus* blew ; and their departure stayes.  
 Now *Pallas* sons to *Cephalus* resort,  
 And *Cephalus* with *Pallas* sons, to Court  
 670 With early visits : (sleep the King inchains)  
 Whom *Phocus* at the entrance entertains,  
 For *Peleus*, with his brother *Telamon*,  
 To raise an army were already gone.  
*Phocus* mean while into an inward room,  
 Of fair receipt, th' *Athenians* led : with whom  
 They seated first, he sits : His fancy fed  
 675 Upon the Javelin with the golden head  
 Held by *Æolides* : of what tree made  
 Being ignorant ; some speeches past, he said :  
 I haunt the desert woods ; delight in blood  
 Of salvage Beasts ; yet know not of what wood  
 Your Dart consists : For if of Ash it were  
 680 'Twould look more brown ; if Cornel, 'twould appear  
 More knotty : on what tree so e're it grew,  
 Mine eyes so fair a Dart did never view.  
 One of th' *Athen* brethren made reply :  
 You would more wonder at the quality.  
 685 It hits the aim'd at, not by fortune led ;  
 And of it self returns with slaughter red.  
*Phocus* the cause desireth much to know,  
 From whence it came ; and who did it bestow.  
 He yeelds to his request, yet things well known,  
 Restrained by modesty, he lets alone.  
 690 Who toucht with sorrow for his wife, that bleeds  
 In his remembrance, thus with tears proceeds.  
 This Dart, O Goddess-born, provokes these tears :  
 And ever would, if endless were my years.

- This me, in my unhappy Wife destroy'd :  
 695 This gift I would I never had enjoy'd !  
*Procris Orithya's* sister was ; if Fame  
 Have more inform'd you of *Orithya's* name.  
 Yet she (should you their mindes, and forms confer)  
 More worth the rape. *Erichtheus*, me to her,  
 700 And love, unite. Then happy ! happy, I  
 Might yet have been. But O, the Gods envy !  
 Two months were now consum'd in chaste delight :  
 705 When gray *Aurora*, having vanquish'd night,  
 Beheld me on the ever-fragrant hill,  
 Of steep *Hymettus* : and, against my will,  
 As I my toyles extended, bare me thence.  
 I may the truth declare without offence :  
 Though rosie be her cheeks ; although she sway  
 The dewy Confiners of the Night and Day,  
 And Nectar drink : my *Procris* all possesse :  
 710 My heart was hers ; my tongue her praise profess'd.  
 I told her of her holy nuptial ties ;  
 Of wedlocks breach ; and yet scarce tasted joyes.  
 Fire-red she said, thy harsh complaints forbear :  
 Possesse thy *Procris*. Though so fair, so dear :  
 715 Thou'lt with th'hadst never known her, if I know  
 Insuing fate : and angry lets me go.  
 Her words I pondred as I went along :  
 Began to doubt she might my honour wrong.  
 Her youth, and beauty tempt me to distrust :  
 Her vertue checks those fears as most unjust.  
 720 But I was absent : but example fed  
 My jealousy : but lovers all things dread.  
 I seek my sorrows ; and with gifts intend  
 To tempt the chaste. *Aurora* proves a friend  
 To this suspicion ; and my form translates.  
 725 Unknown, I enter the *Athenian* gates ;  
 And then my own. The house from blame was free :  
 In decent order, and perplex for me.  
 Scarce with a thousand sleights I gain'd a view :  
 View'd with astonishment I scarce pursue  
 730 My first intent : scarce could I then forbear  
 Due kisses ; scarce not what I was appear.  
 She still was sad : yet lovelier none then she,  
 Even in that sadnesse : sorrowful for me.  
 How excellent, O *Phocus*, was that face,  
 735 Which could in grief retain so sweet a grace ?

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What need I tell how often I assaild  
 Her vexed chastity ! how often faild !  
 How often said she ! One I only serve :  
 For him, where ever, I my bed preserve.  
 What mad man would such faith have farther prest.

740 But I ? industrious to my own unrest.  
 With fervent vowes, and gifts still multiply'd,  
 At length she wavers. False of faith I cry'd,  
 Thou art disclos'd : I, no adulterer,

745 But thy wrong'd spouse : nor can this triall erre.  
 She made no answer, prest with silent shame.  
 Th' unhappy house, and me, far more in blame,  
 Forsaking ; mankind for my sake eschewes :  
 And *Dian*-like the mountain chase pursues.  
 Abandon'd hotter flames my blood incense.

750 I pardon beg'd, confessing my offence :  
 And said, *Aurora* might have me subdu'd  
 With such enticements, had but she so woo'd.  
 My fault confest ; her wrong revenged, we  
 Grow reconcil'd ; and happily agree.

755 Besides her selfe, as though that gift were small,  
 A Dog she gave : which *Cynthia* giving ; All,  
 Said she, surpasse in swiftnesse : and this Spear  
 You so commend, which in my hand I bear.  
 Doe you the fortune of the first inquire ?

760 Receive a wonder : and the fact admire.  
 Darke propheties, not understood of old,  
 The *Naiades* with searching wits unfold.  
 When sacred *Themis*, in that so obscure,  
 Neglected grew. Nor could she this indure.

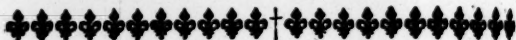
765 A cruel Beast infests th' *Aonian* plaines ;  
 To many fatal : feard by country Swaines,  
 Both for their cattle, and themselves. I met  
 The neighbouring youth, our toyles the fields beset.  
 He nimble skips above the upper lines :

770 And mounting over, frustrates our designs.  
 The dogs uncouple, from them all he springs,  
 With no lesse speed, then if supply'd by wings,  
 All bid me let my *Lelaps* slip ( for so  
 My dog was call'd ) who struggling long agoe.  
 775 Halfe-throated, straind the leash. No sooner gone,  
 Then out of sight, his foot-steps left upon  
 The burning sand : who vanish from our eyes  
 As swiftly as a well-driv'n javelin flies ;

- Or as a finging peller from a sling.  
 780 Or as an arrow from a *Cretan* string.  
 I mount a hill which over-topt the place,  
 From thence beholding this admired chace.  
 The beast now pincht appeares, now shuns by flight  
 His catching javes. Nor (crafty) runs out-right.  
 785 Nor trusts his heels : with nimble turnings shunning  
 His urgent foc, cast back by over running.  
 Who prest what only might in speed compare.  
 Appears to catch th' uncaught, and mounthes the aire.  
 My dart I take to aid : which while I shook,  
 790 And on the thong direct my hasty looke,  
 To fit my fingers : looking up again,  
 I saw two marble statues on the plaine.  
 Had you these seene, you could not choose but say.  
 That this appeared to run, and that to bay.  
 That neither should each other over-go  
 795 The Gods decreed : if Gods descend so low.  
 Thus he : here paus'd. Then *Phocus*, Pray unfold  
 Your Darts offence. Which *Cephalus* thus told.  
 Joy grief fore-runs : that joy we first recite.  
 For O, those times I mention with delight,  
 800 When youth, and *Hymen* crown'd our happy life :  
 She in her Husband blest, I in my Wife.  
 In both one care, and one affection moves.  
 She would not have exchang'd my bed for *Loves*,  
 Nor *Venus* could have tempted my desire :  
 805 Our bosomes flam'd with such an equall fire.  
 When *Sol* had rais'd his beames above the floods,  
 My custome was to trace the leavy woods.  
 Arm'd with this dart, I solitary went.  
 Without horse, huntsmen, toyles, or dogs, of sent,  
 810 Much kild, I to the cooler shades repaire :  
 And where the valley breaths a fresher aire.  
 Cool air I seek, while all with fervour gloses :  
 Cool air expect, the cause of my repose.  
 815 Come air, I use to sing, relieve th'opprest,  
 Come, O most welcome, glide into my brest :  
 Now quench, as erst, in me this scalding heat.  
 By chance I other blandishments repeat,  
 (So Fates inforce) as, O my soules delight!  
 820 By thee I am fed and chear'd : thy sweets excite  
 My affections to these woods : O may thy breath  
 Still fix with mine, and so preserve from death!

- A busie ear these doubtful speeches caught :  
 825 Who oft-nam'd air some much-lov'd Dryad thought :  
 And told to *Procris* with a leuder tongue,  
 His false surmises ; with the song I sung.  
*Love* is too credulous. With grief she faints ;  
 And scarce reviling, bursts into complaints :  
 My spotlesse faith with fury execrates :  
 830 Woe's me, she cries, produc't to cruel fates !  
 Transported with imaginary blame,  
 What is not, fears : an unsubstantial name.  
 Yet grieves (poor soul !) as if in truth abus'd :  
 Yet often doubts ; and her distrust accus'd.  
 835 Now holds the information for a lye :  
 Nor will trust other witness then her eye,  
*Aurora* re-inthron'd th'insuing Day :  
 I hunt, and speed. As on the grasse I lay,  
 Come Air, said I, my tyred spirits chear.  
 840 At this an unknown sigh invades my ear.  
 Yet I ; O come, before all joyes preferr'd.  
 I then among the leaves a rustling heard,  
 And threw my dart ; supposing it some beast :  
 But O, 'twas *Procris* ! wounded on the brest,  
 845 She shriekt, ay me ! Her voice too well I knew :  
 And thicher, with my grief distracted flew.  
 Half dead, all blood imbru'd, my wife I found :  
 Her gift (alas !) extracting from her wound.  
 I rais'd her body, then my own more dear :  
 850 To bind her wounds my lighter garment tear ;  
 And strive to stench the blood. O pity take,  
 Said I, nor thus a guilty soul forsake !  
 She, weak, and now a dying, thus replies  
 (Her last of speech) by all our nuptial ties ;  
 855 By heaven-imbowred Gods, by those below,  
 To whose infernal monarchy I go :  
 By that, if ever I deserved well ;  
 By this ill-fated love, for which I fell,  
 Yet now in death most constantly retain ;  
 O, let not *Ayre* our chaster bed prophane,  
 This said ; I shew'd, and she perceived how  
 860 That error grew : but what avail'd it now ?  
 She sinks ; her blood along her spirits tooke :  
 Who looks on me as long as she could looke.  
 My lips her soule receive, with her last breath :  
 Who, now resolved, sweetly smiles in death.

365 The weeping Heroe told this Tragedy  
To those that wept as fast. The King drew nye,  
And his two sons, with well-arm'd Regiments,  
New rais'd; which he to *Cephalus* presents.



# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Eighth Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*H*armonious walls. *Lewd Scylla now despairs;*  
*With Nisus, chang'd : the Lark the Hobby dares.*  
*Ariadnes Crown a Constellation made.*  
*Th'inventive youth a Partridge; still afraid*  
*Of murthering. Meleagers Sisters mourn*  
*His Tragedie : to Fowle, so named, turn.*  
*Five water Nymphs the five Echinades*  
*Demonstrate. Perimele, neer to these,*  
*Becomes an Island. Jove and Hermes take*  
*The formes of men. A City turn'd i' a Lake :*  
*A Cottage to a Temple. That good pare,*  
*Old Baucis and Philemon, changed are*  
*At once to sacred Trees. In various shapes*  
*Blew Proteus sports. Of self-chang'd Metra shapes*  
*Scorn'd servitude. The Stream of Calydon*  
*Forakes his own, and other shapes puts on.*

*N*ow *Lucifer* exalts the Day : to Hell  
Old *Night* descends. The Eastern winds now fell;  
Moyst clouds arose : when gentle Southern gales  
Besfriend returning *Cephalus*. Full sailes  
Wing his successful course : who long before  
6 All expectation, toucht the wished shore.

- Meane-while just *Minos* wastes *Lelegia's* coast,  
 And girts *Alcothoes* Citie with his Hoast.  
 This *Nisus* held ; whose head a purple haire,  
 'Mong those of honourable silver, bare :  
 10 His Kingdomes strength. Six aged Moones grew young :  
 Yet warres successe in equall ballance hung :  
 Slow Victory, in choice yet what to doe,  
 With doubtfull wings 'twixt either army flew.  
 A royall Tower, with sounding walls, there stands ;  
 15 Erected by *Apollo's* sacred hands :  
 Whereon, they say, he lai'd his golden Lyre ;  
 Whose strings the stones with harmony inspire.  
 This, *Nisus* daughter oft ascends alone ;  
 And drops small pebbles on the warbling stone ;  
 In time of peace. When warre had peace expeld,  
 20 From thence the conflicts of sterne *Mars* beheld.  
 By this delay, the Princes names she knowes ;  
 Their armes, horse, habits, and *Cydonian* bowes ;  
*Europa's* Sonne, the Generall, yet knew,  
 More then the rest, more then 'twas fit to doe.  
 25 For when he wore his fairely plumed cask ;  
 She thought him lovely in that warlike mask :  
 Or when his brasse-refulgent shield he rais'd ;  
 His gracefull gesture infinitely prais'd.  
 Nor could his practis'd arme let flie a dart ;  
 But straight sh' extolls his strength, informd by art.  
 30 If he an arrow drew ; sh' would sweare that so  
*Apollo* stood, when he dischargd his bow.  
 But when, his helmet off, he shewd his face ;  
 When clad in purple, with a gallant grace,  
 He on his hot-high bounding Courser sits :  
 35 O then she scarce was mistris of her wits !  
 Happy she calls the launce his hand sustaines :  
 Happy she calls his hand-sustained raines.  
 And had she power, she would have madly past  
 Through all the hostile ranks ; her selfe have cast  
 40 Amid the *Cretan* tents, even from that Tower ;  
 Or ope the brasse rib'd gates to *Minos* power ;  
 Or what he else could wish. She then survey'd  
 The *Gnosian* Kings white Tent ; and softly said :  
 Whether I should for this so sad a warre  
 Or joy or grieve ; within my selfe I jarre.  
 45 Alas, that he I love should be my foe !  
 I had not knowne him, had it not beene so.

- Yet me in hostage might he take : of peace  
 A pledge ; his spouſe ; and bloody broyles ſurceaſe.  
 No marvell though a God her beauty took :
- 50 If ſhe that bare thee had ſo ſweet a looke.  
 Thrice happy I, could I with wings prevent  
 This dull delay ; and fly to *Minos* tent.  
 My ſelfe I would diſcloſe, confeſſe my flame ;
- 55 And buy him, with what dowry he ſhould name.  
 But to betray theſe towers : dye, dye, deſire,  
 E're I by treaſon to your ends aſpire.  
 Yet, through the Victors clemency, it ſome,  
 Nay many, hath avail'd, t'have beene o're-come.  
 Juſt warre he wageth for his Sonnes ſad end :  
 His cauſe is ſtrong ; ſtrong armes his cauſe defend,
- 60 Sure we muſt fall. If ſuch our Cities fate ;  
 Why ſhould his power inthron him in this State,  
 And not my love ? better, without delay,  
 His ſouldiers blood, his owne, he conquer may.  
 For il-pretaging feares my reſt confound,
- 65 Leſt ſome, not knowing him, ſhould *Minos* wound :  
 For no heart is ſo hard, that did but know,  
 And would a launce againſt his boſome throw.  
 Then thus : with me, my country I intend  
 To render up ; and give theſe warres an end.  
 What iſ't to in: end ? Each paſſage hath a guard ;
- 70 My father keepes the keyes, and ſees them bard.  
 'Tis he deferres my joyes ; 'tis he I dread :  
 Would I were not, or he were with the dead !  
 Tuſh, we are our owne Gods. They thrive, that dare,  
 And Fortune is a foe to ſlothfull pray'r.  
 Long ſince, another, ſcorcht with ſuch a fire,
- 75 By death had forc't a way to her deſire.  
 And why ſhould any more adventurous prove ?  
 I dare through ſword, and fire make way to Love.  
 And yet here is no uſe of fire, nor ſword ;  
 But of my fathers haire. This muſt afford  
 What I ſo much affect, and make me bleſt :
- 80 Richer then all the treaſure of the Eaſt.  
 This ſaid ; Night, nurse of cares, her curtaines drew :  
 When in the darke ſhe more audacious grew.  
 In prime of reſt, when tyr'd with day-bred cares  
 Sleepe all infolds ; ſhe ſilently repaires  
 Into her fathers bed-chamber ; and there
- 85 Picks out (O horrid act ! ) his fatal haire.

Seiz'd on her wicked prey ; with her she bore  
The guilty spoyle ; unlocks a Posterne doore :  
Then past the foe (bold by her merit made )  
Vnto the King not un-astonisht, said.

- 90 Inforc't by Love I *Scylla*, *Nisus* Seed,  
Yeeld up my Country, and my Gods : no meed,  
But thee, I crave. This purple haire receive,  
My loves rich pledge : nor thinke a haire I give,  
But my old fathers head. And therewith the
- 95 Presents the gift with wicked hand. But he  
Rejects her proffer : and much terrifi'd  
With horror of so foule a deed, reply'd :  
The Gods exile thee (O thou most abhord ! )  
Their world ; to thee nor Land, nor Sea afford.  
How-ere *Joves* Creet, the world wherein I raigne,
- 100 Shall such a monster never entertaine.  
This said : the most just victor doth impose  
Lawes, no lesse just, upon his vanquisht foes.  
Then orders, that they forthwith oares conveigh  
Aboard the brasse-beakt ships, and anchors weigh.  
When *Scylla* saw the *Grossian* navy twim ,
- 105 And that her treason was abhorr'd by him,  
To violent anger she converts her prayers,  
And Furie-like, with stretcht armes, and spred haire ;  
Cry'd ; Whither fly'st thou ? leaving me, whose love  
With conquest crown'd thee ? O prefer'd above
- 110 My country : Father ! 'twas not thou didst win ;  
But I that gave : my merit, and my sinne.  
Not this ; not such affection, could perswade :  
Nor that on thee I all my hopes had laid.  
For whither should I goe, thus left alone ?  
What ? to my Country ? that's by me o're-throwne,
- 115 Wer't not ; my treason doomes me to exile.  
Or to my father ; given unto thy spoyle ?  
Me worthily the Citizens will hate :  
And neighbours feare th' example in their State.  
I, out of all the world my selfe have throne,  
To purchase an accessse to Creet alone.  
Which if deny'd and left to such despaire ;
- 120 *Europa* never one so thanklesse bare :  
But swallowing *Syrt's*, *Charydis* chafte with wind,  
Or some fell Tygres, of th' *Armenian* kind.  
*Iove's* not thy father ; nor with forged shape  
Of Bull beguiled, thy mother suffer'd rape.

- That story of thy glorious race is fain'd :
- 125 For she a wild, and lovelesse Bull sustain'd.  
 O father *Nisus*, thy revenge behold !  
 Rejoyce, O City, by my treason sold !  
 Death, I confesse, I merit. Yet would I  
 Might, by their hands whom I have injur'd, dye.  
 For why shouldst thou, who onely didst suddue  
 By my offending, my offence pursue ?
- 130 My Country, and my father felt this sinne :  
 Which unto thee hath meritorious beene.  
 Thou worthy art of such a wife, as stood  
 A Bulls hot lust, within a Cow of wood :  
 Whose shamelesse womb a monstrous burthen bare.  
 Ah ! doe my sorrowes to thy eares repaire ?  
 Or are my fruitlesse words borne by that wind
- 135 That beares thee hence, and leaves a wretch behind ?  
 No marvel though *Pasiphae* prefer'd  
 A Bull, thou far more salvage then the Heard.  
 Woe's me ! make haste I must : the waves with oares  
 Refound ; his ship forsakes, with us, our shores.
- 140 In vaine ! I'll follow thee ungratefull King :  
 And while I to thy crooked vessell cling,  
 Be drag'd through drenching seas. This having said,  
 Attempts the waves, by *Cupids* strengthening aid,  
 And cleaves t'his ship. Her father, now high-flowne
- 145 Strikes airy rings (a red-mailed Hobby growne)  
 And stoopes to cuffe her with his golden seares.  
 She slips her hold, infeeble by her seares.  
 While yet a falling, that she might eschue  
 The threatning sea, light wings t'her shoulders grew.
- 150 Now changed to a bird in sight of all :  
 This, of that ravish'd haire, we *Ciris* call.  
 No sooner *Minos* toucht the *Cretan* ground,  
 But by an hundred Bulls, with garlands crown'd ,  
 His vowes to conquest-giving *Love* he payd :  
 And all his palace with the spoyle arrayd.
- 155 And now his families reproach increast.  
 That uncouth prodigie, halfe man, halfe beast,  
 The mothers foule adultery descry'd.  
*Minos* resolves his marriage shame to hide  
 In multitude of roomes, perplext, and blind.  
 The worke t'excelling *Daedalus* assign'd.
- 160 Who sense distracts, and error leads a maze  
 Through subtile ambages of sundry wayes.

- As *Phrygian Mæander* sports about  
 The flowry vales ; now winding in, now out ;  
 Himself incounters, sees what follows, guides  
 165 His streams unto their springs ; and, doubling, slides  
 To long rockt seas : so *Dædalus* compil'd  
 Innumerable by-ways, which beguil'd  
 The troubled sense ; that he who made the same,  
 Could scarce retire : so intricate the frame.  
 When in this fabrick *Minos* had inclos'd  
 This double form, of man and beast compos'd ;  
 170 The Monster with *Athenian* blood twice fed,  
 His own, the third Lot, in the ninth year, shed.  
 Then by a Clew reguided to the door  
 (A Virgins counsel) never found before ;  
*Ægides*, with rapt *Ariadne*, makes  
 For *Dia* : on the naked shore forsakes  
 175 His confident, and sleep-oppressed Mate.  
 Now, pining in complaints, the desolate  
*Bacchus*, with marriage, comforts : and that she  
 Might glorious by a Constellation be ;  
 Her head unburthens of her crown, and threw  
 It up to Heaven : through thinner air it flew.  
 180 Flying, the jewels that the verge inchace  
 Convert to fires ; fast fixed in one place ;  
 Th'old form retaining. They their station take,  
 Twixt him that kneels, and him who holds the Snake.  
 The Sea-impris'ned *Dædalus*, mean-while,  
 Weary of *Creet*, and of his long exile ;  
 Tought with his countries love, and place of birth ;  
 185 Thus said : Though *Minos* bar both sea, and earth ;  
 Yet heaven is free. That course attempt I dare :  
 Held he the world, he could not hold the ayre.  
 This said ; to arts unknown he bends his wits,  
 And alters nature. Quils in order knits,  
 190 Beginning with the least : the longer still  
 The short succeeds ; much like a rising hill.  
 Their rural Pipes, the Shepherds, long ago  
 (Fram'd of unequal reeds) contrived so.  
 With threds the midst, with wax he joynes the ends :  
 195 And these, as natural wings, a little bends.  
 Young *Icarus* stood by, who little thought  
 That with his death he play'd ; and smiling, caught  
 The feathers tossed by the wand'ring ayre :  
 Now chafes the yellow wax with busie care,

- 200 And interrupts his Sire. When his last hand  
 Had made all perfect : with new wings he fand  
 The air that bare him. Then instructs his son :  
 Be sure that in the middle course thou run.  
 Dank Seas will clog the wings that lowly fly :  
 205 The Sun will burn them, if thou soar'st too high.  
 'Twixt either keep. Nor on *Bootes* gaze,  
 Nor *Helice*, nor stern *Oriens* rayes :  
 But follow me. At once, he doth advise ;  
 And unknown feathers to his shoulders tyes.  
 210 Amid his work and words the salt tears brake  
 From his dim eyes ; with fear his fingers shake.  
 Then kist him, never to be kissed more :  
 And rais'd on lightsome feathers flies, before ;  
 His fear behind : as birds through boundlesse sky  
 From ayrie nests produce their young to fly ;  
 215 Exhorts to follow ; taught his baneful skill ;  
 Waves his own wings, his sons observing still.  
 These, while some Angler, fishing with a Cane ;  
 Or Shepherd leaning on his staff ; or Swain ;  
 With wonder views : he thinks them Gods that glide,  
 220 Through ayrie regions. Now on his left side  
 Leaves *Funo's* *Samos*, *Delos*, *Paros* white,  
*Lebymbos*, and *Calydna* on the right,  
 Flowing with honey. When the Boy, much took  
 With pleasure of his wings, his Guide forsook :  
 And ravisht with desire of heaven, aloft  
 225 Ascends. The odor-yeelding wax more soft  
 By the swift Suns vicinity then grew :  
 Which late his feathers did together glew.  
 That thaw'd, he shakes his arms, which now were bare,  
 And wanted wherewithal to gather ayre.  
 Then falling, Help O father, cryes : the blew  
 230 Seas stops his breath ; from whom their name they drew,  
 His father, now no father, left alone,  
 Cry'd *Icarus* ! where art thou ? which way flown ?  
 What region, *Icarus*, doth thee contain ?  
 Then spies the feathers floating on the Main.  
 He curst his arts ; inters the corps, that gave  
 235 The land a name, which gave his son a grave.  
 The Partridge from a thicket him surway'd ;  
 As in a tomb his wretched son he layd ;  
 Who clapt his fanning wings, and lowdly churd  
 T'expresse his joy : as then an only bird,

So made of late (unknowne in former time)  
 240 O *Dædalus* by thy eternall crime.  
 To thee thy Sister gave him to be taught ;  
 Who little of his destinie fore-thought :  
 The Boy then twelve yeares aged ; of a minde  
 Apt for instruction, and to Arts inclind,  
 He Sawes invented, by the bones that grow  
 245 In fishes backs ; the Steele indenting so.  
 And two shankt Compasses with rivet bound ;  
 Th'one to stand still, the other turning round  
 In equall distance. *Dædalus* this stung :  
 250 Who from *Minerva's* sacred turret flung  
 The envi'd head-long ; and his falling faines.  
 Him *Pallas*, faultrix of good wits, sustaines :  
 Who straight the figure of a foule assumes ;  
 Clad in the midst of ayre with freckled plumes.  
 The vigor of his late swift wit, now came  
 255 Into his feete, and wings : he keepes his name.  
 They never mount aloft, nor trust their birth  
 To tops of trees ; but fleck as low as earth.  
 And lay their eggs in tufts. In minde they beare  
 Their ancient fall, and lofty places feare.  
 260 Tyr'd *Dædalus* now in *Sicilia* lights :  
 In whose defence hospitious *Cœlus* fights.  
 Now *Athens* by *Ægeus* glorious Seed,  
 Was from her lamentable tribute freed.  
 They crowne their Temples : warlike *Pallas*, *Iove*,  
 265 Invoke ; with all the Deities above.  
 Whom now they honour, with the large expence  
 Of blood, free gifts, and heapes of frankincense.  
 Vast fame through all th' *Argolian* cities spread  
 His praise : and all that rich *Achaia* fed  
 His aid in their extremities entreat,  
 270 And *Calydon* (though *Meleagers* seat)  
 His aid implores. A Bore by *Dian* sent,  
 As her revenge, and, horrid instrument.  
 For *Oeneus*, with a plenteous harvest blest,  
 To *Ceres* his first fruits of corne address,  
 To *Pallas* oyle, and to *Lyæus* wine.  
 275 Ambitious honours all the Powers divine  
 Reape from the rurals ; who neglect to pay  
*Diana* dues, her Altars empty lay.  
 Anger affects the Gods. This will not we  
 Vnpunisht beare : nor unreveng'd, said she,

- 280 Though un-adored, shall they vaunt we be.  
 With that she sent into *Oeneian* fields  
 A vengefull Bore. Rank-graft *Epirus* yeelds  
 No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed.  
 But those are lesse which in *Sicilia* feed.  
 His eyes blaze blood and fire : his stiffe neck beares  
 285 Horrible bristles, like a grove of speares.  
 A boyling some upon his shouklers flowes  
 From grinding jawes : his tusshes equall those  
 Of *Indian* Elephants : his fell mouth casts  
 Swift lightning ; and his breath the pastures blasts.  
 290 Now tramples downe the corne, when in the blade ;  
 The husbandmans ripe vowes now frustrate made,  
 And reaps the waighty eares. Their usuall graine  
 The Barnes, and threshing floores expect in vaine.  
 Broad-spreading vines he with their burden, shears :  
 295 And boughs from ever-leavy olives teares.  
 Then falls on beasts : the Heardsmen, now unfeard ;  
 Nor Dogs, nor raging Bulls, defend their Heard.  
 The people fly ; security scarce finde  
 In walled townes : till *Meleager* joyn'd  
 300 With youths of choycest worth, inflam'd with praise,  
 Attempts his death. The twin'd *Tyndarides* ;  
 One for his horsemanship, the other fam'd  
 For Whorl-bats ; *Iason*, who the first ship fram'd ;  
 The *seus* with his *Pirithous*, a paire  
 Of happy friends ; and *Lyncæus*, *Aphar's* heire ;  
 The two *Thestiade*, *Leucippus*, crown'd  
 305 For strength ; *Acastus*, for his dart renown'd ;  
 Swift *Idas*, *Cænæus*, not a woman then ;  
*Hippothous Dryas* ; *Phænix* (best of men, )  
*Amyntors* son ; th' alike *Ætorides* ,  
 And *Phyleas* sent from *Elis*, came with these :  
*Theretes* hope ; adventurous *Telamon* ;  
 And he who call'd the great *Achilles* sonne ,  
 310 *Hyamian Iolans*, the well-grac't  
*Eurytus* , and *Echion*, who surpass  
 In running, *Lelex* the *Narycian*,  
 With *Panopæus*, *Hyleus*, *Hippasus*,  
 Now youthfull *Nestor* : sonnes to that intent  
*Hippocoon* from old *Am-clis* sent :  
 315 *Penelopes* father in law, *Parrastia*-bred  
*Anceus*, wife *Ampycides* well read  
 In fates, *Oiclides*, not as yet betray'd .

- This wife, *Tegean Atalant*, a maid  
 Of passing beauty, sprung from *Schæmus* race :  
 Of high *Lycean* woods the onely grace.  
 A polisht Zone her upper garment bound ;  
 320 And in one knot her artlesse hair was wound :  
 Her arrows Ivory guardian clattering hung  
 On her left shoulder ; and a Bow well strung  
 Her left hand held. Her looks a wench display'd  
 In a boyes face, a boyes face in a maid.  
 335 The *Calydonian* Heros her beheld  
 And wisht at once : his wishes fate repel'd.  
 Who lurking flames attracts ; and said, O blest  
 Is he, whom thou shalt with thy joyes invest !  
 But time, and modesty his courtship stay,  
 By a more pressing action call'd away.  
 330 A wood o're-grown with trees, yet never feld,  
 Mounts from a plain, that all beneath beheld.  
 The glory-thirsting Gallants this ascend.  
 Forth-with a part their corded toyles extend,  
 Some hounds uncoupled ; some the tract of feet  
 Together trace : and danger long to meet.  
 335 A Dale there was, through which the rain-rais'd flood  
 Oft tumbled down, and in the bottom stood :  
 Repleat with plyant willows, marsh weeds,  
 Sharp rushes, osiers, and long slender reeds.  
 The Bore from thence dislodg'd, like lightning crusht  
 340 Through justling clouds, among the hunters rusht :  
 Bears down the obvious trees ; the crashing woods  
 Report their fall. The youths each others bloods  
 With high-rais'd shoots inflame : who keep their stands :  
 And shake their broad-tipt spears with threatening hands.  
 The dogs he scatters ; those that durst oppose  
 345 His horrid fury, wounds with ganching blows.  
*Echion* first his javelin vainly cast,  
 Which struck a Beech. The next his sides had past,  
 But that with too much strength it over-slew :  
 350 The weapon *Pagasean Jason* threw.  
 O *Phæbus*, said *Ampycides*, if I  
 Have honour'd, and do honour thee, apply  
 Thy succour in successe of my intents.  
 The God, as much as lay in him, assents :  
 But from the dart the head *Diana* took ;  
 355 Which gave no wound, although the Bore it strook :  
 The beast like lightning burns, thus chafte with ire :

His

- His grim eyes shine, his breast breathes flames of fire,  
 And as a stone which some huge engine throwes  
 Against a wall, or bulwark man'd with foes :
- 360 The deadly Bore with such sure violence  
 Assaults their forces. The right wings defence ;  
*Epalamon*, and *Pelagorus*, cast  
 On sounding earth : drawn off with timely hast.  
*Enesimius*, great *Hippocoons* son,  
 Could not so well his slaughtering tushes shun :
- 365 Which cut the shrinking sinews in his thigh.  
 Even as he trembled, and prepar'd to flye.  
 And *Nestor* long had perished, perchance,  
 Before *Troyes* war ; but, vaulting on a lance,  
 He took a tree' which there his branches spread :  
 And safely saw the foe from whom he fled.
- 370 Who, full of rage, his vengeful tushes whets  
 Upon a Oak, and dire destruction threats :  
 When, trusting to his new edg'd arms, the Bore  
 The manly thigh of great *Orithyus* tore.  
 The brother Twins, not yet celestial stars ;  
 Conspicuous both, both terrible in wars ;
- 375 Both mounted on white Steeds, aloft both bare  
 Their glittering spears, which trembled in the ayre :  
 And both had sped ; but that the swine with-drew  
 Where neither horse nor javelin could pursue.  
 In follows *Telamon*, hot of the chace ;
- 380 And stumbling at a root, fell on his face.  
 While *Peleus* lifts him up, a winged sight  
*Tegea* drew, which flew as swift as sight :  
 Below his ear the fixed arrow stood,  
 And stain'd his bristles with a little blood.
- 385 The Virgin lesse rejoyced in the blow  
 Then *Meleager* : who first saw it flow ;  
 First shew'd his mates the blood : O most renown'd ;  
 Said he, thy honour hath thy vertue crown'd.  
 The men, they blush for shame ; each other chear ;
- 390 And high-raisd souls, with clamors higher rear :  
 Their spears in clusters sling ; which make no breach  
 Through idle store : and throws their throws impeach,  
 Behold, *Ancæus* with a poxax, stern  
 To his own fate ; who said, By me O learn  
 You youths, how much a mans sharp steel exceeds  
 A womans weapons, and applaud my deeds.
- 395 Though *Dian* should take arms, and in his strife

Protect her beast, she should not save his life.

Thus gloriously he boasts ; in both his hands  
Advanc't his polax, and on tip-toes stands.

400 Whom, ere his armes descend, the furious Swine  
Prevents ; and sheathes his tusshes in his groyne.  
Downe fell *Anceus*, out his bowels gusht,  
All gore ; with blood the earth, as guilty, blusht.  
*Ixiens* son *Pirithous* forward prest :

405 And with an able arme his lance addrest.  
To whom *Ægides* ; O to me more deare  
Then my owne life ! my better halfe ; forbeare.  
The wise in valour should aloft contend :  
Foole-hardy courage was *Anceus* end.  
This said, his heavy cornell, with a head  
Of brasse, he hurles : which sure had struck him dead

410 (It was delivered with so true an aime)  
But that a tall beech interpos'd the same.  
*Æsonides* then threw his thrilling lance ;  
Which hit (diverted from the mark by chance)  
A dog betweene his baying jawes : the wound  
Rusht through his guts, and naild him to the ground.

415 *Oenides* varying hand discharg'd two speares :  
The earth the one, the beast the other beares.  
While now he raves, grunts, turnes his body round,  
Casts blood and fume ; the author of his wound  
Rusht in ; provokes his greater wrath ; and where

420 His shields dissever, thrusts his deadly speare.  
They all with chearfull shouts their joyes unfold ;  
Shake his victorious hands ; the beast behold  
With wonder, whose huge bulke posselt so much :  
And hardly thinke it safe the slaine to touch :

425 Yet dye their javelins in his blood. He lay'd  
His foot upon his horrid head ; and said :

My right receive beloved *Nomacrine* ,  
And let my glory ever share with thine.

Then gave the bristled spoyle, and gastly head

430 With monstrous tusshes arm'd, which terror bred :  
She in the Gift, and giver pleasure tooke.

All murmur, with preposterous envy strooke.

On whom the violent *Thestiada* frowne ;

And cry aloud with stretcht-out armes ; Lay downe :

Nor, Woman, of our titles us bereave,

435 Left thee thy beauties confidence deceive ;

He no fit judge, whom love hath rest of sight :

And

- And snatcht from her, her gift ; from him, his right.  
*Oenides* swells ; his looks with anger stern :  
 You ravishers of others honours, learn  
 440 (Said he) the distance between words and deeds :  
 With impious steel secure *Plexippus* bleeds.  
 While *Toxews*, whether to revenge his blood,  
 Or shun his brothers fortune, wavering stood ;  
 He clears the doubt : the weapon, hot before  
 445 By th'others wound, new heats in his hearts gore.  
 Gifts to the holy Gods *Althea* brings-  
 For her sons victory ; and *Pæans* sings.  
 When back she saw her slaughtered brothers brought :  
 At that sad object screecht ; and grief-distraught,  
 The City fills with out-cries : off she tears  
 Her royal robes, and funeral garments wears.  
 450 But told by whom they fell ; no longer mourns :  
 Rage dries her eyes ; her tears to vengeance turns.  
 The triple Sisters earst a brand convai'd  
 Into the fire ; her belly newly laid ;  
 Thus chanting, while they spun the fatal twine :  
 455 O lately born, one period we assigne  
 To thee, and to this brand. The charm they weave  
 Into his fate ; and then the chamber leave.  
 His mother snatcht it with a hasty hand  
 Out of the fire ; and quencht the fragrant brand.  
 This in an inward closset closely layes :  
 460 And by preserving it, preserves his dayes.  
 Which now produc't ; a pyle of wood she rais'd,  
 That by the hostile fire invaded, blaz'd.  
 Four times she proffers to the greedy flame  
 The fatal brand : as oft with-drew the same.  
 A mother, and a sister, now contend :  
 465 And two-contending names, one bosom rend.  
 Oft fear of future crimes a paleness bred :  
 Oft burning fury gave her eyes his red.  
 Now seems to threaten with a cruel look :  
 And now appears like one that pity took.  
 470 Her tears the fervor of her anger dries :  
 Yet found she tears again to drown her eyes.  
 Even as a ship, when winde and tyde contends,  
 Feels both their furies, and with either bends :  
 So *Thestias*, whom unsteddy passion drives :  
 475 By changes, calmes her rage, and rage revives.  
 A sisters love at length subdues a Mothers :

That blood may calme the ghosts of bleeding brothers,  
Impiously pious. Flames, to ashes turne  
This brand, said she, and my loth'd bowels burne.

480 Then, holding in her hand the fatall wood;  
As she before the funerall altar stood:

You triple Powers, who guilty Soules pursue;  
*Eumenides*; these Rites of vengeance view.  
I act the crime I punish. Death must be  
By death atton'd. On murder, murder we

485 Accumulate; redoubling funeralls.  
This cursed house by throngs of mischief falls.  
Shall *Oeneus* joy in his victorious son?  
Sad *Thestius* rob'd of his? One fortune run.

Looke up, O you my brothers ghosts; you late  
490 Dislodged soules; see how I right your fate.  
Accept of this infernall sacrifice,

Which cost me deare: my wombs accursed prize.  
Ay me! O whether am I rapt! excuse  
A mother, brothers. Trembling hands refuse  
Their fainting aid. He merits death: yet by  
A mothers rage me thinkes he should not dye.

495 Then shall he scape? Alive, a victor, feast  
In proud successe; of *Calydon* posselt?  
You, little ashes, and chill shades, forlome?  
I'll not indure it. Perish Villaine, borne.

To our immortall ruine. Ruinate  
With thee, thy fathers hopes, his crowne and state.

500 Where is a mothers heart? a parents pray'r!  
Th' unthought-of burthen which I ten months bare?  
O would, while yet an infant, the first flame  
Had thee devour'd; nor I oppos'd the same!  
Thy life, I gave; by thine owne merit dye:  
A just reward for thy impiety.

505 I by twice-given life resign; first by my womb,  
Lest by this ravish'd braud; or me intomb  
With my poore brothers. Faine I would pursue  
Revenge, yet would not. O, what shall I doe!  
Before my eyes my brothers wounds now bleed:  
And the sad image of so foul a deed.

Now pity, and a mothers name controule  
My sterne intention. O distracted soule!

510 You have won, my brothers; but, alas, ill won:  
So that, while thus I comfort you, I run  
Your fate. With eyes turn'd back, her quaking hand

To trembling flames expos'd the funeral brand  
The brand appears to sigh, or sighs expires :

515 Wrapt in the imbracements of unwilling fires,

Unknowing *Meleager*, absent broyles

Even in those flames : his blood thick-panting, boyles

In unseen fire. Who such tormenting pains

With more then manly fortitude sustains.

Yet grieves, that by a slothful death he fals

520 Without a wound : *Anceus* happy calls.

His aged father, brothers, sisters, wife,

Now groaning names, with his last words of life :

Perhaps his mother. Flames, and pains increase ;

Again they languish ; and together cease.

525 To liquid air his vanisht spirits turn :

The sab'le coals in shrouds of ashes mourn.

Low lyes high *Calydon* : the young, the old,

Ignoble, noble, all their griefs unfold.

The *Calydonian* matrons cut their hair ;

Deflower their beauties : cry, woe and despair !

530 His hoary head with dust his father hides ;

Lyes groveling on the ground ; and old age chides.

For now his mother, by her guilt pursu'd,

Revengeing steel in her own brest imbru'd :

Though *Phæbus* would an hundred tongues bestow,

A wit that should with full invention flow,

535 All *Helicon* infuse into my brest ;

His sisters sorrows could not be exprest.

Themselves forgetting decency, deface :

While he retains a body, that imbrace ;

Kisse his pale lips : when turn'd to ashes, they

540 The ashes in their bruised bosoms lay :

Fall on his tomb ; his name, that there appears

Imbrace, and fill the characters with tears.

But when *Diana's* wrath was satisfide

With *Oenius* misery : they all (beside

Fair *Gorge* and the lovely *Deianire*)

545 On plummy pinions, by her power aspire ;

With long extended wings, and beaks of horn :

Who through the air in varied shapes are born.

Mean while to *Pallas* towres *Ægides* hies

(His part perform'd in that joynt enterprize)

550 Whose hast rain-raised *Achelous* stand.

Renoun'd *Cecropian* Prince, the River said,

Vouchsafe my roof ; nor to the impetuous flood

Commit thy person. Oft huge logs of wood,  
 And Broken rocks, downe-tumble, lowdly rote.  
 555 Heard with their stalls not seldome heretofore  
 Hurried away : nor was the Oxe of force  
 To keepe his stand ; nor swiftnesse sav'd the Horse.  
 And when dissolved snow from mountaines pour'd,  
 Their violent whirlepits many have devour'd.  
 More safe to stay untill the current run  
 560 Within his bounds. To whom *Ægeus* son :  
 'Twere folly, if not madnesse to refuse  
 Thy house, and counsell : both I meane to use.  
 Then enters his large cave, where Nature playd  
 The Artisan ; of hollow Pumice made,  
 And rugged Tofus, floor'd with humid mosse :  
 565 The rooffe pure white, and purple shels imbosse.  
 Now had *Hyperion* past two parts of day :  
 When *Theseus*, with the partners of his way,  
*Pyrrhous*, and *Lelex* the renowne  
 Of *Trezen*, now appearing gray ; sat downe :  
 570 And whom the River, glad of such a guest,  
 Preferd unto the honour of his feast.  
 Forth-with barefooted Nymphs bring in the meat :  
 That t'ane away, upon the table set  
 Crown'd cups of wine. When *Theseus* turnd his face :  
 575 To under seas ; and pointing, said ; What place  
 Is yon', and of what name, that stands alone ;  
 And yet me thinks it should be more then one.  
 It is not one the courteous Flood replies ;  
 But five ; their neighbourhood deceives your eyes.  
 580 The lesse t'admire *Diana*, late despit'd,  
 Five Nymphs they were : who having sacrific'd  
 Ten beeves, invited to their festivall  
 The rurall Gods ; my selfe forgot by all.  
 At this I swell : and never greater, roule  
 585 With streames as much enraged as my soule.  
 The woods from woods, and fields from fields I teare  
 With them, the Nymphs (now mindfull of me) beare  
 In exile to the deepe : whose waves, with mine,  
 That then-united masse of earth dis-joyne  
 Into as many peeces, as in seas  
 590 Are of the flood-imbrac't *Echinades*.  
 Yet see one Isle, far, O far off remov'd !  
 Call'd *Perimele* ; once by me belov'd.  
 I, from this Nymph, her virgin honour tooke.

Hippodamas

- Hippodamas* his daughter could not brooke :
- 595 But cast her from a rock into the deepe.  
Whom, while my loving streames from sinking keepe;  
I said; O *Neptune*, thou that do'st command  
The wandering waves, that beat upon the land;  
To whom we Rivers run, in whom we end;  
Incline a gentle eare. I did offend
- 600 Whom I support: O kind and equall prove!  
Had but *Hippodamas* a fathers love,  
Or had he not beene so inhumane; he  
Would both have pitied her, and pardon'd me.  
Her whom his fury hath from earth exil'd,  
When in the troubled waves he cast his child;
- 605 A place afford: or let her be a place  
Which I may ever with my streames imbrace.  
His head the King of Surges forward shooke:  
And, in assenting, all the Ocean strooke.  
The Nymph yet swims; although with feare oppress.  
I laid my hand upon her panting breff:
- 610 While thus I handled her, I might perceive  
The earth about her stifning Body cleave.  
Now, with a masse infolded, as she swims,  
An Island rose from her transformed lims.  
He held his peace. This admiration won
- 615 In all: derided by *Ixion's* son:  
By nature rough, and one who did despise  
All-able Gods: who said; thou tel'st us lyes,  
And think'st the Gods too potent: as if they  
Could give new shapes, or take our old away.  
His saying all amaz'd and none approv'd:
- 620 Most *Lelex*, ripe in age and wisdom, mov'd.  
Heavens power, immense and endlesse, none can shun;  
Said he; and what the Gods would doe is done,  
To check your doubt; on *Thrygian* hills there growes  
An Oake by a Line-tree, which old walls inclose.
- 625 My selfe this saw, while I in *Thrygia* staid;  
By *Pitibius* sent: where erst his father swaid.  
Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground;  
Where Cootes, and fishing Cormorants abound.  
*Iove*, in a humane shape; with *Mercurie*,
- 630 (His heeles unwing'd) that way their steps apply.  
Who guest-rites at a thousand houses crave,  
A thousand shut their doores, One onely gave.  
A small thatch't Cottage: where, a pious wife

Old *Baucis*, and *Philemon*, led their life.

Both equal-ag'd. In this, their youth they spent :

In this, grew old : rich only in content.

Who poverty, by bearing it, declin'd :

And made it easie with a cheerful minde.

None master, nor none servant, could you call,

They who command, obey, for two were all.

Five hither came, with his *Cyllenian* mate,

And stooping, enters at the humble gate.

Sit down, and take your ease, *Philemon* said.

While busie *Baucis* straw-stuff cushions laid :

Who stird abroad the glowing coals, that lay

In smothering ashes, rack't up yester-day.

Dry bark, and withered leaves, thereon she throwes :

Whose feeble breath to flame the cinders blowes.

Then slender clefts, and broken branches gets :

And over all a little Kettle sets.

Her husband with the cool-flowers, cuts their leaves,

Which from his grateful Garden he receives :

Took down a flitch of Bacon with a Prung,

That long had in the smokie chimney hung :

Whereof a little quantity he cuts :

And it into the boyling liquor puts.

This seething, they the time beguile with speech :

Unfensible of stay. A bowl of Beech,

There, by the handle hung upon a pin :

This fills he with warm water, and therein

Washes their feet. A mosse-stuff bed and pillow,

Lay on a homely bed-steed made of willow :

A coverlet us'd but at feasts they spread :

Though coarse, and old, yet fit for such a bed.

Down lye the Gods. The palsie-shaken Dame

Sets forth a table with three legs, one lame,

And shorter then the rest, a pot share rears :

This, now made level, with green Mint she clears,

Whereon they party-colour'd Olives set,

Autumnal Cornels, in tart pickle wet,

Cool Endiff, Radish, new Eggs roasted rear,

And late-press'd Cheese, which earthen dishes bear.

A Goblet, of the self-same silver wrought,

And bowles of Beech, with wax well varnisht, brought.

Hot victuals from the fire were forthwith sent :

Then wine, not yet of perfect age, present.

This ta'ne away, the second course now comes !

Philberts.

- Philberds, dry Figs, with rugged Dates, ripe Plums,  
 Sweet-smelling Apples, distill in Osier twines ;  
 And purple grapes new gather'd from their vines :  
 680 I'th'midst, a honey comb, Above all these ;  
 A chearful look, and ready will to please.  
 Mean-while, the maple cup it self doth fill :  
 And oft exhausted, is replenisht still.  
 Astonisht at the miracle ; with fear  
 685 *Philemon*, and the aged *Baucis*, rear  
 Their trembling hands in pray'r : and pardon crave,  
 For that poor entertainment which they gave.  
 One Goose they had, their cottages chief guard ;  
 Which they to hospitable Gods award :  
 690 Who long their slow pursuit deluding, flies  
 To *Jupiter* ; so sav'd from sacrifice.  
 W're Gods, said they ; Revenge shall all destroy :  
 You in this ruine shall your lives enjoy.  
 Together leave your house ; and to yon'hill  
 695 Follow our steps. They both obey their will ;  
 The Gods conducting : feebly both ascend ;  
 Their staves, with theirs ; they, with times burden bend.  
 A flight-shot from the top, review they take ;  
 700 And see all swallowed by a mighty lake :  
 Their house excepted. While they this admire,  
 Lament their neighbours ruine, and desire  
 To see their cottage, which doth only keep  
 Its place ; while for the places fate they weep ;  
 705 That humble shed, too little even for two,  
 Become a Fane. Two columns crotches grew ;  
 The thatch and roof shine with bright gold ; the doors  
 Divinely carv'd ; the pavement Marble floors.  
 While fearful *Baucis* and *Philemon* pray'd,  
 710 *Saturnius* with a chearful count'nance said :  
 Thou just old man ; and thou good woman, who  
 Deserv'st so just a husband : what do you  
 In chief desire ? They talk awhile alone ;  
 Then thus to *Jove* their common wish make known.  
 We crave to be your Priests, this Fane to guard.  
 715 And since in all our lives we never jarr'd,  
 Let one hour both dissolve : nor let me be  
 Intomb'd by her, nor she intomb'd by me.  
 Their suit is sign'd. The Temple they possess,  
 As long as life. With time and age oppress,  
 720 As now they stood before the sacred gate,

And call to memory that places fate,  
*Philemon* saw old *Baucis* freshly sprout :  
 And *Baucis* saw *Philemon* leaves thrust out.  
 Now on their heads aspiring branches grew,  
 While they could speak, they spake : at once adieu  
 15 They joyntly said : at once the creeping rine  
 Their trunks inclos'd, at once their shapcs resigne.  
 They of *Tyana* to this present show  
 These neighbour trees that from two bodies grow.  
 Old men, nor like to lye, nor vain of tongue,  
 This told. I saw their boughs with garlands hung :  
 20 And hanging fresher, said, Who Gods before  
 Receiv'd, be such : adorers, we adore.

The tale, and teller, wonder, and belief,  
 Provokt in all, but *Theseus* mov'd in chief.  
 Who covetous to hear such deeds as these :  
 The *Calydonian* River, prest to please,  
 25 In this fort, leaning on his elbow, spake.  
 There be, who ever keep the form they take :  
 Others have power themselves, at will, to change,  
 As thou blew *Proteus*, that in seas do'st range.  
 Who now a Man, a Lyon now appears,  
 30 Now, a fell Bore : a Serpents shapc now bears.  
 A Bull, with threatning horns, now seem'ft to be :  
 Now, like a Stone, now, like a spreading Tree.  
 And sometimes like a gentle River flowes :  
 Sometimes like Fire, averse to Water, shoves.

35 *Antolius* his wife, the daughter to  
 Lead *Erisichthon*, things as strange could do. .  
 He was her father, who the Gods despis'd :  
 Nor ever on their Altars sacrific'd.  
 Who *Ceres* groves with steel profan'd : where stood  
 40 An old huge Oak, even of it self a Wood.  
 Wreaths, ribands, grateful tables, deckt his boughs,  
 And sacred stem, the Dues of powerful Vowes.  
 Full oft the *Dryades*, with chaplets crown'd,  
 45 Danc't in his shade, full oft they tript a Round  
 About his bole. Five cubits three times told,  
 His ample circuit hardly could infold.  
 Whose stature other trees as far exceeds,  
 As other trees surmount the humble weeds.  
 Yet this his fury rather did provoke :  
 Who bids his servants fell the sacred Oake.  
 And snatches, while they paus'd, an Ax from one :

Thus

- Thus storming : Not the Goddesse-lov'd alone,  
 But though this were the Goddesse, she should down,  
 And sweeꝑ the earth with her aspiring crown.  
 As he advanc't his arms to strike ; the Oake  
 765 Both sigh'd and trembled at the threatning stroke.  
 His leaves and Acorns, pale together grew :  
 And colour changing branches sweat cold dew.  
 Then wounded by his impious hand, the blood  
 Gusht from th'incision in a purple flood.
- 770 Much like a mighty Ox, that falls before  
 The sacred altar ; spouting streams of gore.  
 On all amazement seiz'd : when One of all  
 The crime deters ; nor would his Ax let fall,  
 Contracting his stern browes ; Receive, said he,  
 Thy pieties reward ; and from the tree  
 775 The stroke converting, lops his head, then strake  
 The Oak again : from whence a voice thus spake ;  
 A Nymph am I, within this tree inshrind,  
 Belov'd of Ceres. O prophane of minde,  
 Vengeance is near thee. With my parting breath  
 780 I prophesie : a comfort to my death.  
 He still his guilt pursues : who overthrowes  
 With cables, and innumerable blowes,  
 The sturdy Oak : which, nodding long, down rusht ;  
 And in his lofty fall his fellows crusht.
- Their sister, and their grove, the Nymphs lament ;  
 785 Who, hid in fable vales, to Ceres went ;  
 On *Erisichthon* just revenge require :  
 Who readily consents to their desire.  
 The fair-brow'd Goddesse shakes her shining hairs :  
 With that, the fields shook all their golden ears.  
 Who to a merciless revenge proceeds
- 790 (Had he deserved mercy by his deeds)  
 By starving. But, since not by fatal doom,  
 Ceres, and *Famine* might together come ;  
 A Nymph, one of the light *Oreades*,  
 Dispatcheth thither, with such words as these.
- 795 In frosty *Scythia* lies a land, forlome,  
 And barren ; bearing neither fruit, nor corn.  
 Numb Cold, pale Hew, chil Ague, there abide ;  
 And meager *Famine*, Bid that Fury glide  
 Into his cursed entrails, and devour
- 800 All plenty : let her rage subdue my power.  
 But lest long wayes they journey tedious make :

My chariot, and my yoked dragons take.  
 Taking her chariot, through the empty skies  
 To *Scythia*, and rough *Caucasus* she flies.  
 There, in a stony field, sad *Famine* found,  
 Tearing with teeth, and nailes the foodlesse ground :  
 With snarled haire, sunk eyes, lookes pale and dead,  
 Lips white with slime, thin teeth with rust ore-spred,  
 Through her hard skin the writhel'd guts appeare,  
 Her huckle-bones stuck up, a valley where  
 Her belly should ascend, her dry breasts hung  
 So lanke, as if they to her back had clung :  
 By falling flesh the rising joynts augment,  
 Round knees and ankles leanely eminent.  
 Espi'd far off (she durst not be so bo'd  
 To come too neere) the Nymph her message told.  
 After a little stay, although she were  
 Farre off, although but now arrived there,  
 She famine felt Who wheelles about her Snakes,  
 And her high passage to *Aemonia* takes.

*Famine* obayes the Goddesses command,  
 Though their endeavours still opposed stand.  
 Who, by a tempest hurried through the skyes,  
 Enters the wretches rooffe : besides him lyes,  
 Then fast asleepe : (for now Nights heavy charmes  
 All eyes had clos'd) imbrac't him in her armes,  
 Her selfe infus'd, breathes on his face and breast :  
 And emptie veines with hungers rage posselt.  
 This thus perform'd, forsakes the fruitfull earth :  
 And back returns to her abodes of dearth.  
 Sound Sleepe as yet with pleasurable wings  
 On *Erisichthon* gentle slumber flings.  
 Who dreames of feasts, extends his idle jawes,  
 With labouring teeth fantastickly chews.  
 Deludes his throat by swallowing empty fare :  
 And for affected food devoures the ayre.  
 Awak't ; hot famine raves through all his veines :  
 And in his guts, and greedy pallat raignes.  
 Forth-with, what Sea, what Earth, what Ayre affords,  
 Acquites : complaines of starving at full bords.  
 In banquets, banquets seekes. What might alone  
 Have Townes and Nations fed, suffice not one.  
 Hunger increaseth with increast repast.  
 And as all rivers to the Ocean hast,  
 Who thirsty still, drinks up the stranger floods :

- As ravenous fires refuse no profferd foods,  
 845 Huge pyles receive, the more they have, the more  
 By much desire, made hungry with their store.  
 So *Erisichthon*, of a mind prophane,  
 Full dishes empties, and demands againe.  
 Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat,  
 Who ever empty, still prepares to eat.  
 850 His bellies gulfe his patrimony wasts :  
 Consuming famine yet unlesned lasts,  
 And his insatiable throates extent.  
 Now all his wealth, into his bowels sent :  
 A daughter left, unworthy such a Sire,  
 The begger sold to feed his hungers fire.  
 855 Her noble thoughts base servitude disdaine :  
 Who now her hands extending to the Maine,  
 O thou that hadst my maiden-head, said she,  
 Thy ravisht spoyle from hated bondage free !  
*Neptune* had this : who to her prayer consents.  
 860 And, though then by her master seene, prevents  
 His following search : transforming of his Rase  
 Into a man, maskt in a fishers shape.  
 Angler, her master said, that with thy bait  
 Conceal'st thy hooke, so prosper thy deceit ;  
 So rest the sea compos'd, so may the fish  
 865 Be credulous, and taken at thy wish ;  
 As thou reveal'st her, who in garments poore,  
 And ruffled haire, late stood upon this shore.  
 For here, but very now, I saw her stand :  
 Nor father trace her foot-steps in the sand.  
 She, *Neptunes* bounty finding, well apaid  
 870 To be inquir'd for of her selfe, thus said.  
 Pardon me Sir, who e're you are, my eyes  
 Have beene attentive on this exercise.  
 To win beliefe, so may the God of Seas,  
 Assist my cunning in such arts as these :  
 As late nor man nor maid I saw before  
 875 Your selfe, my selfe excepted, on this shore.  
 He credits, and beguil'd, the shore forsook :  
 When she againe her former figure took.  
 Her father, seeing she could change her shape,  
 Oft sold her ; who as often made escape.  
 880 Now hart-like, now a cow, a bird, a mare :  
 And fed his hunger with ill-purchast fare.  
 But when his maladic all meanes had spent ;

And he had given it the last nourishment ;  
Now to devour his proper flesh proceeds,  
385 And by diminishing, his body feeds.  
What need I dwell on forrain facts ? even we  
Can vary shapes, though limited they be.  
Now seem I as I am ; oft like a Snake :  
And many times a Bulls-horn'd figure take.  
390 But while I horns assum'd, one thus was broke.  
As you behold. This, with a sigh, he spoke.

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# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Ninth Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**A** *Serpent Achelous : now a Bull :*  
*His severed Horn with plenty ever full.*  
*Licas a Rock. Alcides sunk in flame,*  
*Ascends a God. The labour-helping Dame*  
*A Weasel. Lotis, flying lust, becomes*  
*A Tree : the like sad Dryope in arms.*  
*Old Iolaus waxeth young again.*  
*Callirrho'es Infants suddenly grow Men.*  
*Byblis a weeping Fountain. Iphis, now*  
*A Boy, to Isis payes his Maiden Vow.*

**H**E, who his high descent from Neptune draws,  
 Of his so sad a sigh demands the cause,  
 And maimed brow. When thus the God proceeds;  
 His dangling curls impal'd with quivering reeds.  
 A heavy task you impose : his own disgrace  
 Who would revive ? Yet was it not so base  
 To be subdu'd, as noble to contend :  
 And such a Victor doth by foyl defend.  
 Have you not heard of fair-cheekt *Deianire* ?  
 The envi'd hope of many : the desire  
 Of all that knew her. We, with others, went  
 To *Oeneus* Court, to purchase his consent,  
*Paribans* son, make me thy son in law ;  
 I, and *Alcides* said : the rest with-draw.

- He, with his father *Iove*, his Labours fame,  
 15 And Step-dames vanquish't tasks, inforc't his clame.  
 'Twere shame, said I, that deathlesse Gods, to men  
 Who dye, should stoope. (A God he was not then.)  
 These ever-living waters I command,  
 That wind in endlesse currents through thy land,  
 Thy Son no stranger is, if I be He :  
 20 But of thy country and a friend to thee :  
 And be't no prejudice; that *Iuno's* hate,  
 Nor punishing imployments presse my fate.  
 If from *Alcmena* you your being drew :  
*Iove's* your false father, or the crime is true.  
 25 You seeke a Father in a mothers shame,  
 Or be not *Iove's*, or take a bastards name.  
 He, all this while, with eyes that sparkle fire,  
 Vpon me frown'd : and weakly rules his ire.  
 Then onely said ; My hand my tongue exceeds :  
 30 Winne thou with words, so I subdue with deeds.  
 With that, fell on. To speake so big, and shrink,  
 I shame : and let my wave-greene Mantle sink ;  
 My armes oppose, my hands for feaure prest :  
 And every fitted part for fight addrest.  
 35 He throwes dust on me with his hollow hand :  
 And I againe besprinkle him with sand.  
 Now catches at my neck, now at my thighes,  
 Or proffer makes : and every lim applies.  
 But me my waight defends ; in vaine he strives.  
 40 Much like as when a roling billow drives  
 Against a rock : the rock repels his pride ;  
 By his owne poisure firmly fortifi'd.  
 Both for a while with-drew : againe we meete,  
 And strongly keepe our stands ; feete joyne to feete.  
 With that I rusht upon him with my brest.  
 45 My fingers, his, my brow his fore-head prest.  
 So have I seene two Bulls with horrid might  
 Together close ; the motive of their fight  
 The fairest Cow in all those fields : the Heard  
 With feare expecting which should be preferr'd.  
 50 Thrice *Hercules* did all his force incline  
 (As oft in vaine) to free his brest from mine.  
 The fourth assay my strong imbrace unbound :  
 And from my grasping armes his body wound.  
 Then turning me about (truth guides my tongue)  
 Vpon my back with all his burden hung.

- 55 If I have faith (this ly can find no way  
To praise) on me, me thought a mountaine lay.  
Scarce could I clasp my armes, all froch'd with sweat:  
Scarce from his gripes could I my body get:  
Still pressing on, he gives nor time to breathe,  
Nor gather strength: my powers my trust deceave.
- 60 At last, his yoking armes my neck command:  
When, puld upon my knees, I bit the sand.  
My native flight my weaker force supply'd:  
I from him like a lengthfull Serpent glide.  
Now in contracted folds I forward sprung:
- 65 Horridly hissing with my forked tongue.  
He laughs; and flouts my cunning in this sort:  
To strangle Serpents was my cradles sport.  
Though other Dragons to thy conquest bow:  
To dire *Lernean Hydra* what art thou?
- 70 Her wounds were fruitfull: from each sever'd head;  
Each of her hundred necks two fiercer bred:  
More strong by twining haire. These thus renew'd  
And multiply'd by death, I twice subdu'd.
- 75 What hope hast thou, a forged Snake, to scape?  
That fight'st with other armes; and begst thy shape.  
This said; my neck his grasping fingers clincht;  
And scruz'd my throate; as if with pincers wrindt:  
While from his gripes I strove my jawes to pull,
- 80 Twice over-come; now, like a furious Bull,  
Once more his terrible assaults oppose.  
His armes about my swelling chest he throwes,  
And following, hales: my home (my head turn'd round)  
Fixt on the earth; and threw me on the ground.
- 85 My brow (that not sufficing) disadomes:  
By breaking one of my ingaged hornes.  
The *Naiades* with fruits and flowers this fill:  
Wherein abundant plenty riots still.  
Here *Achelous* ends. One lovely-faire,
- 90 Girt like *Diana's* Nymph, with flowing haire,  
Came in; and brought the wealthy Horne; repleat  
With Autumnes store, and fruit serv'd after meat.  
Day sprung; and mountaine shone with early beames.  
His Guests depart: nor stay till peacefull streames
- 95 Glide gently downe, and keepe their bounded race.  
Sad *Achelous* now his rustick face,  
And maymed head within the current shrowds.  
This blemish much his former beauty clouds;

- All else compleat. The damage of his browes  
 100 He shades with flaggy wreathes, and fallow boughes.  
 But *Deranira*, *Nessus*, was thy wrack :  
 A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.  
*Joves* son, with his new wife ; to *Thebes* his course  
 Directing ; came t' *Euenns* rapid source.  
 105 The big-swoln streams increast with winters rain,  
 And whirling round, their passage now restrain.  
 For her he fears : fear for himself abhorr'd,  
 When strong-limb'd *Nessus* came, who knew the Ford ;  
 And said ; I safely will transport thy Bride :  
 110 Mean-while swim thou unto the other side.  
 To him *Alcides* his pale wife betakes :  
 Who, fearing both the flood, and *Nessus*, quakes.  
 Charg'd with his quiver, and his Lions skin  
 (His club and bow before thrown over) in  
 The Heros leaps, and said, How'ever vast,  
 115 These waves, since undertaken, shall be past.  
 And confident, nor seeks the smoothest wayes :  
 Nor by declining entertains delays.  
 Now over ; stooping for his bow, he heard  
 His wives shrill shrieks ; and *Nessus* saw, prepar'd  
 120 To violate his trust. Thou ravisher,  
 What hope, said he, can thy vain speed confer ?  
 Holla, thou half a beast ; withhold thy flight ;  
 I wish thee hear ; nor intercept my right :  
 If no respect of me can fix thy trust,  
 Yet, let thy Fathers wheele restraine thy lust.  
 125 Nor shalt thou scape revenge ; how ever fleet,  
 Wounds shall o're-take thy speed, though not my feet.  
 The last, his deeds confirm ; for as he fled,  
 An arrow struck his back : the barbed head  
 Past through his breast : Tug'd out, a crimson flood  
 130 Spouts both wayes ; mixt with *Hydras* poy's'nous blood,  
 This *Nessus* took ; and softly said : yet I,  
*Alcides*, will not unrevenged dye.  
 And gave his rape a robe, dipt in that gore ;  
 This will (said he) the heat of love restore.  
 Long after (all the ample world possest  
 135 With his great acts, and *Junos* hate increast)  
 From raz'd *Oechalia* hastning his remove,  
 To sacrifice unto *Cenean Jove* :  
 Fames babblings, *Deianira*'s fears surpris'd  
 (Who falsehood addes to truth, and grows by lies)

- 140 How *Iole*, *Amphitryonides*  
 With love inthrall'd. Stung with this strong disease  
 The troubled lover credits what she fears.  
 At first she nourisheth her grief with tears :  
 Which weeping eyes diffuse. Then said ; But why  
 Weep we ? the Strumpet in these tears will joy.  
 145 Since she will come, some change attempt I must ;  
 Before my bed be stained with her lust.  
 Shall I complain ? be mute ? shift houses ? stay ?  
 Return to *Calydon*, and give her way ?  
 Or call to mind that I am sister to  
 150 Great *Meleager*, and some mischief do ?  
 What injur'd woman ; what the spleenful woe  
 Of jealousy ; by harlots death, can show ?  
 Her thoughts, long toy'd with change, now fixed stood  
 To send the garment dipt in *Nessus* blood ;  
 To quicken fainting love. The present she  
 155 To *Lycas* gave (as ignorant as he)  
 And her own sorrow. Who with good intent,  
 And kinde respects, the robe t'her husband sent.  
 Which now the unsuspecting Heroe wore :  
 Wrapt in the poyson of *Echidna's* gore.  
 Who praying, new-born flames with incense fed :  
 160 And Bowls of wine on Marble Altars shed.  
 The spreading mischief works : with heat dissolv'd,  
 The manly limbs of *Hercules* involv'd.  
 Who, whilst he could, with usual fortitude  
 His groines suppress'd. All patience now subdu'd  
 With such extreams ; the Altar down he flings :  
 165 And shady *Oeta* with his clamour rings.  
 Forth-with, to tear the torture off, he strives :  
 The riven robe, his skin that lines it, rives ;  
 Or to his limbs unseparably cleaves ;  
 Or his huge bones and sinews naked leaves.  
 170 As fire-red steel in water drencht ; so toyles  
 His hissing blood, and with hot poyson boyles.  
 No mean ! the greedy flames his intrals eat ;  
 And all his body flowes with purple sweat :  
 His scorched sinews crack, his marrow fries.  
 175 Then to the Stars his hands advancing, cries.  
 Feast, *Juno* on our harms. O, from on high  
 Behold this plague ! thy cruel stomach cloy.  
 If soes may pity purchase (such are we ;)  
 This life, with torments vext ; long sought by thee ;

180 And born to toyl, receive. For death would prove  
 To me a blessing : and a Step-dames love  
 May such a blessing give. Have I this gain'd,  
 For slain *Busiris* ; who *Joves* temple stain'd  
 With strangers blood ? That from the earth earth-bred  
*Aeneas* held ? Whom *Geryons* triple head,  
 185 Nor thine, *O Cerberus*, could once dismay ?  
 These hands, these made the *Cretan* Bull obay ;  
 Your labours, *Elis* ; smooth *Stymphalian* floods,  
 Confesse wi:h praises ; and *Parthenian* woods.  
 You got the golden Belt of *Thermodon* :  
 190 And Apples from the se' plesse Dragon won.  
 Nor cloud-born *Centaures*, nor th' *Arcadian* Bore,  
 Could me resist : nor *Hydra* with her store  
 Offrightful heads ; which by their losse increast.  
 I, when I saw the *Thracian* Horses feast  
 195 With humane flesh, their mangers over-threw :  
 And with his Steeds, their wicked Master slew.  
 These hands the *Hemean* Lion chokt : these quell'd  
 Huge *Cacus*, and these shoulders heaven up-held.  
*Joves* cruel wife grew weary to impose :  
 200 I never to perform. But O, these woes,  
 This new-found plague, no vertue can repel ;  
 Nor armes, nor weapons ! Hungry flames of hell  
 Shoot through my veins ; and on my liver prey.  
*Eurystheus* yet triumphs : and some will say  
 205 That there be Gods ! Here his complaint he ends ;  
 And high rais'd steps o're lofty *Oeta* bends,  
 Hurried with anguish : like a Bull, that bears  
 A wounding javelin ; whom the wonder fears.  
 Oft should you see him quake, oft groan, oft striving  
 To tear his garments ; solid trees up-riving,  
 210 Inraged with the mountains, and then rears  
 His scorched armes unto his fathers spears.  
 Hid in a hollow Rock, he *Lycas* spies :  
 When torture had posselt his faculties.  
 With all her furies. *Lycas* didst thou give  
 This horrid gift said he ? Think'st thou to live ;  
 215 Lying by thy treason ? While he quakes,  
 Looks ghastly pale, unheard excuses makes ;  
 While yet he spake, while to his knees he clung ;  
 Caught by the heels, about his head thrice swung,  
 Him into deep *Euboean* surges threw ;  
 220 (As engines stones) who hardned as he flew.

- As falling showers congeal'd with freezing winds,  
 Convert to snow ; as snow together binds,  
 And rouling round in solid haile descends :  
 So while the aire his forced body rends,  
 225 Bloodlesse with terror, all his moisture gone ;  
 That Age reports him chang'd to rugged stone :  
 And still within *Eubæas* gulphy deepes :  
 A small rocke lies, which mans proportion keepes :  
 Whereon the mariners forbear to fall,  
 As if t'had sense : and this they *Lycas* call.
- 230 But thou, *Ioves* God-like son ( a Pyle with store  
 Of trees advanc't, which lofty *Oeta* bore )  
 Thy Bow and ample Quiver ( wherein lye  
 Those arrowes, that againe must visit Troy )  
 Bequeath't to *Pearus* Heire : who catching fire  
 235 Puts to the Pyle. While greedy flames aspire ;  
 Thou on the top thy Lyons spoyle didst spread :  
 And layst thereon ( thy club beneath thy head )  
 With such a looke ; as if a crowned Guest  
 Amidst full goblets, at a mirthfull feast.
- 240 Now all imbracing flames a crackling made :  
 And their Contemnners patient limmes invade.  
 The Gods much thought for Earths Defender took :  
 When thus *Saturnius*, with a cheerefull looke :  
 This grieve, you Gods, is our delight : with all  
 245 Our soule we joy, that such a people call  
 Vs King and Father ; who so gratefull are,  
 And of our progeny expresse such care :  
 For though his noble acts deserve as much ;  
 You us oblige. But lest vaine terrors touch  
 250 Your loyall hearts, let not these flames displease :  
 Who conquered all, shall also conquer these.  
*Vulcan* shall but his mothers part subdue :  
 For that's immortall which from us he drew ;  
 And can nor taste of death, nor stoope to fire :  
 255 Which, freed from earth, shall to our joyes aspire !  
 This all your Deities I thinke will please.  
 If any grudge such grace to *Hercules*,  
 Nor would his honour ; let them envy still :  
 They shall confirme our act against their will.
- 260 The Gods assent. And *Iuno's* selfe accords ;  
 At least in show : yet *Iupiters* last words  
 Unsmooth her forehead with observ'd distaste.  
 What flame could vanquish, *Muciber* doth waste.

- And *Heracles*, not known by face, remains ;  
 165 Who nothing of his mothers form retains :  
 Now only *Jove*-like. As a Snake his years  
 Cast with his skin, and sprightly young appears  
 With glittering scales : so, the *Thyrrian*,  
 Having put off the habit of frail man,  
 170 Shines in his better part, and seems more great :  
 With awe-insufing majesty repleat,  
 Rapt in a chariot by almighty *Jove*,  
 Through hollow clouds unto the stars above.  
 Preft *Atlas* feels his waight. *Euristheus* ire  
 175 Ends not in death : his hatred to the Sire,  
 Pursues his race. *Alcmena*, worn with care ;  
 Had *Iole*, to whom she might declare  
 Her old wives plaints, her sons hard labours (known  
 Through broad-spread Earth) his fortunes, and her own.  
 Her *Hyllas*, by *Alcides* testament,  
 180 Took to his bed, with loves unforc't consent ;  
 And fill'd her womb with generous seed : when thus  
*Alcmena* : Be the Gods propitious,  
 And quick in working, when thy time draws near  
 To call *Ilithyia*, whom sad mothers fear :  
 185 To me made difficult by *Junos* spight.  
 For ten accomplisht signes, did now excite  
 My travel to *Alcides* birth ; whose waight  
 My belly stretcht : which bare so great a freight,  
 That you might swear it was begot by *Jove*,  
 190 When with intolerable pains I strove.  
 Now also, speaking, horror chills my heart :  
 And griefs remembred addes to grief a part.  
 Seven nights, seven dayes, thus rackt ; with anguish tir'd,  
 My hands upheld, with out-cries, I desir'd  
 195 *Lucina*'s aid, my burden to untie,  
 She came indeed, but pre-corrupted by  
*Joves* wife, to execute her deadly hate,  
 Hearing my groanes, she sat before the gate  
 On yonder Altar : her right knee upholds  
 200 Her crosse left ham ; whose fingers knit in folds  
 Delay'd delivery : and with mutter'd spels  
 Of secret power, the pressing birth repels.  
 I strive : and raving task ungrateful *Jove*,  
 Desire to die ; and breath complaints might move  
 205 Relentlesse flints. The *Cadmean* Dames were there ;  
 Who pray for me, and comfort my despair.

- Red-hair'd *Galanthis*, one of meane descent ;  
 In all employments stoutly diligent,  
 Beloved for her duty ; doth misdoubt  
 310 Malitious *Iuno*. Passing in and out,  
 She saw the Goddesse on the altar sit :  
 Her armes about her knees her fingers knit.  
 What ere you be, rejoyce with us, she said ;  
 Ioyfull *Alcmena* hath her belly laid.  
 The Goddesse, ruling child-birth, starting, rose :  
 315 And parting her linked fingers, eas'd my Throwes.  
 They say *Galanthis* laugh'd at this deceit :  
 Whom straight the flouted Goddesse, in a fret,  
 Drags by the haire ; nor suffers her to rise :  
 320 Forth-with her armes convert to leggs and thighes :  
 Agility and colour still abide :  
 Her shape transform'd. In that her mouth supply'd  
 Helpe to that child-birth, at her mouth she beares.  
 Nor now our still frequented houses feares.  
 325 This said, she sighes for her old Servants sake :  
 To whom her daughter, likewise sighing, spake.  
 You, Mother, sorrow for no kindreds fate.  
 But what if I the wondrous change relate  
 Of my poore sister ? Teares, and sorrow seaze  
 330 My troubled speech Of all th' *Oechalides*  
 For forme few might with *Dryope* compare ;  
 The onely child her dying mother bare :  
 I borne by a second wife. Her virgin flower  
 Being gathered by that over-mastring power,  
 Who in *Delos*, and in *Delfos* doth reside ;  
*Andromen* weds her : happy in his Bride,  
 335 A Lake there is, which shelving borders bound,  
 Much like a shore, with fragrant myrtles crown'd.  
 Hither came simple *Dryope* (what more  
 Afflicts me) to those Nymphs she garlands bore.  
 Her armes, her child, a pleasing burden, hold ;  
 340 Who suckt her breasts : not yet a twelve-month old :  
 Hard by the lake a flowry Lotusgrew,  
 (Expecting berries) of a crimson hew.  
 Thence pulling flowers, she gav'them to her son  
 To play withall ; so was I like t'have done :  
 345 For I was there. I saw the blood descend  
 From dropping twigs ; the boughes with horror bend,  
 And heard, too late ; how that a Nymph, who fled  
 From lust full *Priapus*, to quit her dread,

Assum'd  
 350 My Sister  
 And woe  
 But root  
 Who on  
 Ascendi  
 355 This seen  
 Leaves f  
 The chil  
*Eurytus*,  
 Now fin  
 360 I, a spee  
 Deare si  
 Yet, as I  
 Clung to  
 Intomb  
 Behold,  
 365 (Both w  
 When I  
 They kid  
 And, gro  
 Now all  
 Th'incro  
 With tea  
 370 Who, w  
 For spea  
 If Cre  
 I sweare  
 I never t  
 I suffer :  
 Or if I li  
 375 And, felo  
 This Infa  
 To some  
 Be fed w  
 Let him f  
 (When h  
 380 My deare  
 All lakes  
 But think  
 Deare H  
 If in you  
 Suffer no  
 385 Nor on m

Assum'd this shape, the name of *Lotus* kept.  
 70 My Sister, this not knowing backward stept;  
 And would depart, as soone as she had pray'd,  
 But rootes her feete, for all her struggling, stay'd.  
 Who only moves above. The bark increast,  
 Ascending from the bottome to her brest.  
 75 This scene, she thought t'have torn her hair, but teares  
 Leaves from their twigs, her head greene branches beares.  
 The child, *Amphisus* (for his grand-father  
*Eurytus*, did that name on him confer)  
 Now finds his mothers breasts both stiffe and dry.  
 80 I, a spectator of thy tragedy,  
 Deare sister, had in me no power of aid.  
 Yet, as I could, thy growing trunk I staid,  
 Clung to thy spreading boughs; and wisht that I  
 Intomb'd with thee, might in thy Lotus ly.  
 Behold, *Andromon* comes; with him, her Sire;  
 85 (Both wretched!) and for *Dryope* inquire:  
 When I for *Dryope* the Lotus shew'd.  
 They kisses on the yet warme wood bestow'd:  
 And, groveling on the ground, her roots imbrace.  
 Now all of thee, deare Sister, but thy face  
 Th'incroaching habit of a tree receives.  
 With teares she bathes her new created leaves.  
 90 Who, while she might, while yet a way remain'd,  
 For speaking passion; in this sort complain'd.  
 If Credit to the wretched may be given;  
 I swear by all the Powers inbowr'd in Heaven,  
 I never this deserv'd. Without a sin  
 I suffer: innocent my life hath bin.  
 Or if I lie, may my greene branches fade:  
 95 And, feld with axes, on the fire be layd.  
 This Infant, from his dying mother beare  
 To some kind Nurse: and often let him here  
 Be fed with milke; oft in my shaddow play.  
 Let him salute my tree; and sadly say,  
 (When he can speake) This Lotus doth containe  
 100 My dearest mother. Let him yet refraine  
 All lakes; nor ever dare to touch a flower:  
 But thinke that every tree inshrines a Power.  
 Deare Husband, Sister, Father, all farewell  
 If in your gentle hearts compassion dwell,  
 Suffer no axe to wound my tender boughes;  
 105 Nor on my leaves let hungry cattel brouse.

And

- And since I cannot unto you decline,  
 Ascend to me ; and joyne your lips to mine,  
 My little son, while I can kisse, advance,  
 But fate cuts off my failing utterance,  
 For now the softer rine my neck ascends,  
 350 And round about my leavy top extends.  
 Remove your hands, without the helpe of those ;  
 The wrapping bark my dying eyes will close.  
 So left to speake, and be, Yet humane heart  
 In her chang'd body long retain'd a seat,  
 355 While *Iole* this story told ; her eyes,  
 Fill'd with her teares, the kind *Alcmena* dryes,  
 And weeps her selfe. Behold, a better change  
 With joy defers this sorrow, nor lesse strange.  
 400 For *Iolaws*, twice a youth, came in,  
 The doubtfull downe now budding on his chin,  
 Faire *Hebe*, at her *Husbands* sute, on thee  
 This gift bestow'd. About to sweare that she  
 Would never give the like ; wife *Themis* said,  
 Forbeare ; Warre raves in *Thebes* by discord swayd :  
 405 And *Capaneus* but by *Iove* alone  
 Can be subdu'd. The brothers then shall grone  
 With mutuall wounds. The sacred Prophet, lost  
 In swallowing earth, alive shall see his Ghost.  
 His Sons red hands his mothers life extract,  
 T'appease his Sire ; a just yet wicked fact.  
 410 Rapt from his home and senses, with th'affright  
 Of staring furies, and his mothers Sprite,  
 Vntill his wife the fatal I gold demands :  
 Her husband murder'd by *Thebides* hands.  
 Then *Acheloian Callirhoe*  
 415 Shall *Iove* importune, that her infants may  
 Be turn'd to men : and due revenge require  
 (As he, for his) of those who slew their sire ;  
 Her prayers shall win consent from *Iove* : who then  
 Will bid thee make *Callirhoe's* children men.  
 This, *Themis* with prophetick rapture sung,  
 420 Among the Gods a grudging murmure sprung,  
 Why she this gift should not to others give.  
*Aurora* for her husbands age doth grieve ;  
*Ceres* complains of *Jasius* hoary haire ;  
*Vulcan* would *Erichthonius* youth repaire ;  
 425 And cares of time to come in *Venus* raigne,  
 That her *Anchises* might wax young againe.

All sue  
 In heigh  
 What  
 430 Think y  
 Old *Iola*  
 By fate  
 With yo  
 Even we  
 435 Pre'crib  
 Should t  
 Eternal  
 Nor sho  
 Despise  
 With su  
 440 These  
 Sith *Rha*  
 Decline  
 Made mi  
 But now  
 445 *Deionide*  
 This thro  
 Of *Phaeb*  
 But thou  
 Forsook  
 Through  
 450 Erecting  
 He, as th  
 For beau  
 Along hi  
 Who *Byb*  
*Byblis e*  
 455 *Byblis Ap*  
 Nor as a  
 Nor at th  
 Nor thou  
 460 Nor by in  
 Whom sh  
 Love by c  
 She frame  
 And envi  
 465 Yet know  
 In fighs a  
 Now call  
 Who wou

All sue for some : seditious favour strove  
In height of tumult ; thus suppress'd by *Jove*.

What mutter you ? Or where is your respect ?

430 Think you, you can the power of Fate subject ?

Old *Iolans* was by fate renew'd :

By fate *Callirrhoe*'s babes shall be indew'd

With youth : not by ambition, nor by warre.

Even we, that you may better brook it, are

435 Precrib'd by Fate. Which could we change ; not thus

Should time suppress our God-like *Æacus* :

Eternal youth should *Radamanthus* crown :

Nor should our *Minos* lose his old renown ;

Despised now through age : who heretofore,

With such a brave command his scepter bore.

440 These words of *Joves* the yeelding Gods asswage ;

With *Rhadamanth*' and *Æacus*, with age

Decline : and *Minos* whose youths active flame

Made mighty nations tremble at his name.

But now in minde and body Impotent,

445 *Deionides* *Miletus* fear'd ascent

This throne suspects ; adorn'd with youth, and Rile

Of *Phœbus* son : nor durst his fears exile.

But thou *Miletus*, of thy own accord

Forsook'st thy native home : and now aboard,

Through deep *Ægean* seas to *Asia* came :

450 Erecting there a city of thy name.

He, as the Nymph *Cyane* (excellent

For beauty) daughter to *Menander*, went

Along his winding banks, compress'd her there :

Who *Byblis* at one birth with *Careus* bare,

*Byblis* example lawlesse love reports :

455 *Byblis* *Apollineian* *Careus* loves,

Nor as a sister should a brother doe :

Nor at the first her own affections knew.

Nor thought it sin so eagerly to kisse :

460 Nor by imbracing to have done amisse.

Whom shadow of false piety beguiles ;

Love by degrees corrupts. Her dresse, and smiles,

She frames t'attract ; to seem too fair desires :

And envies whomsoever he admires.

465 Yet knows not her disease : no wishes rise

In sighs as yet ; and yet within she fries.

Now calls him Lord ; the due of blood disclaim'd :

Who would by *Byblis*, and not sister nam'd.

Nor

- Nor waking durst she harbour in her brest  
 470 A wanton hope ; but in dissolving rest  
 Her lover oft enjoys ; her senses keep  
 A festival ; yet blushes in her sleep.  
 Sleep fled ; long mute ; her dream again renues  
 By repetition : which she thus pursues.
- 475 Woe's me ! what boad these fantasies of night ?  
 If true, how wretched ! why should such delight ?  
 His heavenly form by envie is approv'd :  
 Who might, if not a brother, be belov'd ;  
 And merits my affections ( O too well )  
 If I were not his sister : there's my hell !
- 480 While waking, I endeavour no such ill,  
 May these bewitching dreams inchant me still !  
 No Spy could blab that imitated joy.  
 O *Venus*, and with thee, thou winged Boy !  
 What pleasure, what content had I that night !
- 485 How lay I all dissolved in delight !  
 With how much joy remembered ! short those joys ;  
 And hasty Night our happinesse envies.  
 Would I could change this wretched name of mine !  
 Or he the intrest in his blood resigne !  
 How well, O *Caurus*, might our father be
- 490 A father in law, or to thy self, or me !  
 O would to *Jove* we all in common held,  
 Except our birth ! though mine his birth exceld !  
 Who then ( O fairest ! ) wilt thou make a mother ?  
 How ill hath Nature linkt us to each other !
- 495 Still must thou be my brother : what I hate  
 I only have. What then prognosticate  
 These flattering visions ? What in these extreames,  
 Can dreams avail ? or is there weight in dreams ?  
 The Gods forbid ! Yet Gods their sisters wed.
- 500 *Saturn* and *Ops* had both one womb and bed,  
 So *Tethys* with *Oceanus* ; so *Jove*  
 Combines with *Juno* in eternal love.  
 Gods have peculiar lawes : how dare I draw  
 From them examples, bound t'another law ?  
 Die, die, forbidden flames, or let me die.
- 505 Then may my brother kisse me when I lie  
 On fable herse. Besides, the joynt consent  
 This craves of two. Say it should me content :  
 He may abhor it. Yet *Æolides*  
 Embraced his. Whence sprung such proofs as these !

90 O whether  
 A brother  
 Yet should  
 His love  
 Then shal  
 95 Sue first ?  
 I can : I o  
 Yet letters  
 This ple  
 Her doub  
 And leani  
 90 We will (   
 O, whithe  
 These thou  
 One holds  
 Begins, do  
 95 Notes, raz  
 Throwes a  
 Her will sh  
 Soft shame  
 She had wr  
 90 Defacing,  
 Health t  
 Whose heal  
 To tell you  
 If you wou  
 O let me pl  
 95 Until my h  
 Pale colour  
 Long sighs,  
 Frequent in  
 Observed )  
 90 To sute a fi  
 The deep di  
 And yet, al  
 Although in  
 Heavens wi  
 I try'd the u  
 The violent  
 95 Then you w  
 Against my  
 And with a  
 You may pr  
 Choose whic

O whether rapt ! you wicked flames, remove :

A brother, as befits a sister, love.

Yet should he first affect, perhaps I then

His love might cherish, and affect agen.

Then shall I, who would not his sute reject,

Sue first ? What, canst thou speak ? thy thoughts direct ?

I can : Love prompts. If shame my speech suppress,

Yet letters may my hidden flames confesse.

This pleas'd her, and a little satisfide

Her doubtful minde. When rais'd on her left side,

And leaning on her elbow. Hap what may,

We will (said she) our frantick love display.

O, whither slide I ! O what flames excite

These thoughts ? then fits her trembling hands to write :

One holds the wax, the style the other guides.

Begins, doubts, writes, and at the tables chides,

Notes, razes, changes oft, dislikes, approves,

Throwes all aside, resumes what she removes,

Her will she knowes not, no composure brooks :

Soft shame, and impudence strive in her looks.

She had writ Sister : that, as most unfit,

Defacing, took the tables, and thus writ.

Heal to her onely Love that Lover sends,

Whose heal alone upon your love depends.

To tell you who I am, alas, I shame.

If you would know my sute, without a name

O let me plead, nor be for *Byblis* known,

Until my hopes be to assurance grown.

Pale colour, leanness, ruthful looks, wet eyes,

Long sighs, which from concealed passion rise,

Frequent imbracements, and (if you so much

Observed) kisses of too hot a touch.

To sute a sisters coldnesse : these exprest

The deep distemper of my wounded brest.

And yet, although my soul the wound sustain'd,

Although in me a fiery fury reign'd,

Heavens witnesse, that I might at length be well,

I try'd the utmost, striving to repell.

The violent darts of *Cupid* : and far more

Then you would think a woman could, I bore.

Against my will, I now become your slave :

And with afflicted language pity crave.

You may preserve, you only can undoe :

Choose which you will. Nor sues a foe to you.

But

- 550 But who, too neere ally'd, would neerer joyne :  
 And in a strickter league of love combine.  
 Let old men know what's lawfull, good, or ill :  
 And to their frosty rules subject their will.  
 Rash *Venus* fits our yeares. Yet know not we
- 555 Intangling lawes : let us thinke all things free,  
 And imitate the Gods. Paternall awe,  
 Respect of fame, nor feare, can us with-draw :  
 Alone all diffidencie lay aside.  
 Our easie stealths a brothers name will hide.
- 560 We may in private talk ; converse and kisse,  
 Who ever by. What wants to crowne our blisse ?  
 O pity me, who have my love confest ;  
 Nor would, had not my utmost ardor prest :  
 Lest thy remorselesse cruelty be read  
 Vpon my monument, when I am dead.
- 565 The wax thus filld with her succeslesse wit ;  
 She verses in the utmost margent writ.  
 Then seales her shame : her parched tongue deny'd  
 To wet her gemme ; which weeping eyes supply'd.  
 She, blushing, calls a servant of knowne trust,
- 570 And flattering him a while ; My friend, thou must  
 See these with care, and secrecy, conuaid  
 To my ( there paus'd, and after) brother, said.  
 In their delivery the tables fell :  
 She, at that Omen, starts ; yet bids farewell.  
 The wary messenger attends his time :  
 And gives to *Cainus* her infolded crime.
- 575 Amaz'd *Meandrius* high in choler grew :  
 And on the ground the halfe-read tables threw.  
 About to strike ; Thou wicked instrument  
 Of horrid lust, said he, by flight prevent  
 My swords revenge : but that our infamy
- 580 Thy death would publish ; villain, thou shouldst dy.  
 He, frighted, flies ; and to his mistresse beares  
 The wrath of *Cainus*, *Byblis* quaking heares  
 Her sad repulse : a death-resembling cold  
 Besieg'd her heart, and vitall heat controld.  
 Yet, with her soule, her frantick love retumes :
- 585 Who, with scarce moving lips, thus softly mournes,  
 And worthily, Why, O too rash ! have I  
 Disclos'd this wound ? affections secrecy,  
 Who would so soone to headdy lines commit ?  
 First, with ambiguous words it had beene fit

T'have

T'have felt  
 I should have  
 And chosen  
 Swell despite  
 Now born  
 My sinking  
 Could not t  
 Of my desir  
 The tables f  
 Another day  
 O no, the da  
 And sure pr  
 My self, bef  
 And lively l  
 My moving  
 More could  
 About his ne  
 And, had he  
 Clung to his  
 This passion  
 Whereof, th  
 Yet altogeth  
 Perhaps the  
 In choice of  
 Nor took hin  
 This wrack  
 Nor Lyoness  
 Rough flint,  
 He must be w  
 My sute surc  
 The best, if v  
 Is not t'attem  
 For never wo  
 My strong de  
 Desisting, wo  
 Or that I tri  
 Or may conce  
 These extasie  
 Nor can I but  
 My will poll  
 No giving ba  
 Nought can I  
 This said ; c  
 so great a dis

I have felt his thoughts ; and train'd him to pursue.  
 I should have noted how the weather grew ;  
 And chosen a safe sea : but now my failles  
 Swell desperately with unperplexed gales.  
 Now born on crushing Rocks, the floods o're-beare  
 My sinking Bark ; nor can I back-ward steere.  
 Could not that Omen check the cherish'd scope  
 Of my desires ; when, with our blasted hope,  
 The tables fell ? should I not have assign'd  
 Another day ; or wholly chang'd my minde ?  
 O no, the day. This, Heaven foresaw'd by sad  
 And sure presages ; had I not been mad.  
 My self, before my letters, should have su'd ;  
 And lively love express'd : he should have view'd  
 My moving tears ; a Lovers pleading eyes :  
 More could I have spoke then letters can comprise.  
 About his neck my armes I might have wound ;  
 And, had he cast me off, appear to sown'd ;  
 Clung to his feet, and groveling, life implore.  
 This passion might have acted, and much more :  
 Whereof, though each particular had fail'd ;  
 Yet altogether joyn'd might have prevail'd.  
 Perhaps the blame-deserving messenger  
 In choice of time, or circumstance, did erre :  
 Nor took him, when his mind was pleas'd and free.  
 This wrackt my hopes. For of no i gresse he,  
 Nor Lyonesse was born : his gentle brest  
 Rough flint, hard steel, nor adamant invest.  
 He must be won, no sowre repulse shall make  
 My sute surcease, till life my breast for sake.  
 The best, if what is done were to begin,  
 Is not t'attempt ; next, what w'attempt, to win.  
 Or never would he, though I should o're-sway  
 My strong desires, forget this lewd assay.  
 Persisting, would condemn my love for light ;  
 Or that I tri'd to intrap him by this flight ;  
 Or may conceive that brutish lust did move  
 These extasies ; and not the God of love.  
 Or can I but have had a wicked mind ;  
 My will polluted ; which my hand hath sign'd.  
 No giving back can make me innocent ;  
 Nought can I adde to sin, Much to content.  
 This said ; one thought another doth controul ;  
 Great a discord wracks her wavering soul :

- Dislikes, yet acts : who never satisfi'd,  
 (Accurst) attempteth, to be oft deni'd.  
 This seene, he flies his country for her crime :
- 635 And builds a City in a forraine clime.  
 When wofull *Byblis*, raving through despaire,  
 Her garments, from her bruised bosome tare,  
 Striking her armes through fury, and proclames  
 In high distraction, her incestuous flames,
- 640 Hopelesse, her hated mansion she eschues :  
 And frantickly, her brothers flight pursues.  
 And as *Ismarian Bacchanals* (great son  
 Of *Semele*) struck with thy *Thyrus*, run  
 In thy *Triennials* : so *Bubasian Dances*.  
 Saw howling *Byblis* hurrying o're their plaines.
- 645 From these she wanders through the *Carian* bounds,  
 The warlike *Lelages*, and *Lycian* grounds :  
*Cragus*, *Lymira's* streames, the silver waves  
 Of *Xanthus* past ; and where *Chimera* raves  
 On craggy rocks ; with Lyons face and maine,  
 A Goates rough body, and a Serpents traine.
- 650 The woods were past : when thou, O *Byblis*, faint  
 With long pursuit, and passions strong constraint,  
 Sunk'st downe ; thy rusted haire on earth displaid :  
 Thy face upon the withered leaves low-layd.  
 The kind *Lelegian* Nymphs oft in their armes  
 Attempt to raise her : and with powerfull charmes
- 655 Of counsell, strive to cure her love-sicke mind.  
 Which at her deafned heart no entrance find.  
 She, grasping the greene rushes, silent lyes :  
 And bathes them in the rivers of her eyes.  
 The *Naiades* thrust under these a spring :  
 Their bounty could not give a greater thing.
- 660 As pitch distilleth from the barks black wound,  
 As stiffe Bitumen issues from the ground,  
 As floods, which frosts in icie fetters bind,  
 Thaw with th'approching Sun, and Southerne wind ;  
 Even so *Phæbeian Byblis*, spent in teares,
- 665 Becomes a living fountaine, which yet beares  
 Her name : and under a black Holme that grows  
 In those ranck vallies, plentifully flowes.  
 The fame of this so wonderfull a fate  
 Had fill'd *Creet's* hundred Cities ; if of late  
 The change of *Iphis*, generally knowne,  
 Had not produc't a wonder of their owne.

For *Thaſtus*, neere to *Gnoſſus*, foſtered  
 One, *Lygdus*, of un-noted parents bred :  
 How'ever free. Nor did his wealth exceed  
 His parentage : yet both in word and deed  
 Sincerely juſt, and of a blameleſſe life.  
 Who thus beſpake his now downe lying wife :  
 Two things I wiſh : that you your belly lay  
 With little paine ; and that it prove a boy.  
 A daughter is too chargeable, and we  
 Too poore to match her, If a girle it be,  
 I charge, what I abhorre (O Pietie  
 Forgive me ! ) that, as ſoone as borne, it die.  
 This having utter'd ; the commanded wept  
 And the Commander ; teares no meaſure kept.  
 Yet *Teletuſa* ſtill with fruitleſſe praire,  
 Deſires he would not in the Gods deſpaire.  
 But he too conſtant. Now her time was come,  
 And the ripe burden ſtretcht her heavy womb :  
 When *Imachis*, with all her ſacred band,  
 In dead of night, or ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand  
 Beſides her bed. Her browes a crowne adomes,  
 With eares of ſhining corne, and *Cymbian* hornes.  
 Barking *Anubis*, and *Bubestis* bright,  
 Black *Apis* ſpotted variously with white,  
 He whoſe mouth-ſealing finger ſilence taught,  
*Tymbrels*, *Oſiris* never enough ſought,  
 And forraine ſerpents, whoſe dire touch conſtraine  
 A deadly ſlumber, conſummate her traine.  
 Then (as if ſcene awake,) the Goddeſſe ſaid :  
 My *Teletuſa*, be not thus diſmaid ;  
 Rejeſt theſe cares, thy husband diſobay :  
 And when *Lucina* ſhall thy belly lay,  
 Foſter what ere it be. A Deity  
 Auxiliary to Diſtreſſe am I ;  
 Ready to helpe, and eaſily implor'd :  
 Nor ſhall it grieve thee that thou haſt ador'd  
 Vngratefull *Iſis*. This admoniſhed,  
 She leaves the roome. When, riſing in her bed,  
 Her hands to heaven glad *Teletuſa* threw :  
 And humbly prayes her viſion may prove true.  
 Increasing throwes at length a girle diſclos'd.  
 Both by the father, and the world ſuppos'd  
 To be a boy ; ſo cloſely hid : and knowne  
 But to the mother, and the nurſe alone.

- He paies his vows, and of his Fathers name  
 710 It *Iphis* calls; which much rejoyc't the dame,  
 To each sex common; nor deceives thereby;  
 Who still with pious fraud conceales her lie.  
 A boy in show; whose lookes should you assigne  
 To boy or girle, love would in either shine.  
 715 At thirteene yeares her father her affide  
 To yellow-trest *Iambe*: she the pride  
 Of *Phaistian* virgins for unequald faire:  
*Telestes* daughter, and his onely heire:  
 Like young, like beautifull, together bred,  
 720 Inform'd alike, alike accomplished:  
 Like darts at once their simple bosoms strike;  
 Alike their wounds; their hopes, O far unlike!  
 The day they expect, *Iambe* thought time ran  
 Too slow; and takes her *Iphis* for a man  
 725 Poore *Iphis* loves, despaires; despair ejects  
 Farre fiercer flames: a maid, a maid affects.  
 What will become of me (she weeping said)  
 Whom new, unknowne, prodigious loves invade!  
 530 If pitifull, the Gods should have destroy'd:  
 Or else have given what might have bene enjoy'd.  
 No Cow a Cow, no Mare a Mare pursues:  
 But Harts their gentle Hindes, and Rammes their Ewes,  
 So Birds together paire. Of all that move,  
 735 No Female suffers for a Female love.  
 O would I had no being! Yet, that all  
 Abhord by Nature should in *Grees* befall;  
*Sol's* lust incens'd daughter lov'd a Bull:  
 They male and female. Mine, O farre more full  
 Of uncouth fury! for she pleas'd her blood;  
 740 And stood his error in a Cow of wood:  
 She, for her craft, had an adulterer.  
 Should all the world their daring wins confer:  
 Should *Dædalus* his waxen wings renew,  
 And heither fly, what could his cunning doe!  
 Can art convert a virgin to a boy?  
 745 Or fit *Iambe* for a maidens joy?  
 No, fixe thy minde; compose thy vast desires:  
 O quench these ill advis'd and foolish fires!  
 Thinke of thy sex, or even thy selfe abuse:  
 What may be, seeke; and love as females use.  
 750 Hope wings desire: hope *Cupids* flight sustaines:  
 In thee thy Sex this deads. No watch restraines

Our dear imbrace, nor husbands jealousies,  
 Nor rigorous Sires ; nor she her self denies :  
 Yet not to be enjoy'd. Nor canst thou be  
 Happy in her ; though men and Gods agree !  
 Now also all to my desires accord :  
 What they can give, the easie Gods afford ;  
 What me, my father, hers, her self, would please,  
 Displeaseth Nature ; stronger then all these.  
 She, she forbids. That day begins to shine ;  
 Long wisht ! wherein *Iante* must be mine :  
 And yet not mine. Of mortals most accurst !  
 I starve at feasts, and in the river thirst.  
*Juno*, O *Hymen*, wherefore are you come ?  
 We both are Brides : but where is the Bride-groom ?  
 Here ended. Nor lesse burns the other Maid ;  
 Who, *Hymen*, for thy swift appearance pray'd.  
 Yet *Teletusa* fears what she affects ;  
 Protracting time : oft want of health objects ;  
 Ill-boading dreams, and auguries oft fains :  
 But now no colour for excuse remains.  
 Their nuptial rites, put off with such delay,  
 Were to be solemniz'd the following day.  
 When she unbinds, hers, and her daughters hair ;  
 And holding by the Altar form'd this pray'r :  
*Thy*, who *Parætonium*, *Pharos* Isle,  
 Smooth *Mareotis*, and seven-chanel'd Nile,  
 Cheer'st with thy presence : thy poor suppliants hear :  
 O help in these extreame, and cure our fear !  
 Thee Goddess, thee of old ; these ensignes, I  
 Have seen, and know : thy lamps, attendancy,  
 And sounding Timbrels : and have thee obeyd.  
 To me, impunity ; life, to this Maid,  
 Thy saving counsel gave : to both renue  
 Thy timely pity. Tears her words pursue.  
 The Goddess shakes her Altar ; when the gate  
 Shook on the hinges : horns that imitate  
 The waxing Moons, through all the Temple flung  
 A sacred splendor : noyse-full Timbrels rung.  
 The mother, glad of this successfull signe,  
 Though not secure, returns from *Isis* shrine,  
 Whom *Iphis* follows with a larger pace  
 Then usual ; nor had so white a face.  
 Her strength augments ; her look more bold appears ;  
 Her shortning curls scarce hang beneath her ears ;

By farre more full of courage, rapt with joy :  
For thou of late a Wench, art now a Boy.

Gifts to the Temple beare, and so sing :  
Sing Ioy ! Their gifts they to the Temple bring ;  
And adde a title ; in one verse display'd :

795 What *Iphis* vow'd a Wench, a Boy he pay'd  
The Morning Night dismaskes with welcome flame :  
When *Iuno*, *Venus*, and free *Hymen* came  
To grace their marriage ; who, with gifts divine,  
*Iphis* the Boy, to his *Lamhe* joyne.



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# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Tenth Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*F*EAr turns a Man to flint. Lethæas blame  
 Olenus bears : now stones, their shapes the same.  
 Vext Cybele, to Pine her Atys turns.  
 Sweet Cyparissus in a Cypresse mourns.  
 Enamoured Jove an Eagles wings displays ;  
 And lovely Ganymed to Heavens conveys.  
 Slain Hyacinthus sighest in his new flower.  
 The cruel Sacrificers by the power  
 Of Venus turn'd to Bulls. The Prostitute  
 To Stones. Pygmalion weds the living frise  
 Of his rare Art. Erigone doth shine  
 In Heaven ; converted to the Virgin Signe.  
 Myrrha, a weeping tree. Hippomenes  
 And Atalanta, Lyons. Cypriës  
 (Inform'd by Mentha's change) her Paramour  
 Turns to a fair, but quickly fading flower.

*H*ENCE, to the Cicones, through boundlesse skies,  
 In Saffron mantle, Hymeneus flies :  
 By Orpheus call'd. But neither usual words  
 Nor chearful looks, nor happy signes affords.  
 The Torch his hand sustain'd, still sputtering rais'd  
 A sullen smoke : nor yet, though shaken, blaz'd.  
 Th'event worse then the Omen. As his Bride  
 Troops with the Naiades by Hebrus side ;

- 10 A Serpent bit her by the heele : which forc't  
Life from her hold, and nuptiall tyes divorc't  
Whom when the *Thracian* Poet had above  
Enough bewail'd, that his complaints might move  
The under Shades, by *Tenarus* descends  
To *Stygian* floods ; and his bold steps extends  
By ayrie shapes, and fleeting Soules, that boast  
15 Of sepulture, through that unpleasant coast  
To *Plutos* Court. When, having tun'd his strings,  
Thus to his harpe the God-like Poet sings.  
You Powers that sway the world beneath the Earth,  
The last abode of all our humane birth :  
If we the truth without offence may tell ;  
20 I come not hither to discover Hell,  
Nor bind that scolding Curre, who barking shakes  
About his triple browes *Medusa's* snakes.  
My wife this journey urg'd. Who, by the tooth  
Of trod-on Viper, perisht in her youth.  
25 I would, and strove t'have borne her losse : but Love  
Won in that strife: A God well knowne above :  
Nor here, perhaps, unknowne. If truly Fame  
Report old rapes, you also felt his flame.  
By these obscure abodes, so full of dread ;  
30 By this huge *Chaos*, and deepe Silence, spread  
Through your vast Empire, by these prayers of mine,  
*Eurydices* too-hasty fate untwine.  
Wee all are yours : and after a short stay,  
Early, or late, wee all must run one way.  
Hither we throng, for our last home assign'd :  
35 Th'eternall habitation of man-kind.  
She, when her time by nature shall expire,  
Again is yours : I but the use desire.  
If fate deny me this, my second choice  
Is here t'abide : in both our deaths rejoyce.  
40 While thus he sung, and struck the quavering strings,  
The bloodlesse Shadowes wept : nor flattering Springs  
Tempt *Tantalus*, *Ixions* Wheele stood still,  
Their Vrne the *Belides* no longer fill :  
The Vultures feed not, *Tityus* left to grone :  
And *Sisyphus* fate listning on his Stone.  
45 The Furies, vanquisht by his verse, were seene  
To weepe, that never wept before. Nels Queene,  
The King of Darknesse, yeeld t'his powerfull plea  
Among the late-come Soules, *Eurydice*

They call : She came ; yet halting of her wound.  
 Given *Orpheus*, with this Law : Till thou the bound  
 Of pale *Avernus* passe, if back thou cast  
 Thy carefull eyes, thou lovest what thou hast.  
 A steepe ascent, dark, thick with fogges, they clime  
 Through everlasting Silence. By this time  
 Approach the confines of illustrious Light.  
 Fearing to lose, and longing for a sight,  
 His eyes th' impatient lover backward threw :  
 When she, back-sliding presently with-drew.  
 He catches at her, in his wits distraught ;  
 And yeelding ayre for her (unhappy ! ) caught.  
 Nor did she dying twice, her spouse reprove :  
 For what could she complaine of, but his love ?  
 Who takes her last farewell : her parting breath  
 Scarce reacht his eares ; and so revolves to death.  
 Her double losse sad *Orpheus* stupifi'd ;  
 With equall terror unto his, who spi'd  
 Three-headed *Cerberus* whom feare alone,  
 Oppressing nature, turn'd into a stone.  
 Or like *Olenus*, who t'excuse his wife  
 Accus'd himselfe, and taxt his guiltlesse life :  
 With thee *Lethæa* whose proud beauty late  
 Drew on thy selfe, and him a cursed fate :  
 United bodies once ; but for thy pride  
 Now Marble statues on fount-fruitfull *Idæ*.  
 He kindly (pressing to returne) intreats  
 The Ferry-man : who answers him with threats.  
 Vpon the banks seaven dayes he sate, forlorne  
 And comfortlesse ; all sorts of food forborne :  
 Care, grieve of mind, and teares, his onely cheare.  
 Calling the Gods of *Erebus* severe,  
 At length to snowy *Rhodope* he hasts ;  
 And *Hæmus*, beaten with the northerne blasts.  
 Now *Titan* thrice had finished his yeares  
 In watery *Pisces*. *Orpheus* still forbears  
 The love of women. Or through bad successe :  
 Or former vowes. Yet many ne're the lesse  
 Th' affected Poet seeke ; but none injoyes :  
 Who beauty first admir'd in hopefull boyes.  
 A Hill there was ; a plaine upon that hill ;  
 Which in a flowry mantle flourish't still :  
 Yet wanted shade. Which, when the Gods Descent  
 Sate downe, and toucht his well-tun'd instrument,

- 90 A shade receiv'd. Nor trees of *Chaony*,  
The Poplar, various oakes that pierce the sky,  
Soft Linden, smooth-rinde Beech, unmarried Bayes,  
The brittle Hasel, Ash, whose speares we praise,  
Vnknotty Firre, the solace shading Planes,
- 95 Rough Chesnuts, Maple fleet with different granes,  
Streame-bordering Willow, Lotus loving Lakes,  
Tough Boxe whom never sappy spring forsakes,  
The slender Tamarisk, with trees that beare  
A purple figge, nor Myrtles absent were.  
The wanton Iuy wreath'd in amorous twines,
- 100 Vines bearing grapes, and Elmes supporting Vines,  
Straight Service trees dropping Pitch, fruit red  
*Abrus*; these the rest accompan'd.  
With limber Palmes, of Victory the prize:  
And up-right Pine, whose leaves like bristles rise:  
Priz'd by the Mother of the Gods: for she
- 105 Her lust-stain'd *Atys* turned into that tree.  
The spyre-like Cypresse in this throng appeares  
Of late a Boy: lov'd by that God who beares  
The silver bow, and strikes the quavering strings.  
Sacred to Nymphs that haunt *Carthæan* Springs
- 110 A Stag there was; whose hornes, on high displayd  
With spreading palmes, afford his head a shade.  
His antlers shone with gold; a carquet  
His neck imbrac't with sparkling Diamonds set.  
A silver bell upon his forehead hung
- 115 By silken strings, which every motion rung.  
Round pearle, of equall size, from either eare  
Hung on his cheekes: who, void of native feare,  
Frequented houses: and well pleas'd, would stand,  
The gentle strokings of a strangers hand.  
This, *Cyparissus*, was thy only joy,
- 120 (Of all that *Cæa* bred, the fairest boy)  
By thee full oft, to change of pasture led:  
To purling streames that part the rancker mead.  
With various flowers now wouldst thou trick his hornes:  
Now on his back (who no such burden scornes)  
About the spacious fields in pleasure ride;  
And with a purple raine the willing guide.  
'Twas Summer, and high Noone: Daies burning eye  
Made *Canters* crooked clawes with fervor frye.  
Vpon the ground the panting Hart was laid,  
Coole ayre receiving from the spreading shade.

Whom silly *Cyparissus* wounds by chance :  
 And seeing life pursue his tug'd-out lance,  
 Resolves to dye. What did not *Phæbus* say,  
 That might a griefe, so slightly caus'd allay ?  
 He answers him in sighes : this last good-turne  
 Implores ; That he might never cease to mourne.  
 His blood now shed in teares, a greenish hiew  
 His body dimmes : the locks that dangling grew  
 Vpon his ivory fore-head, bristling rise  
 And pointing upward, seeme to threat the skies.  
 When *Phæbus*, sighing : I for thee will mourne :  
 Mourne thou for others : Herfes still adome.

Such trees attracting ; and inviron'd round  
 With birds and beasts, upon the rising ground  
 The Poet sits : who, having tun'd his strings,  
 Though dissonant, yet musically, thus sings.

From *Ioue*, O Muse, my Mother, draw my verse ;  
 All bow to *Ioue* : *Ioues* power we oft rehearse.

And late of Giants sung, in lofty straines,  
 Foil'd by his thunder on *Phlegrean* plaines.  
 Now, in a lower tune, to lovely boyes  
 Belov'd of Gods, turne we our softer layes :  
 And women well deserving punishment,  
 On interdicted lust, with fury bent

Heavens King, young *Ganymed* inflames with love :  
 There was what *Ioue* would rather be then *Ioue* :  
 Yet daines no other shape then hers, that beares  
 His awfull lightning in her golden seares.  
 Who forthwith stooping with deceitfull wings,  
 Trust up *Iliades* by *Ida's* Springs.  
 Who now for *Ioue* (though jealous *Iuno* scoules)  
 Delicious Nectar fills in flowing bowles.

And *Amyclides*, thee in azure skies  
 Had *Phæbus* fixt ; if cruell Destinies  
 Had not prevented : yet in some sort made  
 Eternall. For, as oft as Springs invade  
 Sharpe winters, and to *Aries Pisces* yeelds :  
 So oft renu'd, thy Flower adorne the fields :  
 My Fathers love to thee did mans excell,  
 Their president the Delphians misse, who dwell  
 On round Earths Navell : while the God of Beams,  
 Haunts wall-lesse *Sparta*, and *Eurotas* streames.  
 Now, neither for his Harp, nor quiver, cares :  
 Himself debasing, berres the corded snares :

- Or leads the Dogs; or clammers Mountains; led  
 By Lordly *Love*, and flames by custome fed.  
 Now *Titan* bore his equal-distant Light,  
 175 Between fore-running and ensuing Night:  
 When lightned of their garments, either shone  
 With suppling oyl, in strife to throw the stone.  
 This swinging through the air first *Phebus* threw:  
 The obvious clouds dispersing as it flew;  
 180 On solid earth, though flying long, at length  
 Descends; and shews his art-enabled strength.  
 Th'imprudent Boy attempts with fatal halt  
 To take it up; when Earth, by boundings, cast  
 The stone, O *Hyacinthus*, at thy head.  
 185 The Boy look't pale; so lookt the God, who bled  
 Even in his bleeding. Raised from the ground;  
 He sought t'assuage, and dry the bitter wound.  
 And would with herbs his flying soul have staid:  
 That wound was curelesse; art affords no aid.  
 190 As Violets, or Lillies loving streams,  
 Or Poppy, bruised in their yellow stems,  
 Wither forthwith, and hang their heavy heads,  
 Nor raise themselves, but bow to their first beds:  
 So hung his dying looks; so over-sway'd,  
 His limber neck upon his shoulder lay'd.  
 195 Sweet flower said *Phæbus*, blasted in the prime  
 Of thy fair youth: thy wound presents my crime.  
 Thou art my grief and shame. This hand thy breath  
 Hath crusht to ayre: I, author of thy death,  
 200 Yet what my fault? unlesse t'have plaid with thee,  
 Or lov'd thee (O too well!) offences be.  
 I would, sweet Boy, that I for thee might die!  
 Or die with thee! but since the Fates deny  
 So dear a wish; thou shalt with me abide:  
 And ever in my memory reside.  
 205 Our Harp, and Verse thy praises shall resound:  
 And in thy Flower my sorrow shall be found.  
 A valiant Heroe shall in time, to it  
 Another adde; and in the same be writ.  
 While thus *Apollo* truly propheci'd:  
 210 Behold! the blood which late the grasse had didde,  
 Was now no blood: from whence a flower full-blown,  
 Far brighter then the *Tyrian* scarlet shone:  
 Which seem'd the same, or did resemble right  
 A Lilly: changing but the red to white.

Nor so contented ; (for the youth receiv'd  
That grace from *Phæbus*) in the flower he weav'd

235 The sad impression of his sighes : which bears  
*Ai! Ai!* displaid in funeral Characters.

Nor shame to *Sparta Hyacinth* procures ;  
Whose adoration to this day endures :

For now, as then, they yearly celebrate  
The *Hyacinthian* Feast in solemn State.

240 Perhaps if *Amathus* you ask (whose earth  
Abounds with mettals) if she like the birth

Of her *Propætides* ; she would reply :

As well as theirs, for their impiety,

In former time, with monstrous horns defam'd :

Whereof they fitly were *Cernista* nam'd.

Before their doors the tragick Altar stood

Of *Jove* the Hospitable ; stain'd with blood

245 Of stranger guests. Who had this shambles seen,  
Would think that blood the blood of calves had been.

A Guest new sacrific'd ; fair *Cyprides*

Offended with such cruel Rites as these,

Her towns and *Ophiusa's* fields prepares

250 To abandon. Yet said she, what guilt of theirs

In me so great a detestation breeds ?

Rather with death reward such bloody deeds ;

Or exile : if from these extreams they scape,

What middle course, but to transform their shape ?

255 When musing to what form, she cast her look

Upon the horned Heard ; who from them took

A resolution so to arm their skulls :

And turns their mighty limbs to monstrous Bulls.

Yet durst th'obscene *Propætides* deny,

O *Venus*, thy all-ruling Deity.

260 The first that ever gave themselves for hire

To prostitution ; urged by thy ire.

Their looks imboldned, modesty now gone,

Convert at length to little-differing Stone.

*Pygmalion* seeing these to spend their times

So beast-like ; frighted with the many crimes

265 That rule in Women ; chose a single life :

And long forbore the pleasure of a wife.

Mean while, in Ivory with happy art

A Statue carves, so gracefull in each part,

270 ~~As ever~~ the fabrick of his hands.

- 250 It seem'd a virgin, full of living flame;  
That would have mov'd if not with-held by shame.  
Such Art his art conceal'd : which he admires :  
And from it drawes imaginary fires :  
Then often fees it with his hands, to try
- 255 If 'twere a body, or cold ivory.  
Nor could resolve. Who kissing, thought it kist :  
Oft courts, imbraces, wrings it by the wrist ;  
The flesh impressing (his conceit was such )  
And feares to hurt it with too rude a touch.  
Now flatters her ; now sparkling stones presents,
- 260 And orient pearle (loves witching instruments )  
Soft-singing birds, each severall colour'd flowre ,  
First Lillies, painted balls, and teares that powre.  
From weeping trees. Rich Robes, her person deck ;  
Her fingers, rings ; reflecting gems, her neck ;
- 265 Pendants, her eares ; a glittering zone, her brest.  
In all, shew'd well ; but shew'd when naked, best.  
Now layes he her upon a gorgeous bed :  
With carpets of *Sidonian* purple spred.  
Now calls her wife. Her head a pillow preft,  
Of plummy downe, as if with sense posselt.
- 270 Now came the Day of *Venus* Festivall :  
Though wealthy *Cyprus* solemniz'd by ail.  
White heifers, deckt with golden horns, by strokes  
Of axes fall : ascending incense smokes.  
He, with his gift before the Altar stands :  
You Gods, if all we crave be in your hands,
- 275 Give me the wife I wish : one like, he said,  
But durst not say, give me my ivory Maid.  
The golden *Venus*, present at her feast,  
Conceives his wish ; and friendly signes exprest :  
The fire thrice blazing, thrice in flames aspires.
- 280 To his admired Image he retires :  
Lyes downe besides her, rais'd her with his arme ;  
Then kist her tempting lips, and found them warme.  
That lesson oft repeats ; her bosome oft  
With amorous touches fees, and felt it soft.  
The ivory dimpled with his fingers, lacks  
Accustom'd hardnesse : as *Hymettian* waxe
- 285 Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce  
To pliant formes, by handling fram'd for use.  
~~And the Lover, what he wishes, feels.~~  
Again the Lover, what he wishes, feels.

The veines beneath his thumbs impression beat :  
A perfect Virgin full of ioyce and heat.

290 The Cyprian Prince with joy expressing words,  
To pleasure-giving *Venus* thanks affords.  
His lips to hers he joynes, which seeme to melt :  
The blushing Virgin now his kisses felt ;  
And fearefully erecting her faire eyes,  
Together with the light, her Lover spies.

295 *Venus* the marriage blest which she had made.  
And when nine Crescents had at full displayde  
Their joyning hornes, repleat with borrowed flame.  
She *Paphos* bore : who gave that Isle a name.  
He *Cinyras* begot : who might be stil'd  
Of men most happy, if with-out a child.

300 I sing of Horror ! Daughters, farre, O farre  
From hence remove ! and You, who fathers are !  
Or if my winning verse your minds allure :  
Let them no credit in this part procure.  
Or if you will beleeeve the same for true :  
Beleeve withall the judgements that ensue.

305 If nature could permit so foule a Crime :  
I joy for you *Isimarians* ; for this Cline ;  
This world of ours ; so distant from that earth,  
That gave to such a curst Monster birth.  
In Costus, Cinnamon ; and Amomum,  
Rich let *Panchaia* be : let pretious Gum  
Sweat from her trees ; affected flowers bring forth ;

310 So't *Myrrha* beare. No new tree of that worth.  
*Cupid* denies t'have us'd his darts therein :  
And vindicates his flames from such a Sinne.  
*Alecto*, with swolne snakes, and *Strygian* fire  
That fury rais'd. 'Tis sinne to hate thy Sire :

315 This Love, a greater. Princes their abodes  
Leave in all parts ; and for thee fall at oddes :  
Of all, O *Myrrha*, make thy choice of one ;  
So one of all be in that number none.  
She knew't : and striving ; to her selfe thus spake :

320 Ah whither rapt ! what is't I undertake :  
O Gods : O Piety ! divine Respect  
Of Parents guard me : and this sinne eject :  
If so a sinne it be. No piety  
Condemnes such *Venus* ; Natures common tye.

325 Horses their fillies back, fires Heifers bears ;  
Goates kids beget on those whose kids they were :

- Birds of that seed conceive, whereof but late  
 Conceive'd themselves : nor they degenerate  
 Happy in this are those ! But humane care  
 330 Hath fram'd malignant lawes : and we who are  
 By nature free ; malicious customes bind.  
 There is a Nation to their blood more kind ;  
 Where sons their mothers, fathers daughters wed ;  
 Affection doubled by their birth and bed.  
 Woe's me, that there I was not born ! the place  
 335 Makes this a crime. What thoughts are these ! hence base,  
 Hence wicked hopes. Though he all-worthy be :  
 Yet, as a father, must be lov'd by thee.  
 Were I not daughter to great *Cinyras* ;  
 All I conceive in my desires might passe.  
 Now, in that mine, not mine : proximity  
 340 Dis-joins us ; neerer, were we not so nigh.  
 Hence would I flie by un-returning wayes  
 To shun this sin : dire Love my journey stayes ;  
 To feast my hungry eyes with his dear sight,  
 Talk, touch, and kisse ; or more, if more I might.  
 345 O wicked Virgin, canst thou more propound !  
 Know'st thou what lawes and names thy lusts confound !  
 Thy Fathers Whore ! a Rival to thy Mother !  
 Thy own Sons Sister ! Mother to thy Brother !  
 Nor fear'st the *Furies* with their hissing hair,  
 350 Who on the faces of the guilty stare,  
 With dreadful Torches ! From thy soul exile  
 This mischief, ere it actually defile.  
 Nor with thy horrid lust infringe the law  
 Of powerful Nature : but in time with-draw.  
 Would I, he would not : too too well inclin'd.  
 O that like fury would inflame his minde !  
 355 Thus she. But *Cinyras*, prest with the store  
 Of worthy suiters who his voice implore ;  
 In his own choice irresolute, demands  
 (Their names rehearsing) how her fancy stands.  
 She, thoughtful silent ; gazing on his face,  
 360 Flusht with imbosom'd flames, and wept apace.  
 He, taking this for maiden fear ; Desist  
 From weeping, said : then dri'd her cheeks, and kist.  
 This too much pleas'd her. Once more asked, who  
 She best could like : repli'd, One, like to you.  
 365 Be still, said he, so pious. At that name  
 She hung the head, as conscious of her blame.

'Twas now the mid of night : when Sleepe bestowes  
 On men, and on their cares, a sweet repose.  
 But *Myrrha* watches, rapt with raging fires ;  
 Retracting her implacable desires.  
 Despaires, hopes ; will not, will ; now shames, againe.  
 Desires ; nor knowes what course to take. As when  
 A mighty Oake (now almost feld) his fall  
 On each side threatens ; and is fear'd on all :  
 Even so her minde, impair'd with various wounds,  
 Waves to and fro ; and changes still propounds.  
 No meane, no cure, was left for love but death .  
 Death pleas'd. Resolv'd to choake her hated breath :  
 Vp-starting, to a beame her girdle ties.  
 Deare *Cinyras* farewell (she softly cries)  
 And of my ruine understand the cause.  
 That said, the noose about her neck she drawes.  
 Her wakefull Nurses faithfull eares, they say ,  
 A whispering heard : who in the Lobby lay.  
 Straight rose ; unlockt the doores ; the instrument  
 Of death beholding, schreecht : together rent  
 Her haire and bosome : and, with trembling haste,  
 The girdle from her pallid neck displac't.  
 Now had she time to weepe, t'imbrace her Care :  
 And aske the cause of such accurst despaire.  
 She, silent, fixes on the earth her eyes :  
 And grieves at deathis prevented enterprise.  
 Baring her hoary haires and empty brest ,  
 The Nurse, by her first food, and cradle, preft .  
 Her griefes disclosure. *Myrrha* turnes aside,  
 And sighes. The Nurse would not be so deni'd :  
 Nor onely promist secrecy, but said ,  
 Tell me, my child, and entertaine my aid.  
 My old age is not fruitlesse : charmes have we ,  
 And powerfull med'cines, if it fury be :  
 If witchcraft, magick shall thy torments ease :  
 If wrath of Gods, the Gods we will appease .  
 With sacrifice. What can be else surmiz'd ,  
 Thy fortunes by incursions unsurpriz'd .  
 Thy mother, and thy father, well ; That name  
 Drew from her soule a sigh, that scorcht like flame.  
 Nor in the Nurse did this suspicion move  
 Of such a Crime : and yet she saw 'twas Love.  
 Importunate to know what least she feares,  
 Layd in her lap now watred with her teares,

Sh'infolds her in her feeble arms, and said ;  
 I know thou lov'st : wherein (nor be afraid)  
 Thou maist on my sedulity rely :  
 Nor shall thy father ever this descry.

410 At that, in fury from her lap she sprung ;  
 Then on the bed her prostrate body flung :  
 Muffling her guilty looks : be gone, she said,  
 And spare the blushes of a wretched Maid.  
 Still urg'd : Be gone, reply'd ; or else forbear  
 T'inquire of that which is a sin to hear.

The Nurse lost in a maze : her hands with years.  
 415 And terror trembling (kneeling to her) rears :  
 Now speaks her fair, now threatens to disclose  
 (Unlesse she made her privy to her woes)  
 Her purpos'd violence : and vows to prove  
 Both secret, and assistant to her love.

At that, her head she rais'd ; her Nurses brest  
 420 With weeping bathes : oft strove to have confest ;  
 As oft with-held : at length she hid her head ;  
 And said, O Mother, happy in thy bed !  
 There ends : then groanes. The Nurse cold horror shook ;

Now too much knowing : with a gasty look,  
 425 Her hoary hair star'd on her head : Who said,  
 What not, that might so foul a lust disswade,  
 The Virgin could not such a truth deny :  
 But stands resolv'd, or to possesse or dye.  
 Live, said she, and possesse (there stopt, as loath

430 To say ; thy Sire) and bound it with an oath.

Now Matrons celebrate the yearly Feast  
 Of *Ceres* ; whom long linen stoles invest :  
 And offer garlands of their first ripe corn ;  
 Forbidden *Venus* for nine nights forborn,  
 435 And touch of man. In spotlesse ornaments,  
 With these, the Queen her secret Rites frequents,  
 Lying alone, the lewdly diligent  
 Doth *Cinyras*, o're-charg'd with wine, present  
 With proffer of true love, though falsely maskt :

440 And prais'd her beauty. Of what age being askt ?  
 Of equal age with *Myrrha*, she replies.  
 When bid to bring her : home in haste she highes ;  
 Rejoyce, said she, I bring the victory.  
 Th'unhappy Virgin felt but little joy ;  
 Such ill successe her troubled Soul divin'd :

445 And yet she joy'd : such discord rackt her minde.

Now Silence over all the world did raigne :  
 And slow *Bootes* had declin'd his Waine.  
 (To sinne addrest) from heaven bright *Cynthia* flies ;  
 Starres shroud their heads in clouds : Night lost her eyes.

450 *Erigone, Icarus*, first remove :

She plac'd in Heaven for her paternall love.  
 Thrice stumbled she ; the funerall Owle thrice rent  
 The ayre with ominous shreekes : yet on she went :  
 By pitchy Night, of modesty bereft,

455 Her Nurses right hand holding with her left,  
 And groping with the other hand, explores  
 Her blind accessse. Now came she to the doores  
 Of that dire chamber ; now the way to sinne  
 She boldly opens ; and now enters in.

Yet blood and courage her at once forsooke ;  
 Her knees, unknitting, one another strooke ;

460 The neerenesse to her crime removes desire :

Who now repents and would unknowne retire.

Protracting, by the hand the Nurse her led ;

And, having rendred her unto his bed.

Here *Cinyras*, said she, receive thine own,

And joynes their cursed bosoms. He unknowne,

465 His bowels to his bed assumes : and cheares

With comfortable words her maiden feares :

By chance he call'd her daughter, (being old)

And she him father : that their names might hold.

Now his incestuous bed his daughter leaves,

With wicked seed her cursed wombe conceives :

470 Who beares about the burden of her shame :

Next night, and next, and next, re-acts the same.

When *Cinyras* who longs to see his Lover,

So oft imbrac't ; did with a light discover

His sinne, and daughter. Sorrow not a word

475 Could utter : he unsheaths his shining sword.

She swiftly flies : whom nights black shelter shields

From threatned death ; and strays through spacious fields :

Palme-clad *Arabia*, and *Panchaea* past ;

Now having wandred by nine Moones, at last

480 Rest to her weary limms *Sabaa* gave.

Charg'd with her womb ; not knowing what to crave ;

Between the hate of life, and feare of death,

Those thoughts she utters with her fainting breath.

You Powers ! If Penitency pierce your care ;

I have deserved, nor refuse to beare ,

Your

- 485 Your just inflictions : yet lest I prophane  
 Or those who live, or who in death remaine,  
 O banish me from either Monarchie,  
 That, chang'd by you, I may nor live, nor die.  
 Confession some cœlestiall pitie found,  
 Those wishes had their Gods. Even then the ground  
 490 Cover'd her legs : a downe-ward-spreading root  
 Burst from her toes ; whose ever-fixed foot  
 Sustain'd the lengthfull bole, Bones turne to wood,  
 To pith her marrow, into sap her blood :  
 Her armes great branches grow, her fingers spine  
 To little twigs ; her skin converts to rine.
- 495 Now her big womb the rising tree possesse,  
 Her bosome folds, and now her neck opprest :  
 When she, delay ill-brooking, downeward shrunk  
 And vales her visage in the closing trunk.  
 Though sense, with shape, she lost ; still weeping, she  
 500 Sheds bitter teares, which trickle from her tree :  
 Teares of high honour ; these their Mistresse name  
 As yet preserve, and still shall beare the same.  
 This ill-got infant, now at perfect growth  
 Within the tree ; endeavours to get forth.
- 505 The strickt embracing barke, her belly wrung,  
 With torment stretcht : nor had that grieve a tongue :  
 Nor could she call *Lucina* to her throwes ;  
 And yet the tree like one in labour shewes ;  
 Bowes downe with paine, and grones, and weeps a flood.
- 510 *Lucina* by her trembling branches stood ;  
 Her hand impos'd, and uttred powerfull words.  
 The yawning tree the crying Babe affords  
 A passage ; whom those Nymphs receive with joy.  
 And in his mothers teares annoint the Boy.
- 515 Nor envy could but praise his beauty : so  
 The naked *Cupids*, lively painted, show.  
 But, lest their habits some distinction make,  
 A quiver give, or his from *Cupid* take.  
 Time glides away with undiscovered hast,  
 520 And mocks our hopes : no wings can fly so fast.  
 He, whom his sister bore, his Grandfires son,  
 Late tree-inclos'd, who lately life begun,  
 But now a most sweet infant, now as rare,  
 A boy, now man, now then himselfe more faire,  
 And now on *Venus* for his mothers fires  
 Revenge inflicts ; who dotingly admires.

95 For kist by quiver-bearing *Love*, his dart  
 By fortune raz'd her tender brest ; with smart  
 Incens'd, she thrust him from her, nor then found  
 The wounds deceitful depth, yet deep the wound.  
 Not now *Cythera* could the Lover please ;  
 100 Nor *Paphos*, grasped with resulting Seas.  
 High *Gnidos*, *Amathus*, renown'd for brasse,  
 Nor heaven frequents : her heaven *Adonis* was,  
 Him woo's, accompanies, besides him lies  
 In grateful shades ; and strives to please his eyes.  
 Now like *Diana* she her self attires ;  
 105 And trips o're Hills and Rocks, through Brakes and Briers :  
 Hollows the Hound ; pursuing beasts of chace,  
 Bucks, high-horn'd Harts, and Hares who flye apace :  
 110 But rapetful Wolves, rough Bears, fell Bores eschues ;  
 And Lions, whom the blood of Beeves imbrues,  
 And thee *Adonis*, her misdoubts dissuade  
 From such encounters ; had they been obay'd.  
 Who flye, said she, be bold in following those :  
 Valour unsafely copes with valiant foes.  
 115 Sweet Boy ! subject not me to fortunes stroke,  
 Nor cruel beasts by nature arm'd provoke,  
 For fear such glory but too costly prove.  
 Thy youth and beauty, though they *Venus* move,  
 Nor bristled Swine, nor shaggy Lion touch :  
 Pity ne'r pierc't the eyes nor hearts of such.  
 120 Bores, in their crooked tusshes lightning have :  
 And Lions with impetuous fury rave.  
 I hate them. Asked why ? We will relate  
 Old crimes, said she, and wonder-striking fate.  
 But now un-usual toyl my strength invades :  
 125 And lo, yon Poplar courts us with her shades,  
 The grasse affords a bed : there let us rest.  
 When, lying down, the grasse and him she prest,  
 Her head now in her Lovers bosom laid :  
 Thus (words with kisses intermixing) said,  
 Perhaps you of a Maid have heard, who wan  
 The Prize in running from the swiftest Man.  
 'Tis true, She, won indeed : nor could you tell  
 Whether her speed or beauty did excell.  
 Enquiring of a husband, this reply  
 130 *Apollo* gavé. The use of husband fly  
 O *Atalanta* ! yet thou shalt vainly strive  
 Against thy fate, and lose thy self alive.

- Frighted herewith in shady woods she lives :  
 And troops of pressing Sutors from her drives  
 With this reply : Except out-run I be,  
 570 I am a wife for no man ; Run with me.  
 My bed and I, are both the winners meed :  
 The tardy dies. Upon this law proceed.  
 She, cruel : yet so powerful was her look.  
 That many a youth the peril undertook.  
 575 *Hippomenes* beheld this tragick strife.  
 Will any through such danger seek a wife ?  
 (Said he) and taxt their follies that pursewd.  
 But when her face and naked form he viewd ;  
 Such as is mine ; or thine, wert thou a Maid :  
 580 Amaz'd ! with hands upheav'd, forgive (he said)  
 O you whom late I blam'd ! not then I knew  
 The prizes worth. Love still by praising grew :  
 Who wishes now that none might run so fast :  
 Envy and fears. Why linger, I, nor hast  
 585 (Said he) to try my fortune ? Gods still aid  
 Th'adventurous. While this in thought he said ;  
 The Virgin with a winged pace past by.  
 Though seeming to th' *Aonian* Youth to fly  
 As swift as *Scythian* shafts ; her form he more  
 590 Admires ; by motion lovelier then before.  
 The winde reverberates her ankles wings,  
 And whisks her ham-bound buskins purple strings,  
 Tossing her hair, on ivory shoulders spread.  
 Her pure white body so receives the red,  
 595 As when carnation curtains are display'd  
 On pure white walls, and dye them with their shade.  
 While this the stranger view'd, the race was run :  
 And *Atalanta's* broyes the Garland won.  
 The vanquisht sigh, and pay their forfeiture.  
 600 Nor could so sad successe his fear procure :  
 Who rose ; and fixing on the Maid his eyes ;  
 Why seek you praise by easie victories ?  
 Contend with us : if we obtain the Bayes,  
 Our victory will not eclipse your praise.  
 605 *Megaraeus* me begot, *Onchestius* blood ;  
 He *Neptunes*, Ruler of the sacred flood :  
 Nor we degenerate. My foyle, your name  
 Will honour ; and immortalize your fame.  
 This while, a well-pleas'd eye she on him threw :  
 610 Nor knowes her wish ; to lose, or to subdue.

What God, a Foe to beauty, would destroy  
This Youth, said she, who seekes my bed t' injoy  
With his lifes forfeiture ? If I may be  
The judge, there is not so much worth in me.  
Nor is't his beauty moves, though it might move ;

65 But that a Boy. We pity, and not love.  
Besides ; his courage, and contempt of death !  
Who from great *Neptunes* son derives his birth !  
And then, his love ; content to part with life,  
If harder fate deny me for his wife !  
60 Be gone O stranger ; shun my bloody bed,  
While yet thou maist : this match will lose thy head.  
No Virgin is there who would not be thine :  
And such would seeke, whose lustres darken mine.  
Yet why regard I him, so many slaine ?  
Looke to thy selfe, or perish, since in vaine ?  
Admonisht by such numbers, whom this strife  
65 Hath sent to death. Th'art weary of thy life.  
And must he dye, because hee'd live with me ?  
Must death, adventurous Love, thy wages be ?  
This murder will our victory defame :  
And purchase hate ; yet am not I in blame.

O would thou wouldst desist, and danger shun !  
60 Or since so mad, would thou couldst faster run !  
How Boy and Virgin glory in his face !  
Ah poore *Hippomenes* ! O would this place,  
Th'hadst never seene ! thou well deserv'st to live.  
Were I more happy, and hard fate would give  
Me leave to marry ; thou art He alone,

65 To whom my bed, and beauties should be knowne.  
Thus she, who raw, and pierc't with loves first touch ;  
Erres in her thoughts ; and loves ; nor knew so much.  
Now King and People call upon the Race ;  
When *Neptunes* Issue thus implor'd my grace.

60 O *Venus*, favour my attempts, he said,  
And those affections, which you gave me, aid !  
This friendly winds conveyd unto my eare :  
I pity, and no longer helpe forbear.

A field there is, so fertill none, through all  
65 Rich *Cyprus* ; which they *Damascenus* call.  
Antiquity this to my honour vow'd ;  
And therewith all my Temples had indow'd.  
A Tree there flourish on that pregnant mold,  
Whose glittering leaves, and branches, shone with gold.

Three :

- Three golden apples, gathered from that tree,  
 650 By chance I brought : and, so us none could see,  
 Himselfe excepted, to *Hippomenes* ,  
 Together with their use, deliver'd these.  
 The trumpets sound. Both from the Barrier start ,  
 Whose nimble steps scarce touch earths upper part .  
 Their feet, unwer, the sea might well have borne :  
 655 Or unsuppressed stalks of standing come.  
 Favour and Clamor, joyning in remorse,  
 The youth thus hearten : Now thy speed enforce ,  
 Make haste *Hippomenes*, delay decline,  
 Collect thy powers : the victory is thine.  
 'Tis doubtfull whether, what the people said,  
 660 More joy'd the Heros or *Scheneian* Maid.  
 How often lag'd she, when she might o're-goe :  
 And gazing on him, sigh't t'out-strip him so !  
 Short breath from panting bosomes scorching flew ,  
 665 The Goale farre off : when *Neptunes* Nephew threw,  
 One apple of the three. The Maid admires :  
 And greedy of the shining fruit, retires  
 To catch the rowling gold : the Youth past by ,  
 And all the field resounded shouts of joy.  
 This hinderance she repaires with winged hast :  
 670 Againe *Hippomenes* behind her cast,  
 The second fruit, throwne farther then before,  
 Declin'd her steps, yet him out-strips once more :  
 The Race now neere an end, he said, O save !  
 Great Goddess, give successe to what you gave !  
 675 And threw the shining gold another way  
 With all his vigor, to prolong her stay.  
 When I compeld her, doubtfull what to doe,  
 To take it up, and added waight thereto ,  
 With-held, both by diverting her pursuit :  
 And with the burden of the ponderous fruit,  
 But lest my words the Race in length exceed :  
 680 She was out-run, and he receiv'd his Meed.  
 Deserv'd not I both thanks and frankincense,  
 Thinke you *Adonis*, for his lifes defence ?  
 He neither gave. Provokt with sudden rage  
 At this contempt, and lest the future age  
 By such examples should my God-head slight ,  
 685 Against them both I due revenge excite.  
 The Fane, erected by *Echions* vow  
 Vnto the Mother of the Gods, they now

Had past, obscur'd by dark and secret shades :  
 When their long journey them to rest perswades.  
 490 Hippomenes, incensed by my fires ;  
 Here lusteth with unseas'nable desires.  
 A gloomy grot, much like unto a Cave,  
 Stood neer this Fane ; to which light pumice gave  
 A natural cover ; by devotion grac't :  
 Within this Cell the reverent Priest had plac't  
 The wooden Images of ancient Gods :  
 500 This entring : he pollutes their chaste abodes.  
 The Statues wry their lookes. The Mother, crown'd  
 With towers, had struck them to the Stygian Sound :  
 But that she thought that punishment too small.  
 When yellow maines on their smooth shoulders fall ;  
 Their armes, to legs ; their fingers turn to nails ;  
 510 Their breasts of wondrous strength : their tufted tails  
 Whisk up the dust ; their looks are full of dread ;  
 For speech they roar : the woods become their bed.  
 These Lyons, fear'd by others, Cybel checks  
 With curbing bits ; and yokes their stubborne necks.  
 520 These O my Deare, and all such kinds of beasts  
 As will not turne their backs, but bend their breasts  
 T'incounter with the rash Assailant, Shun :  
 Lest by thy courage We be both undone.

This said : thence flew she, rais'd by yoked Swans,  
 But Valour such admonishments with-stands.  
 530 By chance the dogs, pursuing long before,  
 His sented footings, had dislodg'd a Bore.  
 Whom, rushing from his covert, the bold Youth  
 Obliquely wounds. The Bore with crooked tooth  
 Writhe out the javelin, with his blood imbrude.  
 Who now his safety-seeking Foe pursude ;  
 Sheathing his tusshes in his groyne : and threw  
 To earth the dying Boy. The Swans that drew  
 540 Idalia's waightlesse chariot through the ayre ,  
 Yet reacht not Cyprus : when the heavenly Fair  
 Thence heard his dying grones ; and wheeling round,  
 Her silver birds directs to that sad sound,  
 But when she saw him weltring in his Gore ;  
 Downe jumping from the skies, at once she tore  
 Her haire and bosome : then her breast invades  
 With bitter blowes ; and Destinie upbraides.  
 Not all, said she, is subject to your wast :  
 550 Our sorrowes monument shall ever last.

- Sweet Boy ! thy deaths sad image, every yeare  
 Shall in our solemniz'd Complaints appeare.  
 But be thy blood a Flowre. Had *Proserpine*  
 The power to change a *Nymph* to Mint ? is mine  
 730 Inferior ? or will any envy me  
 For such a change ? This having utter'd, she  
 Powr'd Nectar on it, of a fragrant smell.  
 Sprinkled there-with ; the blood began to swell ;  
 Like shining bubbles, which from drops ascend.  
 And e'r an houre was fully at an end,  
 735 From thence a Flower, alike in colour, rose.  
 Such as those trees produce, whose fruits inclose  
 Within the limber rind their purple graines,  
 And yet their beauty but a while remains ;  
 For those light-hanging leaves, infirmely plac't,  
 The winds, that blow on all things, quickly blatt.
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# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

The Eleventh Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

**A** *Serpent chang'd to stone. Rough barks infold  
The cruel Bacchanals. To starving Gold  
All turns at Midas touch, He's body laves  
In clear Pactolus, whose enriched waves  
Wash off his gold and gilt, and Asses eares  
His folly shame : the whispered Secret bears  
Like sounding-Reeds. Apollo, and the Guide  
Of sacred Seas, in humane shapes reside.  
Forc't Thetis varies formes. Dædalion  
T'a Falcon turn'd. A Wolf congeal'd to Stone.  
Morpheus to Mortals, Phobetor to Brutes,  
And Phantasus to shapes inanimate sutes.  
Transform'd Halcyone and Ceyx flye.  
So Æacus, who vainly strives to dye.*

**T** *Hus while the Thracian Poet with his songs  
Beasts, Trees, and Stones, attracts in following throngs :  
Behold, Ciconian Dames (their furious breasts  
Clad with the spotted skins of Salvage beasts)  
The sacred Singer from a hill espy'd,  
As he his ditty to his Harp apply'd;  
Of these, One cry'd, and tost her flaring hair ;  
Lo he who hates our Sex ! then threw her spear  
At his detestable mouth : which ivy-bound,*

- 10 An other hurles a stone ; this, as it flew,  
His voice and harpes according tunes suddue :  
Which selfe-accus'd for such a rude assay ,  
Before his feet, as in submission lay :  
Rash violence, the meane exil'd, increast :  
And mad *Erimys* raig'n'd in every breast.
- 15 His songs had all their weapons charm'd, if noyse  
Of *Berecynthian* shalmes, clapt hands, loud cryes,  
Drummes, howling *Bacchanals*: with frantick sound  
Had not his all-appeasing musique drown'd.  
The stones then blush with silenc't *Orpheus* blood.
- 20 But first on ravisht beasts that listning stood,  
On Fowle, and Serpents, they their spight inferre ;  
And raze the glory of his Theater.  
Then all with cruell hands about him fly :  
And flock like birds, when they by day espy
- 25 The bird of Night. And as a Stag at bay,  
In th' Amphitheater now made a prey  
To eager hounds ; so they together flung  
Their leavy speares, not fram'd for such a wrong ;  
Some clods, some armes of trees, some stones let fly,
- 30 And lest wilde Rage should weapons want, hard by  
By chance slow Oxen drew the furrowing plowghes ;  
And swaines, providing food with sweating browes,  
Dig'd with their brawny armes : who feare-inclind,  
Before them fled, and left their tooles behind.
- 35 Their mattocks, rakes, and spades disperfed lay  
About the empty fields : these snatcht away,  
(The plowghes from threatning Oxen torne) their hate  
Hurries them back unto the Poets fate.  
Him, holding up his hands, who then in vaine
- 40 First spent his breath, nor pity could obtaine,  
That Rout of sacrilegious Furies slew !  
Even through that mouth (O *Jupiter* ! which drew  
From stones attention, which affection bred  
In salvage beasts, his forced spirits fled !
- 45 Sad birds, wilde *Heards*, hard flints, and woods, of late  
Led by thy verse, then wept : at thy sad fate  
Trees shed their leaves ; streames with their teares increast :  
The *Naiades* and *Dryades* invest  
Themselves in fullen sable, and display  
Their scattered haire. Thy limbs disperfed lay.
- 55 His head and harp they into *Hebrus* flung ,  
The hard sounds (something like

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Sighes out sad ditties : the bankes sympathize  
 (That bound the river) in their sad replies.  
 Now them to Sea their native current bore ;  
 Both cast upon *Methymnian Lesbos* shore.  
 A Dragon on the forraine sand prepares  
 To seize his head, and lick his dropping haire.  
 When gaping to devoure the Hymnists face,  
*Thæbus* descends ; and in that very space,  
 Into a stone converts him by his power ,  
 With jawes extended ready to devoure.  
 His Ghost retires to under shades : once more  
 He sees, and knowes, what he had seen before.  
 Then through the *Elysian* fields among the blest  
 Seekes his *Eurydice*. Now repossess  
 With strict imbraces, guided by one minde,  
 They walke together : oft he comes behinde,  
 Oft goes before : now *Orpheus* safely may  
 His following *Eurydice* surway.

Yet *Bacchus* renders vengeance for their hate,  
 Who vexed at his Prophets cruell fate ,  
 Fixt all th' *Edonian* Dames that then were by  
 With spreading roots ; and who more eagerly  
 Pursu'd his death, their toes he deeper drew  
 Within the solid earth, which downe-ward grew.  
 And even as fowle whose feet intangled are  
 Within the subtil foulders secret snare  
 Become by fearefull fluttering faster bound,  
 So, each of these, now cleaving to the ground,  
 With terror struggle to escape in vaine ;  
 For faster-binding roots their flight restraine.  
 One, looking for her nailes, her toes, her feet :  
 Behold, her winning legs in timber meet :  
 In passion, thinking to have struck her thighs ,  
 She strikes hard oake her breasts supplies ;  
 Her shoulders such : her armes appeare to grow  
 In naturall branches ; and indeed did so.

Nor thus content, their fields *Lycæus* leaves :  
 Whom *Tmolus*, with a better troope receives,  
 And swift *Pasolus*, who did then infold  
 Naprecious sands, nor graines of envi'd gold.  
 Satyres and *Bacchanals* to him repaire ,  
 His usuall traine : *Silenus* then not there.  
 Him erst the *Phrygian* Rurals raeling found  
 With age and wine ; and now, with ivy crown'd,

- To *Midas* bring, whom *Orpheus* Orgies taught,  
 And sage *Eumolpus* from *Cecropia* brought.
- 95 When known to be his partner in those Rites ;  
 Full twice five dayes, with their succeeding nights,  
 He entertain'd him with a sumptuous feast.  
 Eleven times *Lucifer* the stars suppress :  
 When, with wild mirth, he treads the *Lydian* fields ;
- 100 And to the God his foster-father yeelds.  
 He in his safe return doth much rejoyce :  
 Whose bounty *Midas* frustrates by his choice.  
 For, will'd to wish ; Let all, said he, I touch  
 Convert to gold. His ignorance was such.
- 105 Forth-with to him his wish *Lycus* gives :  
 And at his folly not a little grieves.  
 But in his curse the *Berecynthian* joyes :  
 And home-ward bound, the truth by touching tries.  
 Scarce trusting his own sense, a tree bereaves
- 110 Of slender boughes ; they shone with golden leaves.  
 Takes up a stone ; that stone pale gold became :  
 Takes up a clod ; the clod presents the same :  
 Crops stalks of corn ; these yeeld a sheaf of gold :  
 An Apple puls ; therein you might behold
- 115 Th' *Hesperian* purchase : toucht by him alone.  
 The marble pillars with rich metal shone.  
 And when he wash't ; that water, showr'd in rain,  
 Might simple *Danae* have deceiv'd again.  
 His breast scarce holds his hopes ; whole fancy wrought
- 120 On golden wonders : when his servants brought  
 Meat to the table. Sooner had not he  
 Toucht *Ceres* bounty, but that prov'd to be  
 A shining masse : the carved viands straight
- 125 Between his greedy teeth convert to plate.  
 About to drink mixt wine ; you might behold  
 His thirsty jawes o're-flow with liquid gold.  
 Struck with so strange a plague ; (both rich and poor ;)  
 He hates, and shuns the wealth he wisht before.
- 130 His plenty feeds him not ; he burns with thirst :  
 By loathed gold deservedly accurst.  
 Then lifting up his shining arms, thus prai'd :  
 Father *Lenæus*, O, afford thy aid !  
 I have offended ; pity thou, and me  
 From this so glorious a mischief free :
- 135 The gentle power the penitent restor'd :  
 And for his faith, affords what he implor'd.

Left ill-wisht gold about him still abide ;  
 Goe, said he, to those Crystill streames that glide  
 By potent *Sardis* : keepe the bankes that lead  
 Along th' encountring Current to his head.  
 There, where the gushing fountaine fomes, dive in :  
 And, with thy body, wash away thy sinne.  
 The King obayes : who in the fountaine leaves  
 That golden vertue, which the Spring receives.  
 And still those ancient seeds these waters hold :  
 Who gild their shores with glittering graines of gold.  
 He, hating wealth, in woods and fields bestowes  
 His time with *Pan* ; whom mountaine Caves inclose.  
 Yet his grosse wit remaines : his shallow braine,  
 And fortish senses punish him againe.

High *Tmolus* with a steepe ascent displayes  
 His rigid browes, and under-seas survaies :  
 Whose stretcht-out bates here to *Sardis* joyne ;  
 There to *Hypæpis*, girt in small confine.  
 Where boasting *Pan*, while he his verse doth praise  
 To tender Nymphs, and pipes to rurall layes,  
 Before *Apollo's* durst his songs preferre.  
 They meet (ill-matcht) great *Tmolus* arbiter.  
 The old Iudge on his owne Mountaine sits ; and cleares  
 His eares from trees : alone a garland weares  
 Of Oake, with akornes dangling on his brow.  
 Who thus bespake the God of Shepheards : Now  
 Your judge attends. He blowes his wax-bound reeds,  
 And *Midas* fancy with rude numbers feeds.  
 Then sacred *Tmolus* to divine *Apollo*,  
 Converts his lookes : his words his motion follow.  
 He, his long yellow haire with laurell bound,  
 Clad in a *Tyrian* robe that swept the ground,  
 A Violl holds, with sparkling gemmes inchac't  
 And *Indian* teeth ; the bow his right hand grac't.  
 A perfect Artist shew'd. Then sweetly plaid,  
 When *Tmolus*, ravisht with his musick, said,  
*Pan* to the Violl yeeld thy ruder reed.  
 All like of what the Mountaine had decreed,  
 But *Midas* onely ; whose exclaines traduce  
 The Censure. *Phæbus* for this grosse abuse  
 Transformes his eares, his folly to declare :  
 Stretcht out in length, and cover'd with gray haire :  
 Instable, and now apt to move. The rest  
 The former figure of a man posselt.

- Punisht in that offending part : who beares  
 180 Vpon his skull a slow-pac't Asses eares.  
 He strives to cover such a foule defame :  
 And with a red Tiara hides his shame.  
 But this his servant saw that cut his haire :  
 Who bigge with secrets, neither durst declare  
 185 His Soveraignes seene deformity, nor yet  
 Could hold his peace. Who digs a shallow pit,  
 And therein softly whispers his disgrace :  
 190 Then turning in the earth, forooke the place.  
 A tuft of whispering Reeds from thence there growes ;  
 Which comming to maturity, disclose  
 The husbandman : and by soft South-winds blowne  
 Repeat his words, and his Lords eares make knowne.  
 195 Reveng'd *Apollo*, leaving *Tmolus*, flies  
 Through liquid ayre, and on the land which lies  
 On that side *Helles* straightned surges stands :  
 Where far-obayd *Laomedon* commands.  
 Betweene *Rhœtæum* and *Sygæum* stood  
 An ancient Altar, high above the flood,  
 Vowd to the *Panomphean* Thunderer :  
 200 From whence he saw the King begin to reare  
 New *Troy*'s scarce founded walls ; with what adoe,  
 And with how great a charge they slowly grew.  
 Who, with the father of the swelling Maine,  
 Indues a mortall shape : both entertaine  
 205 Themselves for unregarded gold to build  
 The *Thrygian* Tyrants walls. That worke fulfild ;  
 The King their promised reward denies :  
 And falsehood by forswearing multiplies.  
 Revengefull *Neptune* his wild waves unbound ;  
 210 Which all the shores of greedy *Ilium* drown'd,  
 And made the Land a Lake : the country Swaine  
 His labour lost beneath that liquid Plaine.  
 Besides the daughter of the King demands :  
 Who chained to a Rock exposed stands,  
 To feed a Monster of the Sea ; set free,  
 By strenuous *Hercules*. Yet could not He  
 215 The horses of *Laomedon* enjoy ;  
 His valours hire : who sacks twice perjur'd *Troy* ;  
 And gives his fellow Souldier *Telamon*  
*Hesione* : for *Peleus* now had won  
 A Deity ; nor in his Grandfather  
 Tooke greater pride, then in his Sire by her.

For *Jupiter* had nephews more then one :  
 But he a Goddess had espous'd alone.  
 For aged *Proteus* thus fore-told the truth  
 To wave-wet *Thetis* ; thou shalt bear a Youth,  
 Greater then him, from whom he took his birth,  
 In arms and fame. Left any thing on earth  
 Should be more great then *Jove*, *Jove* shuns the bed  
 Of Sea-thron'd *Thetis*, though her beauty led  
 His strong desires : who bids *Aeacides*  
 Succeed his love, and wed the Queen of Seas.

A Bay within *Aemonia* lies, that bends  
 Much like an arch, and far-stretcht armes extends :  
 Which were, if deep, a harbour lockt by land ;  
 Where shallow seas o're-spread the yellow sand.  
 The solid shore (whereon no sea-weed growes)  
 Nor clogs the way, nor print of footing shoves.  
 Hard by, a Mirtle grove affords a shade :  
 In this, a Cave ; rather, though doubtful, made  
 By Art then Nature : hither *Thetis* swims  
 On Dolphins back, here layd her naked limbs.  
 In this the sleeping Goddess *Pelem* caught :  
 Who, when she could not by his words be wrought.  
 Attempts to force, and claspt her in his armes.  
 And, had she not assum'd her usual charmes  
 In varying shapes, he had his will obtain'd,  
 Now turns t'a fowl, yet he her flight restrain'd :  
 Now seems a massie tree adorn'd with leaves ;  
 Close to the bole th' enamor'd *Pelem* cleaves.  
 A spotted Tygresse she presents at last :  
 When he, with terror struck, his arms unclaspt !  
 Who powring wine on seas, those Gods implores ;  
 And with perfumes and sacrifice adores :  
 Till the *Carpathian* Prophet rais'd his head,  
 And said ; *Aeacides*, enjoy her bed.  
 Do thou but bind her in her next surprize,  
 When in her cold moist cave she sleeping lyes :  
 And though she take a thousand shapes, let none  
 Quay ; but hold, till she resume her own.  
 This *Proteus* said, and div'd to the Profound :  
 His latter word in his own waters drown'd.  
 Now hasty *Tran* to *Hesperian* seas  
 Descends ; when beautilous *Thetis*, bent to ease  
 Forsook the flood, and to her Cave repair'd.  
 No sooner she by *Pelem* was insnar'd.

- But forthwith varies formes ; until she found  
 Her virgin limbs within his fetters bound.  
 Then, spreading forth her armes, She sighing said,  
 Thou hast subdu'd by some immortal aid :
- 265 Appears her self ; nor his embrace repel'd ;  
 Whose pregnant womb with great *Achilles* swel'd.  
 Happy was *Peleus* in his son, and wife :  
 And had not *Phocus* murder soil'd his life,  
 All fortunate. With brothers blood defil'd,
- 270 Thee *Thracis* harbours, from thy home exil'd.  
 Where courteous *Ceyx*, free from rigor, reign'd ;  
 The son of *Lucifer* ; whose looks retain'd  
 His fathers luster : then disconsolate,  
 Nor like himself for his lost brothers fate.
- 275 Hither, with travel tyr'd, and clog'd with cares,  
 The banisht with a slender train repaires :  
 His flocks and herds, with men for their defence,  
 Left in a shady vale not far from thence.  
 Conducted to his royal presence, He
- 280 With Olive brancht, down bending to his knee,  
 His name and birth declares : the murder masks  
 With forged cause of flight : a dwelling asks  
 In field, or city. *Ceyx* thus replies :  
 Our hospitable bounty open lies  
 To men of vulgar rank : what owes it then
- 285 To your high spirit, so renown'd by men  
 Of monumental praise ? Whose blood extracts  
 His source from *Jove*, improved by your acts ?  
 To sue, is times abuse : your worth assures  
 Your full desires ; of all, the choice is yours :
- 290 I wish it better. And then wept. The cause  
*Joves* Nephew asks : when, after a short pause ;  
 Perhaps you think this Bird which lives by rape  
 To all a terror, ever had that shape.  
 He was a man ; as constant in his minde
- 295 As fierce in war, to great attempts inclin'd.  
*Dedalion* nam'd ; sprung from that Star which wakes  
 The dewy Morn ; the last that heaven forsakes.  
 Affected peace I foster'd, with the rites  
 Of nuptial joyes : he joy'd in bloody fights.
- 300 His valour Kingdomes with their Kings subdu'd ;  
 By whom the *Thracian* Doves are now pursu'd,  
 His daughter *Chione*, whose beauty drew  
 A thousand sutors, ripe for marriage grew.

By fortune *Phæbus* and the sonne of *Maï*,  
 From *Delphos*, and *Cyllene*, came this way :  
 Here meeting, looke, and like. The God of Light  
 Deferres his joy-embracing hopes till night.  
*Hermes* ill-brookes delay : who on her laid  
 His drowsie rod, and forc't the sleepey Maid.  
 Night spangs the skie with starres. An old wives shape  
*Apollo* tooke, and seconds *Hermes* rape.  
 Now when the fulnesse of her time drew nye,  
*Ascalichus* was borne to *Mercury*.  
 Nor from the Sire the Sonne degenerates,  
 cunning in theft, and wily in all sleights :  
 Who could with subtilty deceive the sight ;  
 Converting white to black, and black to white.  
 To *Phæbus* (for she bears two sonnes) belongs  
*Philammon*, famous for his harpe, and songs.  
 What is't have had two sonnes ? two Gods t'inflame ?  
 A valiant father ? *Iupiter* the same ?  
 Is glory fatall ? sure t'was so to Her :  
 Who to *Dianas* durst her face confer,  
 And blame her beauty. With a cruell looke,  
 she said ; Our deeds shall right us. Forthwith tooke  
 Her bow, and bent it ; which she strongly drew ;  
 And through her guilty tongue the arrow flew.  
 It bleeds ; of speech and sound at once bereft :  
 And life, with blood, her falling body left.  
 What grieve (O Piety ! ) opprest my heart !  
 What said I not, t'assuage my brothers smart !  
 Who heares me so, as rocks the roaring waves  
 That beat their browes ; and for his Daughter raves.  
 When he saw her burne, foure times assail'd  
 To sack the flammie Pile : as often fail'd.  
 Then turnes his heeles to flight (much like a Bull  
 By Hornets stung) whom scratching brambles pull :  
 He seem'd to run far faster then a man,  
 As if his feete had wings ; and all out-ran.  
 Who swift in chace of wished death, ascends  
*Arctus* top. As he his body bends  
 To jump from downe-right cliffes, compassionate  
*Apollo*, with light wings, prevents his fate :  
 With beake and talons arm'd ; with strength repleat  
 Above his size : his courage still as great.  
 His Falcon, friend to none, all fowle pursu'th :  
 And grieving, is the cause of common ruth.

- As *Ceyx* thus his brothers change relates :  
*Phocean Anetor* rusheth through the gates ;  
 (Who kept the Heard) and cry'd (halfe out of breath.)  
 350 *Telex*, I bring thee newes of losse and death.  
 Report, said *Telex*, we are bent to beare  
 The worst of fortunes. While the King with feare  
 Hangs on his tongue, He panting, still afeard :  
 To winding shores we drave the weary Heard,  
 When *Phæbus* from the heighth of all the sky,  
 355 The East and West beheld with equall eye.  
 A part on yellow sands their limms display,  
 And from their Rest the wavy fields surway :  
 While other slowly wander here and there :  
 Some swim in seas, and lofty fore-heads rear.  
 360 A Fane, undeckt with gold, or *Parcan* stone,  
 Of blocks adjoynes ; within a grove o're-grown.  
 This the *Nereides* and *Nereus* hold :  
 By sea-men, who there dry'd their nets, so told.  
 Neere it, a Marish, thick with fallowes, stood ;  
 Made plashie by the interchanging flood.  
 365 A Wolfe, a monstrous beast ; with hideous noyse  
 That frights the confines, from those thickets flies.  
 His lightning jawes with blood and some besmear'd :  
 In whose red eyes two darting flames appear'd.  
 Though fell with rage and famine ; yet his rage  
 370 More greedy far : nor hunger seekes r'asswage  
 With blood of beeves, and so surcease ; but all  
 He meets with, wounds ; insulting in their fall.  
 Nor few of us, while we his force-withstood,  
 Fell by his cruell phangs. The shore with blood,  
 375 With blood the sea-brimme blusht, and bellowing lakes.  
 Delay is losse ; who doubts, himselfe forsakes.  
 Arme, arme while something yet is left to lose :  
 And joyning force, this mortall plague oppose.  
 380 The Heardsman ends. Nor did this losse incense  
*Æacides* ; remembering his offence :  
 Borne, as the justice of sad *Psamathe*,  
 To celebrate her *Phocus* Obsequie.  
 The King commands his men to arme : provides  
 To goe in person. Busie rumor guides  
 385 This to *Alcyon* : her passion bare  
 Her swiftly thither ; runing with her haire  
 Halfe uncompos'd : and, that disordering, clung  
 About his neck : then weepes ; and with a tongue

That

That scarce could speake, intreats, that they alone  
 Might goe ; nor hazard both their lives in one.  
 390 To whom *Æacides* : Faire *Queene* forbear  
 (Too much your bounty flowes) your vertuous feare.  
 No force avails in such extreames as these :  
 'Tis prayer that must the sea-thron'd Power appease.  
 A lofty tower within a fortresse stood ;  
 A friend to wandering ships that plough the flood ;  
 395 They this ascend ; and sighing, see the shore  
 With cattell strew'd ; the *Soyler* drencht in gore.  
 Here *Telemus* fixt on seas, with knees that bend,  
 Blew *Tsamathe* implores, at length to end  
 The justice of her wrath. She from his speech  
 400 Diverts her eares : till *Theiris* did beseech,  
 And got her husbands pardon : nor yet could  
 The salvage Wolfe from thirst of blood with-hold ;  
 Till she the beast, as he a heifer slew,  
 405 Transform'd to marble ; differing but in hew :  
 All else intire. The colour of the stone  
 Shewes him no Wolfe : now terrible to none.  
 Yet Fate would not permit *Æacides* ,  
 To harbour here ; nor found in exile ease ;  
 Till at *Magnesia*, in a happy time  
 410 *Acastus* purg'd him from his bloody crime.  
 Meane-while perplext with former prodigies,  
 Both of his neece and brother ; to advise  
 With sacred Oracles, the joyes of men,  
*Ceyx* prepares for *Claros*. *Phorbas* then,  
 With his *Phlegyan* hoast, alike prophane,  
 415 The passage stopt to *Delphian Phobus* Fane.  
 Yet first to thee his secret purpose told,  
 Faith-crown'd *Alcyone*. An inward cold  
 Shot through her bones : her changing face appears  
 As pale as box, bedewed with her teares. (strait :  
 420 Thrice strove to speak, thrice weepes through deafe con-  
 Sobs interrupting her divine complaint  
 What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang'd thy minde ?  
 Where is that love that late so clearely shin'd ?  
 Canst thou thy selfe enjoy, from me remov'd ?  
 425 Doe long waies please ? is now my absence lov'd ?  
 Yet didst thou goe by land, I should alone  
 Grieve without feare : now both combine in one.  
 Seas fright me with their tragicall aspect :  
 Of late I saw them on the shore eject,

- Their scattered wracks : and often have I read  
 430 Sad names on sepulchers that want their dead.  
 Nor let false hopes thy confidency please ;  
 In that my father, great *Hippotades* ,  
 The struggling windes in rocky cavernes keeps :  
 And at his pleasure calmes the raging Deepes.  
 435 They once broke loose submit to no command ;  
 But rage through all the Sea, on all the land ;  
 Perplex the clouds, with sterne encounters rore,  
 And strike forth flames : I feare, by knowledge, more.  
 These knew I, and oft saw their rude comport ;  
 While yet a Girle, within my fathers Court:  
 440 But if my prayers no favour can procure ;  
 And that, alas, thy going be too sure ;  
 Take me along : let both one fortune beare ;  
 Then shall I onely what I suffer feare.  
 Together faile we on the toying Maine :  
 And equally what'ever hap sustaine.  
 445 Thus spake *Alcyone* : whose sorrowes melt  
 Her star-like spouse ; nor he lesse passion felt.  
 Yet neither would his first intent forsake ,  
 Nor her a Partner in his danger make.  
 Much said he to assuage her troubled brest :  
 450 As much in vaine. This addes unto the rest ,  
 (Which answer only could her passion tame )  
 All stay is irkesome, by my fathers Flame,  
 I sweare, if Fate permit, returne I will  
 E're twice the Moone her shining Crescents fill.  
 455 Reviv'd with promise of so short a stay :  
 He bids them lanch the ship without delay,  
 And fit her tacklings. This renewes her feares ;  
 Presaging ill successe : abortive teares  
 460 Flow from their springs ; then kist : a sad farewell,  
 Long first, at length she takes ; and swooning, fell.  
 The Sea-men call aboard : in double ranks  
 Reduce their oares, up-rising from their Banks  
 With equall strokes. She reares her humid eyes,  
 465 And first her husband on the Poope espies  
 Shaking his hand : that, answers. Now from shore  
 The vessell drives, and thence her object bore.  
 Her following eyes the flying ship pursue :  
 470 That lost, the failes her eager gazes drew.  
 When all had left her, to her chamber goes ;  
 And on the empty bed her body throwes :

The bed and place, with tears to minde recall  
 That absent part, which gave esteem to all.  
 Now far from Port ; the windes began to blow  
 475 On quivering shrowds ; their Oares the Sailers flow :  
 Then hoise their Yards a trip, and all their sailes  
 At once let fall to catch th'approaching gales.  
 The ship scarce half her course, or sure no more,  
 480 By this had run ; far off from either shore :  
 When, deep in night, fierce *Eurus* stiffly blew,  
 And high-wrought seas with chafing fomy grew.  
 Strike, strike the Top-sail, let the Main-shear fly,  
 And furl your sailes, the Master cry'd ; his cry  
 485 The blustering windes and roaring seas suppress'd.  
 Yet of their own accord in this distresse  
 They ply their tasks : some feeling yards bestride  
 And take-in sailes ; some stop on either side  
 The yawning leaks ; some seas on seas eject.  
 490 While thus Disorder toyles to small effect,  
 The bitter storm augments ; the wilde windes wage  
 War from all parts, and joyn with *Neptunes* rage.  
 The Master, lost in terror, neither knew  
 The state of things, what to command, or do ;  
 Confessing ignorance ; so huge a masse  
 495 Of ills oppresse ! which slighted Art surpass'd.  
 Lowd cries of men resound ; with ratling shrowds,  
 Floods justling floods, and thunder-crashing clouds.  
 Now tossing Seas appear to touch the sky,  
 And wrap their curls in clouds, frotht with their spry :  
 500 The sand now from the bottom lave, and take  
 Their swarter dy ; now black, as *Syagian* lake ;  
 Sometimes deprest, with hisling fume all white,  
 The *Trachin* ship such horrid changes fright.  
 Which now, as from a mountain rockt with flaves,  
 505 Viewes under-vales, and *Acherons* dark jawes :  
 Now head-long with the tumbling billowes fell ;  
 And Heaven survayes from that low depth of Hell,  
 Her wave-beat sides a hideous noise report :  
 As when a battering Ram beats down a Fort.  
 510 As chafed Lions, whom no terrors fright,  
 Rush on extended steel with horrid might :  
 So Seas invade with storm-imbated powre  
 The ships defence ; and o're her hatches towre,  
 515 Her yeelding planks now spring : stern *Neptune* raves,  
 Charging her breaches with his deadly waves.

- The prodigal clouds in showres their substance spend ;  
 Ambitious seas to gloomy heaven ascend ;  
 All heaven descending to the lofty Main :  
 520 At least so seem. Sails suck the falling rain ;  
 Showres joyn with floods. No friendly star now shone :  
 Blind Night in darknesse, tempests, and her own  
 Dread terrors lost : these horrid lightning turns  
 To light more fear'd ; the Sea with lightning burns.  
 525 Now vaulting floods her upper deck oppress.  
 And as a Souldier, braver then the rest,  
 Tempting to scale the walls with losse assaies,  
 At length enjoyes his hopes ; and spur'd with praise,  
 Among a thousand only stands the shock :  
 530 So while assailing waves the vessel rock  
 The tenth bold billow rusheth in, nor shrinks  
 Until the ship beneath his fury sinks.  
 Those seas, without, the labouring Bark assail :  
 535 These sack her hold. All tremble and look pale ;  
 As at a siege, when foes enforce a wall ;  
 While some within to execution fall.  
 Art fails, hearts sink : on every rising wave  
 Death sits in triumph. and presents a grave.  
 540 He weeps ; he stands amaz'd ; he calls them blest,  
 Whom funerals grace : he vowes to heaven address,  
 Looking at what he sees not, and besought  
 The Gods in vain : he on his parents thought,  
 His children, house, and what he left behinde.  
 545 *Alcyon* possesse all *Ceyx* minde ;  
 Her onely names : now in her absence joy'd,  
 Whose presence was his heaven : and had employ'd  
 His eyes last duty, to descry the way  
 To her abode, but knew not where it lay.  
 550 The giddy seas so whirl, such pitchy clouds  
 Obsure the sky, Night, two-fold darknesse shrouds.  
 Lowd howling whirlwinds over-boord now bore  
 The shivered Mast ; and now the Rudder tore.  
 A billow with these spoyles encourag'd, raves ;  
 Who Victor-like contemnes the under-waves :  
 Nor lighter falls, then if some God had torn  
 555 *Pindus* and *Arbos* from their roots, up-born  
 As high as heaven, and tumbled on the Main.  
 Nor could the ship such force and waight sustain ;  
 But to the bottom sinks. Most of her men  
 The seas infold ; who never seen again

Accomplish'd their fates : while other swim  
 On scattered planks, a plank upholding Him  
 Who late a scepter held. His father-in-law,  
 And father, now invokes : but could not draw  
 (Alas ! ) from either succour. Still his wife  
 Runnes in his thoughts, in that short span of life  
 He wish'd the waves would cast him on the sands  
 Of *Trachis*, to be buried by her hands.  
 Who swimming, sighes *Alcyone* her name  
 His last-of speech : in seas conceives the same.  
 Behold ; an arch of waters, black as hell,  
 Asunder breakes : the breaking surges quell  
 Their sinking Burthen. *Lucifer* that night  
 Became obscure ; nor could you see his light.  
 And since he might not render up his place,  
 With pitchie clouds immur'd his darkned face.  
 Meane-while *Alcyone*, (his fate unknowne )  
 Computes the tedious nights ; by day wrought on  
 A garment for her Lord ; another makes  
 To weare her selfe : whose flattering hope mistakes  
 In his returne. Who holy fumes presents  
 To all the Gods ; but most of all frequents,  
 The Fane of *Iuno* : at her altars pray'd  
 For him that was not. Grant successe ! (she said )  
 A quick returne ! Give he our right to none !  
 Of all her prayers the last succeeds alone.  
 The melting Goddess, could no longer brook  
 Her death-croft prayers ; but from her altar shook  
 Her tainted hand ; and thus to *Iris* spake :  
 Hastie faithfull Messenger, thy journey take  
 To drowsie *Sleepes* dimme palace : bid him send  
 A dreame, that may present the wofull end  
 Of *Ceix* to *Alcyone*. This said ;  
 She, in a thousand-coloured robe arraid,  
 Her ample Bow from heaven to earth extends :  
 And in a cloud to his abode descends.  
 Neere the *Cimmerians* lurks a Cave, in steepe  
 And hollow hill's ; the Mansion of dull *Sleepe* :  
 Not seene by *Phæbus* when he mounts the skies,  
 At height, nor stooping : gloomy mists arise  
 From humid earth, which still a twi-light make  
 No crested fowles shrill crowings here awake  
 The chearefull Morne : no barking Sentinell  
 Here guards ; nor geese, who wakefull dogs excell,

- Beasts tame, nor salvage ; no winde-shaken boughs,  
 Nor strife of jarring tongues, with noyses rouse  
 Secured Ease. Yet from the Rock a Spring,  
 With streams of *Leibe* softly murmuring,  
 605 Purlles on the Pebbles, and invites Repose.  
 Before the Entry pregnant Poppy grows,  
 With numerous Simples ; from whose juicy birth  
 Night gathers sleep, and sheds it on the Earth.  
 No doors here on their creaking hinges jarr'd :
- 610 Through-out this Court there was no door, nor guard,  
 Amid the *Heben* Cave a downy bed  
 High mounted stands, with sable coverings spread.  
 Here lay the lazy God, dissolv'd in rest.  
 Fantastick dreams, whq various storms exprest,
- 615 About him lay : then Autumn's ears far more ;  
 Or leaves of trees, or sands on *Neptunes* shore.  
 The Virgin entring, parts the obvious Dreams :  
 And fills the sacred Concave with the beams  
 Of her bright robe. The God with strife dis-joyns.
- 620 His seel'd lids ; again his head declines,  
 And knocks his chin against his breast. Anon  
 Sleep casts off sleep ; and softly leaning on  
 His elbow, asketh (for he knew her) why  
 She thither came ? when *Iris* made reply :  
 Thou Rest of things, most meek of all the Gods ;
- 625 O Sleep, the Peace of mindes, from whose abodes  
 Care ever flies ; restoring the decay  
 Of toil-tir'd limbs to labour-burd'ning Day:  
 Send thou a Dream, resembling truth, in post  
 T' *Herculean Trachis* ; that like *Ceyx* Ghost,  
 May to *Alcyon* his wrack unfold,
- 630 *Saturnia* this commands. Her message told,  
*Iris* with-drew ; who could the power of Sleep  
 Resist no longer. When she found it creep  
 Upon her yeelding senses, thence she flies :  
 And by her painted Bow remounts the skies.
- The Sire among a thousand sons, excites
- 635 Shape-faining *Morpheus* : of whose brother Sprites  
 None (bid t'assume) with subtler cunning can  
 Usurp the gesture, visage, voice of man,  
 His habit, and known phrase. He only takes  
 A humane form : an Other shewes a Snakes,  
 A Birds, a Beasts. This *Icelos* they call,  
 640 Whom heaven imbowre ; though *Phobctor* by all

Of mortall birth. Next *Phantasmus* ; but he,  
 Of different faculty indues a tree,  
 Earth, water, stone, the severall shapes of things  
 That life enjoy not. These appeare to Kings,  
 And Princes in deepe night : the rest among  
 The vulger stray. Of all the airy throng  
 Their aged father onely *Morpheus* chose  
 To act *Thaumatia*'s charge. His eyes then close  
 Their drowisie lids, and hanging downe his head,  
 Opprest with slumber, shrinks into his bed.  
 His noiselesse wings by night fly *Morpheus* straines ;  
 And with the swiftnesse of a thought, attaines  
 Th' *Aemonian* towres ; then laid them by, and tooke  
 The forme of *Ceyx*. With a pallid looke  
 He naked stood, like one depriv'd of life,  
 Before the bed of his unhapy wife :  
 His beard all wet, the haire upon his head  
 With water dropt ; who leaning on her bed,  
 Thus spake ; while teares from seeming passion flow.

Dost thou, O wretched Wife, thy *Ceyx* know ?  
 Oram I chang'd in death ? looke on the Lost :  
 And for thy husband thou shalt see his Ghost.  
 Thy pious prayers no favour could obtaine :  
 Lo, I am drown'd no longer hope in vaine.  
 Cloud-crushing South winds in *Aegæum* caught  
 Our ravish't ship, and wrackt her with her freight,  
 My voice the floods opprest, while on thy name  
 I vainely call'd. This, neither wandring Fame,  
 Nor doubtfull author tells : this I relate,  
 I, that there perisht by untimely fate.  
 Arise, weep, put on black : not undeplor'd  
 For pity send me to the *Stygian* Ford.

To this he addes a voice, such as she knew  
 Exprest her Lords ; with teares appearing true,  
 And gesture of his hand. She sigh'd and wept ;  
 Stretcht out her armes t' embrace him as she slept,  
 But clapt the empty ayre. Then cry'd, O stay !  
 Ah, whither wilt thou ! Let us goe one way.  
 Wak't with his voice, and husbands ghost ; with feare  
 She lookes about for that which was not there.  
 For now the maids, rais'd with her shreekes, had brought  
 A taper in. Not finding what she sought,  
 She strikes her cheekes, her nightly limen tare,  
 Invades her breast ; nor stayes t' unbind her haire,

But tugs it off. Her Nurse the cause demands  
Of such a violence. She wrings her hands,  
And in the passion of her grief reply'd :

685 There's no *Alcyon* ; none, none ! she dy'd :  
Together with her *Ceyx*. Silent be

All sounds of comfort. These, these eyes did see  
My shipwrackt Lord : I knew him ; and my hands  
Thrust forth t'have held him, but no mortal bands  
Could force his stay. A Ghost : yet manifest :

690 My husbands Ghost : which, O but ill exprest  
His form and beauty, late divinely rare !  
Now pale, and naked, with yet-dropping hair.  
Here stood the miserable ; in this place :  
Here, here (and sought his ayrie steps to trace.)

695 O this my sad mis-giving soul divin'd ;  
When thou forsookst me to pursue the winde.  
But since imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee  
Had put to Sea : a happy fate for me !  
Then both together all the time assign'd

700 For life had liv'd ; nor in our death dis-joynd.  
Now here, I perisht there : on that Profound  
Poor I was wrackt ; yet thou without me drown'd.  
O I, then floods more cruel ; should I strive  
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive !

705 Nor will I, nor forsake thee, nor defer.  
Though one Urn hold not both, one sepulcher  
Shall joyn our titles : though thy bore e. from mine  
The seas dissever, yet our names shall joyn.

Grief choak't the rest. Sobs every accent part :

710 And sighes ascend from her astonisht heart.  
Day springs : She to the shore addrest her haste,  
Even to that place from whence she saw him last.  
And while she sadly utters, here he staid ;  
Here parting kist me ; from thence anchor waid ;

715 While she such sighs recalls ; her steady eyes  
Fixt on a Sea, far off she something spies ;  
But knowes not what : yet like a corse. First she  
Doth doubt : driven neerer (though not neer) might see  
A body plainly. Though unknown, yet much

720 The Omen mov'd her, since his fate was such.  
Poor wretch, who 'ere thou art : and such (she said)  
Thy wife (if wed) by thee a widow made !  
By floods driven neerer ; the more neer, the more  
Her spirits faint : now nigh th'adjoyning shore.

- 735 She sees now what she knowes ; her husbands Corse.  
 Woe's me ! 'tis He, she cries ! at once doth force  
 Her face, haire, habit : trembling hands extends  
 To soule-lesse Ceyx and then said : Here ends  
 My last of hopes : thus, O then life more deare ;  
 O Husband, thus return'st thou ! Art a Peere ;
- 740 Had stretcht into the surges ; which with-stood,  
 And brake the first incursion of the flood.  
 Thither forth-with ( O wonderfull ! ) she springs ;  
 Beating the passive ayre with new-growne wings,  
 Who, now a bird, the waters summit rakes.
- 745 About she flies, and full of sorrow, makes  
 A mournfull noyse ; lamenting her divorce :  
 Anon she toucht his dumb and bloodlesse Corse ;  
 With stretching wings imbrac't her perisht blisse ;  
 And gave his colder lips a heartlesse kisse.
- 740 Whether he felt it, or the floods his looke  
 Vprais'd, the vulgar doubt : yet sure he tooke  
 Sense from her touch. The Gods commiserate :  
 And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.  
 As late, they love : their nuptiall faiths they shew,
- 745 Now little birds ; engender, parents grew.  
 Seaven winter dayes with peacefull calmes possesse,  
*Alcyon* sits upon her floating nest.  
 Then safely saile ; then *Æolus* incaves  
 For his, the windes ; and smoothes the stooping waves ;
- 750 Some old man seeing these their pinious move  
 O'r broad-spread Seas, extolls their endlesse love,  
 By theirs, a neighbour, or Himselfe, revives  
 An others fate. Yon' fable fowle that dives ;  
 ( And therewith shewes the wide-mouth'd Cormorant )
- 755 Of royall parentage may also vant.  
 Whose ancestors from *Troy* their branches spred ;  
*Ilus*, *Affracus*, *Ioves Ganimed*,  
*Laomedon*, and *Priamus* the last  
 That reign'd in *Troy* ; to *Hector* ( who surpast  
 In fortitude ) a brother. If by powre
- 760 Of Fate unchanged in his youths first flowre,  
 He might perhaps as great a name have wonne ,  
 Though *Hector* were great *Dynas* daughters sonne.  
 For *Alixiboe*, a country Maid,  
 Bare *Æsacus* by stealth in *Idas* shade.
- 765 He, hating Citties, and the discontents  
 Of glittering Courts ; the lonely woods frequents.

And

- And unambitious fields ; but made repaire  
 To *Ilium* rarely : yet, he debonaire,  
 Nor unexpugnable to love. Who spyde  
 770 *Eperia*, oft desir'd, by *Cebren's* side  
 (Her fathers river) drying in the Sun  
 Her flowing haire. Away the Nymph did run,  
 Swift as a frighted Hinde the Wolfe at hand ;  
 Or like a fearefull fowle thrust over-land  
 775 Beneath a Falcon. He pursues the chace :  
 Feare wings her feete, and love enforc't his pace.  
 Behold ; a lurking Viper in this strife,  
 Seiz'd on her heele ; suppressing flight with life,  
 Frantick, his trembling armes the dead include :  
 Who cry'd, Alasse that ever I pursude !  
 I fear'd not this ; nor was the victory  
 780 Worth such a losse. Ay me ! two, one destroy.  
 Thy wound the Serpent, I th' occasion gave :  
 I, O more wicked ; yet thy death shall have  
 My life for satisfaction. There-with flung  
 His body from a cliffe which over-hung  
 The undermining Seas. His falling limmes  
 785 Vpheld by *Tethys* pity ; as he swimmes  
 With feathers cloth'd, nor power of dying gives.  
 To be compel'd, to live the Lover grieves :  
 Disdaining that his soule, so well appaid  
 To leave her wretched seat, should thus be staid :  
 790 And mounting on new wings, againe on Seas  
 His body throwes : the fall his feathers ease.  
 With that, enrag'd, into the deepe he dives :  
 And still to drowne himsele as vainely strives.  
 Love makes him leane. A long neck doth sustaine  
 795 His fable head ; long-joynted legs remaine.  
 Nor ever the affected Seas forsakes :  
 And now a futed name from diving takes.



# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Twelfth Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**A** Snake, a Snake-like Stone. Cygnus a Swan;  
 Cænis the Maid, now Cænis and a Man  
 Becomes a Fowle. Neleius varies shapes:  
 At last an Eagle, nor Alcides escapes.

**O** Id Priam mourns for *Æsacus*, nor knew  
 That he surviv'd, and with light feathers flew.  
 While *Hector* and his brethren dues, with tears,  
 Pay to the tomb which his inscription bears.  
 But *Paris*, absent from that obsequy,  
 Straight with his Rape, brought ten years war to Troy.  
 A thousand ships, in one confederate,  
 Pursue his stealth, with all the *Achaian* State.  
 Nor vow'd revenge so long had been delay'd,  
 If wrathful seas had not their passage staid:  
 At fishie *Aulis*, in *Bæotia*,  
 Their wind-bonnd Navie in expectance lay.  
 Here (as of old) to *Jove* they sacrifice.  
 While from the antique altar flames arise,  
 A blew-scal'd Dragon, in the Armies view,  
 Ascends a tree, which near the Altar grew.  
 A Nest there was upon an upper bough,  
 With twice four Birds: these, and their Dam (which now  
 Flutter'd about her young) the greedy Snake  
 At length devour'd. This all with wonder strake.

When

- When *Chalcas* cry'd (who could the truth divine)  
 Rejoyce, *Pelasgians*, 'tis a happy signe!  
 20 Proud *Troy* shall fall; though with long toyl and care,  
 These thrice three birds, thrice three years war declare.  
 She wound about a bough, gorg'd with her rape,  
 Became a stone, that held a Serpents shape.  
 Still *Nereus* in *Aonian* surges raves,  
 25 Nor war transfers. Some think the God of waves  
 Would *Troy* preserve, and save the walls he made.  
*Thestorides* dissents, who knew, and said,  
 A Virgins blood must *Dian'* reconcile.  
 Now did the publick cause the private foile.  
 30 A King a father, *Iphigenia* stood  
 Before the Altar to resigne her blood.  
 The Priest then wept, so pity did subdue  
 The Goddesse, who a cloud about her threw,  
 And while they prosecute her Rites, and prai'd,  
 Produc't a Hinde to represent the Maid.  
 35 When fitter sacrifice had dall'd her rage,  
 Her fury and the Seas, at once assuage.  
 A forewinde then their thousand Vessels bore,  
 Who, suffering much, attain the *Phrygian* shore.  
 Amid the world, between Air, Earth, and Seas,  
 40 A place there is, the confines to all these.  
 Where all that's done, though far remov'd appear,  
 And every whisper penetrates the ear.  
 The House of *Fame*, who in the highest towre  
 Her lodging takes. To this capacious bowre  
 Innumerable wayes conduct, no way  
 45 Barr'd up, the doors stand open night and day.  
 All built of ringing brasse, through-out resounds,  
 Things heard reports, and every word rebounds,  
 No rest within, no silence, yet the noise  
 Not loud, but like the murmuring of a voice.  
 50 Such as from far by rowling billows sent,  
 Or as *Joves* fainting thunder almost spent.  
 Hither the idle Vulgar come and go,  
 Millions of Rumors wander too and fro,  
 55 Lyes mixt with truths, in words that vary still.  
 Of these, with newes unknowing ears some fill;  
 Some carry tales, all in the telling growes,  
 And every Author addes to what he knowes.  
 Here dwels rash Error, light Credulity,  
 60 Dejected Fear, and vainly grounded Joy,

New rais'd Sedition, secret Whisperings  
Of unknowne Authors, and of doubtfull things.  
All done in Heaven, Earth, Ocean, Fame surviews :  
And through the ample world inquires of newes.

She notice gave, how with a dreadfull hoast

The *Grecian* Navy steered for their coast.  
Nor unexpected came : the *Troians* bend.  
Their powers t'encounter, and their shores defend.  
First thou thy life, *Protesilaus*, lost  
By *Hectors* fatall lance ; the battle cost  
The *Greekes* much noble blood : so clearly shone  
Their fortitudes ; great *Hector* yet unknowne.  
Nor no small streames of blood their valours drew  
From *Thrygian* wounds, who felt what *Greece* could doe ;  
And now their mingled gores *Sigæum* staine :  
Now *Neptunes* *Cyenus* had a thousand slaine,  
Now on the Foe the fierce *Achilles* flew ;  
And with his lance whole squadrons overthrew :  
Seeking for *Cyenus*, or for *Hector*, round  
About the field ; at length brave *Cyenus* found :  
(For *Iove* nine yeares great *Hectors* life sustaines.)  
Cheering his horses with the flaxen maines,  
His thundring charriot drives against his foe,  
And shakes his trembling lance : about to throw ;  
O youth, he said, what e're thou art, rejoyce :  
*Achilles* honours thee with death. His voice  
His speare pursues : the Steele no wound imprest,  
Though strongly throwne. When, bounding from his breast,  
He said, Thou Goddesse-borne, Fame brutes thee such ;  
Why wondrest thou ? (*Achilles* wondred much)  
This helme with horse-haire deckt, this shield I beare,  
Defend not me : for fashion these I weare.  
So *Mars* his person armes. Should I display  
My naked breast, thy force could finde no way.  
The grace to be *Nereis* sonne is small .  
I his, who *Nereus*, who his Nymphs, who all  
The Ocean guides : Then at *Achilles* threw  
His lance, that pierc't his plated shield, and through  
Nine Oxe-hides rusht : the tenth did it restraine,  
The Heroe caught it, and retorts againe  
The singing Steele ; againe it gave no wound.  
The third assay no better entrance found,  
Though *Cyenus* bar'd his bosome to the blow.  
He rages like a Bull in *Circian* shew ;

Whose

- Whose dreadful horns the skarlet, which provokes  
 His fury, tosse with still deluded strokes.
- 105 Then searches if the head were off : that on ;  
 What, is my hand, said he, so feeble grown ?  
 On one is all my vigor spent ? my powre  
 Was more, when first I raz'd *Lyrnessus* towre :
- 110 When *Tenedos*, *Eetian Thebes*, were filld  
 With blood of theirs, by my encounters spild.  
 The red *Caycus* slaughtred natives dyde :  
 Twice *Telephus* my javelin powreful tryde.  
 Behold these heaps of bodies ! these I slew :  
 Much could my hand have done ; as much can doe.
- 115 This said, his former deeds almost suspects,  
 And at *Menetes* breast his aim directs,  
 (A *Lycian* of mean rank) the thrilling dart  
 Quite through his faithlesse curasse pierc't his heart :  
 Whose dying body struck the groaning ground,  
 Snatching the weapon from his reeking wound ;
- 120 This hand, he said, this now victorious lance  
 Shall urge thy fate : assist me equal chance !  
 With that, th'unerring dart at *Cyrenus* flung,  
 Th'unevitated on his shoulder rung ;  
 Which like a Rock the Lance repeld again :
- 125 Yet where it hit, it left a purple stain ;  
 By vainly glad *Æacides* descry'd :  
 He woundlesse : this *Menetes* blood had dy'd.  
 Then roring, from his chariot leaps ; and made  
 A horrid on-set with his flaming blade :
- 130 Who breaches in his Helm and Shield beheld ;  
 Yet he secure : his skin the steel repeld.  
 Now all impatient, with the Hilt his Foe's  
 Hard front invades with thick redoubled blowes :  
 Prest on as he gave back, pursues, insists ;
- 135 Nor lets the astonisht breathe. He faints ; blew mist  
 Swim over his dim eyes : whose backward steps  
 A Stone with-stood, On whom *Achilles* leaps  
 With all his strength, and *Cyrenus* up-ward cast  
 On sounding earth : there held the Heroe fast.
- 140 Then sets his shield and knees upon his breast ;  
 And, drawing hard his helmet-strings, opprest  
 His gasping jawes : the breathing path and way  
 Of life shuts up. About t'unarm his prey,  
 The body mist. To a Fowle as white as snow
- 145 By *Nepertine* chang'd ; whom by that name we know.

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This toyle, this fight gave many daies of rest :  
 And either part from deeds of armes surceast.  
 While on their walls the watchfull *Phrygians* ward,  
 And while the watchfull *Greekes* their trenches guard,  
 150 A feast was kept : wherein *Æacides*,  
 For *Cygnus* death with heifers blood did please  
 Propitious *Pallas*. When the entralls laid  
 On burning altars, to the Gods convoid  
 An acceptable smell : a part addrest  
 To sacred use ; the board receiv'd the rest.  
 155 Downe lay the Heroes, fed on roasted flesh,  
 And generous wines their cares, and thirst refresh.  
 Nor musick now, nor songs their eares delight ;  
 But in discourse consume the shortned night.  
 The subject, Valour : of the valour showne  
 160 By their couragious foes, and of their owne.  
 Promiscuously of passed dangers tell,  
 And former enterprizes. What so well  
 Could great *Achilles* speake of ? or what were  
 A fitter theame for great *Achilles* eare ?  
 Then spake he of his conquest, in the fall  
 165 Of noble *Cygnus* : wondred at by all,  
 That weapons had no powre to penetrate  
 His woundlesse body, which could Steele rebate,  
 This the *Pelasgians*, this *Æacides*  
 Himselfe admires. When *Nestor* said to these :  
 170 *Cygnus* is he, who in your age alone  
 Contemned Steele, and could be hurt by none.  
 I saw *Perrhebian Ceneus* once indure  
 A thousand strokes ; yet he from wounds secure.  
*Perrhebian Ceneus*, excellent in deeds,  
 On *Othrys* dwelt : and what beleefe exceeds,  
 175 A woman borne. This prodigie begets  
 Their greater wonder. Every one entreats  
*Achilles* thus : Divinely eloquent ;  
 O thou the wisdom of our age ; consent  
 To our desires ; for all desires the same :  
 Of *Ceneus* tell ; how he a man became ;  
 180 In what contention, or what battell knowne ;  
 By whom, if so by any, overhrowne.  
 Then He : Though age impaire my memory,  
 And much beheld in youth my knowledge flye,  
 I much remember : yet, of all that are  
 Among so many acts of peace and warre,

- 185 None deeper is imprinted in my brain.  
 And if the length of time, not spent in vain  
 Can many accidents to knowledge give ;  
 Two Ages finish't, in the third I live.  
 Not all the Virgins that *Thessalia* bare,  
 With *Elateian Cenis* could compare,
- 190 For beauty. From the Cities bordering,  
 And those, *Æacides*, which call thee King  
 (For she her birth to your *Æmonia* ought)  
 A world of lovers her affection fought.  
 And *Peleus* too perhaps had woo'd her bed ;  
 But that already to thy mother wed,
- 195 Or else assur'd. *Cenis* still forbore  
 All nuptial ties. As on the secret shore  
 She walkt alone, the Sea-god her dissent  
 Enforc't to Rape : for so the rumor went.  
 Rapt with the joy of loves first tasted fruit ;  
 All shall, said *Neptune*, to thy wishes sute ;
- 200 Wish what thou wilt. So Fame the story told.  
 My wrong, said *Cenis*, makes my wishes bold :  
 That never like enforcement may befall,  
 Be I no woman ; and thou giv'st me all.  
 Her latter words a deeper voice expresse,  
 Much like a mans : for now it prov'd no lesse.
- 205 The Sea-god had assented to her will :  
 And further addes, that steel should neither kill  
 Nor wound his person. Yong *Atracides*  
 Departs ; rejoycing in such gifts as these :  
 Who great in every manly vertue growes ;  
 And haunts the fields through which *Pemæus* flows.
- 210 The son of bold *Ixion* now had wed  
*Hippodame* : the salvage Centaures, bred  
 Of clasped Clouds, his invitation grac't ;  
 In shady bowres at sundry tables plac't.  
 There were th' *Æmonian* Princes ; there was I :  
 The Palace rung with our confused joy.
- 215 They *Hymen* sing ; the Altars fume with flames :  
 Forth came th' admired Bride with troops of Dames.  
 We call *Perithous* happy in his choice :  
 But scarce maintain the Omen of that voice.  
 For *Eurytus*, more heady then the rest,  
 Foul rapine harbours in his salvage brest ;
- 220 Incens'd by beauty, and the heat of wine :  
 Lust and Ebriety in out-rage joy.

Straight, turn'd-up boords the feast prophane : the fair  
 And tender Spouse now haled by the hair.  
 Fierce *Eurytus* *Hyppodame* ; all took,  
 Their choice, or whom they could : sackt Cities look  
 With such a face. The women shriek : we rise.  
 When *Theseus* first ; O *Eurytus*, unwise !  
 Dar'st thou offend *Perythous* as long  
 As *Theseus* lives ? in one to suffer wrong.  
 The great-sould *Heroe*, not to boast in vain,  
 Breaks through the throng, and from his fierce disdain  
 The Rape repris'd. He no reply affords ;  
 Such facts coul'd not be justifi'd by words :  
 But with his fists the brave redeemer prest ;  
 Assails his face, and strikes his generous brest.  
 Not far off stood an antique Goblet, wrought  
 With high-rai'd figures : this *Aegides* caught ;  
 Hurl'd at the face of *Eurytus* : a flood  
 Of reeking wine, of brains, and clotted blood,  
 At once he vomits from his mouth and wound ;  
 And falling backward, kicks the stained ground.  
 The Centaures, frantick for their brothers death,  
 Arm, arm, resound, with one exalted breath.  
 Wine courage gives. At first an uncouth flight  
 Of Flagons, Pots, and Boles, began to fight :  
 Late fit for banquets, now for blood and broyles.  
 First *Amycus*, *Ophions* issue, spoyles  
 The sacred places of their gifts ; who ramps,  
 Tears down a brazen Cresset stuck with Lamps :  
 This swings aloft, as when a white-hair'd Bull  
 The Sacrificer strikes ; which crusht the skull  
 Of *Celadon* the *Lapithite*, and left  
 His face unknown : confusion form bereft.  
 Out start his eyes ; his batter'd nose betwixt  
 His shiver'd bones flat to his pallat fixt.  
*Pellæan* *Pelades* a tressel tore  
 That propt the boord, and feld him to the flore.  
 He knocks his chin against his breast, and spude  
 Blood mixt with teeth. A second blow pursude  
 The first ; and sent his vexed soul to hell.  
 Next, *Gryneus* stood ; his looks with vengeance swell :  
 Serves this, said he, for nothing ? therewith rais'd  
 Aloft a mighty altar : as it blaz'd,  
 Among the *Lapithines* his burden threw ;  
 Which *Broteas*, and the bold *Orion* slew.

- Orions* mother *Mycale*, with fear  
 Could pale the Moon, and hale her from her spear.  
 265 *Exadims* cry'd : Nor shalt thou so depart  
 Had I a weapon. Of a voted Hart  
 The Antlers from a Pine he puls ; they fix  
 Their forks in *Gryneus* darkned eyes : one sticks  
 Upon the horn, the other in thick gore  
 270 Hung on his beard. A fire-brand *Rhæus* bore,  
 Snatcht from the Altar ; and *Charaxus* head  
 Crackt through the skul, with yellow tresses spred.  
 The rapid flame his blazing curls surround,  
 275 Like corn on fire ; blood broyling in his wound  
 Horribly hisles : as red Steel that gloes  
 With fervent blasts, which pliant tongues dispose  
 To quenching cool-troughs, sputters, strives, consumes ;  
 And hissing under heated water, fumes.  
 280 The wounded from his singed tresses shakes  
 The greedy flame ; and on his shoulders takes  
 A stone torn from the threshold, which alone  
 Would load a Wain, at distant *Rhæus* throwt.  
 This, falling short, *Cometes* life invades :  
 And sent his friend to everlasting shades.  
 285 When *Rhæus*, laughing ; May you all abound  
 In strength so try'd ; and aggravates his wound  
 By blowes redoubled, with his burning brand.  
 Crusht bones now sinke in braines. Then turns his hand ;  
 290 On *Coritus*, *Evagrus*, *Dryas* flew :  
 Who *Coritus*, a youth, too timely flew.  
 What glory can the slaughter of a Boy  
 Afford, *Evagrus* said ? nor more could say :  
 For *Rhæus* e're his jawes together came,  
 295 Hid in his throat and brest the choking flame.  
 Then whisks the brand about his browes ; assails  
 The valiant *Dryas* ; but no more prevails :  
 For through his shoulder, who hath triumpht long  
 In daily slaughter, *Dryas* fixt his Prong.  
 300 Who groning, tugs it out with all his might :  
 And soil'd with blood, now saves himself by flight.  
 So *Lycidas Arneus*, *Medon* (red  
 With his own blood) *Trisenor*, *Caumas*, fled :  
 305 Wound-tardy *Mermerus*, late swift of pace ;  
*Meneleus*, *Pholus*, *Abas*, us'd to chace  
 The Bore ; and *Astylos*, who fates fore-knew :  
 Who vainly bad his friends that war eschue ;

And said to frighted *Nessus*, Fly not so ;  
 Thou art reserv'd for great *Alcides* bow.  
 But yet *Enynomus*, nor *Lycidas*,  
*Arens*, nor *Imbrens*, unslaughtred passe :  
 All slaine by *Dryas* hand. Thee *Canens* too,  
 Though turn'd about to fly, a fore-wound flue :  
 For looking back ; the point betweene his sights,  
 There, where the nose joynes with the fore-head, lights.  
 Unwakened with the tumult of this fray,  
 Dissolv'd in death-like sleepe, *Aphidus* lay  
 Upon a Beares rough hide on *Ossa* kild :  
 Whose lazie hand a mixed goblet held.  
*Phorbas* farre off the vainely hurtlesse spy'd :  
 And to the thong his fingers fitting, cry'd,  
 Thy wine hence-forth with *Stygian* water brew.  
 Thus said, at slumber-bound *Aphidus* threw  
 His trembling dart : the steeled ash made way  
 Through's naked neck, as he supinely lay.  
 Death was unfelt : his full throate voids a flood :  
 The hide and goblet, drown'd and filld with blood.  
 Saw *Petræus* tearing from the gound  
 A well growne Oake : while he embrac't it round  
 With his strong armes, now, this, now that way hal'd,  
 Perithous to the bole his bosome nail'd.  
 About *Lycus* by *Perithous* valour fell :  
 Perithous valour *Chromis* tunke to hell.  
 These lesse the glory of his acts elate  
 Then *Helops* death, and *Diſſys* stranger fate.  
 His eager javelin *Helops* temples cleft :  
 Which at the right eare rushed through the left.  
 At *Diſſys* from a broken mountaine slides,  
 As he *Ixioms* furious sonne avoids,  
 A head-long fell : his weight asunder brake  
 A mighty Ash, the stumps his entrailles stake.  
 To rullt revengefull *Phereus* with a stone  
 Came from a rock : his mighty elbow-bone  
 (about to hurle) in shivers *Theſeus* crackt :  
 For leasure had, or further care t'exact  
 His uselesse life. Then nimbly vaults upon  
*Phereus*'s back, before bestir'd by none,  
 His knees claps to his sides, his shaggy haire  
 His left hand hales : his eyes, that grimly stare  
 And threaten, crushes with his knotty Oake.  
 But sam'd *Lycesperes*, and *Medimmus* stroke

- To humble earth : so *Hippasus*, whole beard  
 Reacht to his breast ; and *Ripheus*, who appear'd  
 More tall then trees ; with *Therens*, who caught  
 Wild beares on *Othis* heretofore, and brought  
 Th'enraged purchase to his home alive.
- 355 *Demoleon* frets to see *Ægides* thrive.  
 With such successe ; and from the center strives  
 To teare a Pine : which when he could nor, rives  
 The yeelding bole, and darts it as his foe.  
*Theſeus* farre off espi'd the deadly throw ;
- 360 Who by *Minerva's* counsell (for so he  
 Would have us thinke) with-drew : and yet the tree  
 Not idle fell ; but *Crantor's* shoulder, breast,  
 And throate divides ; which tortur'd life releast.  
 He was (*Æcides*) thy fathers Squire ;  
 Given by subdu'd *Amymor* to thy fire  
 (*Amymor* the well-train'd *Dolopians* Guide)
- 365 In hostage for their peace, and faith affide.  
 When *Peleus* saw that spectacle of ruth ;  
 Receive, O *Crantor*, O beloved youth,  
 This sacrifice, he said : and sent a dart,  
 With all the rigor of his hand and heart ,  
 At proud *Demoleon* ; which the bones that joyne
- 370 His ribs transfixt ; and quaver'd in the chine.  
 His hands from thence the headlesse Iavelin pluck ,  
 And hardly that : the head behind it stuck.  
 Anguish it selfe the heat of wrath improoves :  
 He reares afore, and pawes him with his hooves.
- 375 Who with his shield and burganet defends  
 The sounding strokes : yet still his sword extends  
 And twixt his shoulders at one thrust doth gore  
 His double breasts. Yet had he slaine before  
*Phlegæus*, *Hyles*, with his lances flight ,  
*Hipponous* and *Danis*, in close fight ,
- 380 Addes *Dorylas* to these, who wore a skull  
 Of Wolfe-skin tan'd, the sharpe homes of a Bull,  
 Instead of other weapon, fixt before,  
 And dyde in crimson with *Lapithian* gore.  
 To whom, with courage fir'd I said in scorne ,  
 Behold how much our Steele excels thy horne.
- 385 And threw my lance : not to be shum'd, he now  
 Claps his right hand upon his threatned brow ,  
 Which both together naid. They rore : and while  
 Th'ingaged with his bitter wound doth toyle ,

Thy father, who was neereſt, neerer preſt :  
 And thruſt his ſword deepe in, below his breſt.  
 He Bounds aloft, on th' earth his bowels trailes :  
 The trailed kicks, the kickt in peeces hailes ;  
 Which winding, fether both his legges and thighes :  
 So falls ; and with a gutleſſe belly dies.  
 Nor thee thy beauty, *Cyllarus*, could ſave :  
 If ſuch a two-form'd figure beauty have.  
 His chin began to bud with downe of gold ;  
 And golden curles his ivory back inſold :  
 His lookes a pleaſing vigor grac't ; his breſt,  
 Hands, ſhoulders, neck, and all that man expreſt,  
 Surpaſſing arts admired images.  
 Nor were his beſtiall parts a ſhame to theſe :  
 Adde but a horſes head and creſt, he were  
 For *Caſtors* uſe ; his back ſo ſtrong to bear,  
 So largely cheſted ; blacker then the crow :  
 His taile and feet-locks, white as falling ſnow. .  
 A number of that nation ſought his love ;  
 Whom none but faire *Hylonome* could move :  
 None for attraſting favour ſo excell,  
 Of all the halfe-mares that on *Othrys* dwell.  
 Shee, by ſweet words, by loving, by conſeſt  
 Affection, onely *Cyllarus* poſſeſt.  
 With combs ſhe ſmoothes her haire ; her perſon trimmes  
 With all that could be gracefull to ſuch limmes.  
 Of roſes, roſemary, and violets,  
 And oft, of lillies curious dreſſings pleats.  
 Twice daily waſht her face in ſprings that fall  
 From *Pagaſean* hils ; twice daily all  
 Her body bathes in cleaſing ſtreames : and ware  
 The ſkinnes of beaſts, ſuch as were choice and rare,  
 Which flowing from her ſhoulder croſſe her breſt,  
 Waile her left ſide. Both equall love poſſeſt :  
 Together on the ſhady mountaines ſtray,  
 In woods and hollow caves together lay :  
 Then to the palace of the *Lapithine*  
 Together came ; and now together fight.  
 A javelin from the left hand flung, thy breſt  
 O *Cyllarus*, beneath thy neck impreſt.  
 Her heart though ſlightly hurt (the dart out-hal'd)  
 Grew forth-with cold ; and all his body pal'd.  
*Hylonome* his dying limmes receives ;  
 Her ſcents his wound, cloſe to his lips ſhe cleaves,

- 425 To stay his flying soule. But when she found  
Lifes fire extinct; with words in clamour drown'd,  
Even on that steele, which through his bosome past,  
She threw her owne: and him in death imbrac't.  
Me thinkes I see grim *Phaocomes* yet:
- 430 Who with two Lyons skinnes, together knit,  
Protect's his double forme. A log he tooke,  
Which scarce two teemes could draw; this darted, strooke  
The crowne of *Phonolenides*; his braines  
It though his battered skulls deepe crannies straines;
- 435 Which from his mouth, eyes, eares, and nostrils gush't,  
Like curds through wickar squeas'd; or juyces crust  
Through draining colendars. As he the dead  
Prepares t'unarme, my sword his bowels shred.  
Your father saw his downefall. *Chthonius* too,
- 440 And stout *Teleboas* our sawchion slew.  
The first a forked branch, the other bore  
A lance; the lance this wound had given before;  
Whereof you see the ancient scarre. Then I,  
Then should I have beene sent t'have ruin'd Troy,
- 445 Then might I have restrain'd, if not o'r-throwne  
Great *Hector*. But, he either then was none,  
Or else a child. Now spent with age, I waine.  
What speake I of two-shapt *Pyretus* slaine  
by *Periphas*? Thy dart without a head,  
Brave *Ampycus*, foure-hoov'd *Oicles* sped.
- 450 *Macareus* borne by *Pelethronian* rocks,  
Fuge *Erigdupas* with a leaver knocks  
To ecchoing earth. His dart *Cymelus* sheath'd  
Deepe in *Nessus* groyne, and life bereav'd.  
Nor would you thinke *Ampycides* alone
- 455 Could fate fore-tell; a lance by *Mopsus* throwne  
*Odites* slew: this, as the Centaure rail'd,  
His tongue t'his chin; his chin t'his bosome nail'd.  
Five *Canews* slew; *Bromus*, *Antimachus*,  
Axe-arm'd *Pyrachus*, *Helius*, *Stiphelus*.
- 460 Although forgetfull by what wounds they fell;  
Their names, and number, I remember well.  
Giant-like *Latreus* lightneth to these broyles;  
Arm'd with *Emathian* *Alesus* spoyles:  
His yeares, twist youth and age; nor age impaires.
- 465 The strength of youth, though sprinkled with gray haire.  
A *Macedonian* speare, a sword, and shield,  
Confirme his pride: o'r-views the well-fought field,

Clashes his armes ; and trotting in a round,  
Enforc'd the air with this disdainful sound.

Shall I indure thee *Ceneis* ? still to me  
Thou art a woman, and shalt *Ceneis* be.  
Thou hast forgot thy births original,  
And for what fact rewarded ; by what fall  
Advanc't to this man-counterfeiting shape.  
Think of thy birth ; think of thy easie rape.  
Go, take a Spindle and a Distaff ; twine  
The carded wooll, and armes to Men resigne.

While thus he scoffs ; and circularly ran ;  
*Ceneis* his sides gores with his lance, where *Man*  
And Horse unite. He, mad with anguish, flings  
His spear at the *Phyllis* youth, which rings  
On his unwounded face ; and back recoyles,  
As Pebbles dropt on Drums, or Hail on Tyles.  
Then rushing on, with thrusts assaies to wound  
His hardned sides, the sword no entrance found.  
Nor shalt thou scape ; the edge shall lanch thy throat,  
Although the point be dull. This said, and smote  
At once, The blow, as if on marble, sounds :  
And from his neck the broken blade rebounds.  
When he his charmed limbs had open laid  
Enough to wounds and wonder, *Ceneis* said :  
Now will we try, if thou our sword canst feel.  
Then 'twixt his shoulders thrusts the fatal steel  
Up to the hilts ; which to and fro he waves  
Deep in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraves.  
The frighted Centaures with a horrid cry,  
On him alone, with all their weapons, fly.  
Their Darts rebated, fall, but draw no blood :  
For *Ceneis* still invulnerable stood.

This more amaz'd. Ah, *Monachus* exclaimes,  
One soyles us all, to all our endlesse shames !  
He scarce a man ! nay, he the man, and we  
Are what he was : so poor our actions be.  
What boots our mighty limbs ? our double force ?  
The strongest of all creatures, Man and Horse,  
In us by Nature joyn'd ? sure we are not  
A Goddesse birth ; nor by *Ixion* got,  
Who durst the Queen of Deities imbrace :  
This half-man conquers his degenerate race.  
Stones, massie Logs, whole Mountains on him roul ;  
And with a pyle of Trees crush out his soul.

- Let woods oppress his jawes : o're-whelm with waight,  
 Instead of idle wounds. Thus he : and straight
- 510 An Oak up-rooted by the furious blasts  
 Of frantick winds, on valiant *Ceneus* casts.  
 Th'example quickly *Othris* disaraid  
 Of all his trees ; and *Telion* wanted shade.  
 Prest with so huge a burthen, *Ceneus* sweats :
- 515 And to th'o'r-whelming Oaks his shoulders sets,  
 But now the load above his stature climes,  
 And choaks the passage of his breath. Sometimes  
 He faints ; then struggles to advance his crown  
 Above the Pile, and throw the timber down :
- 520 Sometimes the burden with his motion quakes ;  
 As when an Earth-quake high-brow'd *Ida* shakes.  
 His end was doubtful : some there be, who tell  
 How with that weight his body sunk to Hell,  
*Mopsus* dissents ; who saw a fowl arise
- 525 From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies ;  
 (The first I ever saw) which flying round  
 About our tents, sent forth a mournful sound.  
 This he pursuing with his soul and sight,
- 530 Cry'd, Hail thou glory of the *Lapithae* !  
 O *Ceneus*, late a man at armes ; but now  
 An un-matcht fowl ! his witnesse all allow.  
 Grief whets our fury ; brooking ill, that one  
 By such a multitude should be o're-thrown :  
 And sorrow so long executes the fight,
- 535 Till half were slain : half sav'd by speed, and night.  
*Tlepolemus* could not his tongue debar :  
 Since in the repetition of that war,  
 Of *Hercules* he had no mention made.  
 Old man, how can you so forget (he said)
- 540 *Alcides* praise ? my father oft would tell,  
 How by his hand the Cloud-born Centaures fell.  
 To this sad *Nestor* answer'd : Why should you  
 Compel me to remember, and renew  
 My sorrow lost in time ? or iterate  
 Your fathers guilt ; together with my hate ?
- 545 His acts transcend belief, his high repute  
 Fills all the world : which would I could refuse,  
 But not *Polydamas*, *Deiphobus*,  
 Nor valiant *Hector*, are extold by us.  
 For who commends his foe ? *Messene's* walls
- 550 He raz'd : fair *Elis*, *Pylus*, in their falls

Detest his fury ; Cities which his hate  
 Had not deserv'd with them did ruinate  
 Our House with sword and fire. Not now to tell  
 Of others, who by his sterne out-rage fell ;  
 Twice six false-fam'd *Nekide* were we ;  
 Twice six *Alcides* slew, excepting me.  
 Others have beene suddu'd : but more then strange  
 Was *Perichlymen's* slaughter ! who could change  
 And rechange to all figures. Such a grace  
 Great *Neptune* gave ; the root of *Neleus* race.  
 He, forc't to vary formes, at length appeares  
 Like *Ioues* lov'd Fowle, who in her tallons beares  
 Impetuons thunder ; and in his descent  
 His face with his strong beake and pounces rent.  
 At him his bow, too sure, *Alcides* drew,  
 As towring in the lofty clouds he flew,  
 And struck his side-joyn'd wing. The wound was slight ;  
 But sunder'd nerves could not sustaine his flight.  
 When tumbling downe, his weight the arrow smote  
 In at his side, and thrust it through his throate.  
 Now brave *Commander* of the *Rhodian* Fleete ;  
 Thinkst thou *Alcides* praise a subject meet  
 For my discourse ? Alone with silence we  
 Revenge our slaughtred brothers ; and love thee.  
 When *Nestor* with mellifluous eloquence  
 Had thus much utter'd ; they with speech dispense,  
 And liberall *Bacchus* quasse : then all arose,  
 And give the rest of night to soft repose.  
 The God, whose Trident calmes the Ocean,  
 For strangled *Cycnus*, turn'd into a Swan,  
 Grieves with paternall griefe. *Achilles* fate  
 He prosecutes with more then civill hate.  
 Ten yeares now well-nigh laps'd in horrid fights,  
 Thus unshorne *Sminthens* his sterne rage excites.  
 Of all our brothers sonnes to us most deare ;  
 Whose hands, with ours, *Troys* walls in vaine did reare :  
 O sigh'st thou not to see the *Asian* towres  
 So neere their fall ? their owne, and aiding powres  
 By millions slaine ? the last of all their joy  
 Dead *Hector* drag'd about his fathers *Troy* ?  
 Yet dire *Achilles*, who our labour gives  
 To utter spoyle, then Warre more cruell, lives.  
 Came he within my reach, he then should try,  
 The vengeance of my Trident : but since I

- 395 Cannot approach to encounter with my foe ;  
 Let him thy close and mortal arrows know.  
*Delius* assents : his Uncles wrath intends ;  
 With it, his own ; and in a cloud descends.  
 To th' *Ilian* host : amid the battel seeks
- 600 For *Paris*, shooting at un-noted *Greeks*.  
 Then shew'd a God, and said : Why dost thou lose  
 Thy shafts so basely ? nobler objects choose ;  
 If thou of thine at least hast any care :  
 Thy brethrens deaths revenge on *Peleus* heir.  
 Then shew'd him stern *Achilles*, as he slew
- 605 The *Trojan* troops : and, while his bow he drew,  
 Directs the deadly shaft. This only might  
 Old *Priam*, after *Hectors* death, delight.  
 Him, who with conquest cloyd the jawes of death,  
 A faint adulterer deprives of breath.
- 610 If by th'effeminate to be o'r-thrown,  
 Then should the Pollax of the *Amazon*  
 Have forc't thy fate. The *Phrygian* fear ; the fame,  
 And strong protection of the *Grecian* Name,  
 Invincible *Æacides* now burns :  
 The God, who arm'd, his bones to ashes turnes.
- 615 And of that great *Achilles* scarce remains  
 So much, as now a little Urn containes.  
 Yet still he lives ; his glory lightens forth,  
 And fills the world : this answers his full worth.  
 This, O divine *Pelides*, soars as high  
 As thy great spirit, and shall never die.
- 620 And even his armes, to instance whose they were ;  
 Procure a war, Armes for his Armes they bear.  
*Ajax*, *Oileus*, *Diomedes*, nor  
 The lesse *Atrides* ; not in age and war,  
 The Greater : no nor any ; but the Son  
 Of old *Laertes*, and bold *Telamon*,
- 625 Durst hope for such a prize. *Tantalides*,  
 To shun the burden, and the hate of these,  
 The Princes bids to sit before his tent :  
 And puts the strife on their arbitrement.



# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

The Thirteenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

**T** *Hose purple flowres which Ajax name display,  
His blood produce. Enraged Hecuba  
Becomes a Bitch. From Memnons cinders rise  
Self slaughtring Fowle : a yearly sacrifice.  
What ever Anius daughters handle, proves  
Corn, Wine, or Oyl : themselves transform'd to Doves.  
From honour'd Virgins ashes Sons ascend.  
Th' Ambracian Fudge a Stone. Light wings defend  
Molossus royal issue. Scylla grows  
A horrid Monster. Murder'd Acis flowres  
With speedy streames. The kinde Nereides  
For Glaucus sue : inthron'd in sacred Seas.*

**T** *He Princes sat ; the Souldier crownes the field :  
Up rose the Master of the seven-fold-Shield.  
With wrath impatient, his stern eyes survey  
Sigeum, and the Navie which there lay.  
Then throwing up his hands, O Jove, he said ;  
Before the Fleet must we our title plead ?  
And am I rivald by Vlysses clame ?  
Who made no doubt to fly from Hector's flame.  
This, I sustain'd ; from this that Navy freed.  
'Tis safer to contend in word then deed.  
I cannot talk, nor can he fight : as far  
His tongue excels, as I exceed in war.*

L 4

Nor

- Nor need I to rehearse what you have seen  
 In a<sup>3</sup>, renowned *Greeks* : what his hath been  
 Let *Ithacus* declare ; perform'd by fight,  
 15 Without a witnesse, only known to Night.  
 Great is the affected prize, I must confesse :  
 But such a Rival makes the value lesse.  
 For me, 'tis no ambition to obtain,  
 (Though great) what ever he could hope to gain,  
 Who now in this is honour'd, that can boast  
 20 He strove with me, when he the palm hath lost,  
 But were my valour question'd, I might on  
 My birth insift ; begot by *Telamon*,  
 Who under *Hercules* *Troy's* bulwarks scal'd :  
 In *Pagasean* kell to *Colchis* fail'd.  
 25 His father, *Æacus* ; the Judge of souls,  
 Where *Sisyphus* his restless torment rould.  
 High *Jupiter* upon a mortal Love  
 Got *Æacus* : I *Ajax* third from *Jove*.  
 Nor let this pedegree assift my clame,  
 30 If great *Achilles* joyn'd not in the same.  
 He was my brother, his I ask. Why thus  
 Shouldst thou, thou son of damned *Sisyphus*,  
 Alike in theft and fraud, a stranger to  
*Achilles* race, the right of his pursue ?  
 Because I first assumed armes, descryde.  
 35 By no detector, are these armes denyde ?  
 Or rather for the last in field design'd ;  
 Who with faign'd lunacy the war declin'd :  
 Till *Palamed* more politick, though more  
 Unhappy, did his coward-guile explore,  
 And drew him to avoided armes ? Must he  
 40 Now wear the best, who all eschew'd ? and we  
 Unhonour'd, robbed of a Kinsmans right,  
 Because we at the first appear'd in fight ?  
 And would to *Jove* he had been truly mad ;  
 Or still so thought : nor this companion had,  
 This tempter to fowl actions, ever seen  
 The *Phrygian* towres. Then shouldst not thou have been.  
 45 O *Pæans* son, exposed by our crime  
 To *Lemnian* Rocks : where thou consum'st thy time  
 In lonely Caves obscur'd with woods, the stones  
 Provok't to pity with thy daily grones,  
 And wishest him, what he deserves, thy pain,  
 If Gods there be, thou wishest not in vain.

Now our Confederate (a Prince of brave  
 Command) to whom his shafts *Alcides* gave ;  
 Broken with pain and famine, doth imploy  
 Those arrows, that import the fate of *Troy*,  
 For food and clothing : yet he lives the while,  
 In that removed from *Ulysses* guile.  
 And *Palamed* might wish t'have been so left :  
 Then had he liv'd, or been of life bereft  
 Nor by our crime. He hellishly inclin'd,  
 Bears his convicted madnesse in his minde ;  
 And falsely him accus'd to have betraid  
 Th' *Achaian* host ; confirming what he said  
 By shewing sums of gold, which in his tent  
 Himself had hid. Thus he by banishment  
 Or death, our strength impairs ; for this preferd :  
 So fights, so is *Vlysses* to be fear'd  
 Though faithful *Nestor*, he in eloquence,  
 Surpasse ; his leaving *Nestor*, no defence  
 Of words can salve : who slow, through his hurt horse,  
 And clog'd with age, implor'd *Vlysses* force  
 To fetch him off ; who left to oddes of foes  
 His old acquaintance. This *Tydid*es knowes  
 For no forg'd crime ; who vainly cald, to stay  
 His trembling friend, reviling his dismay.  
 The Gods with justice view our humane deeds.  
 Who would not late assist, assistance needs :  
 And now to be forsaken by the Law  
 Himself prescrib'd. He cry'd, I came, and saw  
 The coward quaking, pale, about to yeeld  
 His ghost for fear. I interpos'd my shield ;  
 Bestrid him as he lay ; and from that strife  
 Redeem'd (my least of praise) his coward life.  
 But if thou wilt contend, rejoyn we there ;  
 Revoke the foe, thy wounds, and usual fear ;  
 Behinde my target sculk : then plead. This man,  
 Who reeld with wounds ; freed, as unwounded ran.  
 Now *Hektor* came, and brought the Gods along ;  
 Rusht on all parts : not thou alone, the strong  
 And best resolved shrink : so great a dread  
 He drew on all. Him, as he conquest led  
 Through blood and slaughter, with a mighty stone  
 I struck to earth : Him I sustain'd alone,  
 When he to all so bold a challenge made ;  
 When for my lot you all devoutly pray'd.

- Nor pray'd in vaine : if you enquire the summe  
 90 Of this our fight, I was not overcome.  
 With bloody weapons, flames, and *Love*, the men  
 Of *Troy* invade our navie : where was then  
 Your eloquent *Vlysses* ? I, even I  
 A thousand ships preserv'd ; whereon relye  
 The hope of your returne. These armes for all  
 95 Your Fleet afford The meed more honour shall  
 Receive then give : our glories justly pease ;  
 These armes doe *Ajax* seek, not *Ajax* these,  
*Rhesus* surprize, with ours let him compare,  
 That poore Spie *Dolons*'s, *Hellenus* despaire ;  
 The rapt *Palladium* : nothing done by day ;  
 100 He of no worth, take *Diomed* away.  
 If to such meane deserts these armes accrue ;  
 Divide them : to *Tydid*es most is due.  
 Why would he these ? who still unarmed goes,  
 Conceal'd ; and cunningly intraps his foes ?  
 105 This radiant Cask that shines with burnisht gold,  
 Will his deceit, and lurking steps unfold.  
 His neck can scarce *Achilles* helmet beare ;  
 Nor can his feeble arme employ this speare :  
 110 His shield, whose orbe the figured world adorne ;  
 A cowards arme, inur'd to theeving, scornes.  
 O foole, that thus thy owne undoing seekes !  
 If giving thee by th' error of the *Greekes* ,  
 It will not make thee dr adfull to thy foe ;  
 But give occasion of thy overthrow.  
 115 And flight, wherein thou only dost exceed ,  
 Clog'd with so huge a waight, will faile thy need .  
 Besides, thy shield in battle rarely borne,  
 Is yet entire : but mine, all hackt and torne  
 With stormes of blowes, a new successor needs.  
 120 What boots so many words ? behold our deeds.  
 These armes deliver to the foes defence :  
 And let him keepe, that takes the prize from thence,  
 Here *Ajax* ends. The Souldiers in the close  
 A murmure rais'd, till *Ithacus* arose :  
 125 Who having fixed on the earth a space  
 His eyes, unto the Princes rais'd his face ;  
 And now expected, spake unto this sense ;  
 With all the grace of winning eloquence.  
*Grecians* ; if heaven, with yours, had heard my praise ;  
 What now we seek had found no doubtfull Heire ;

Th'hadst

Th'hadst kept thy armes, *Achilles*, and we thee.  
But since stern Fate, averse to you and me,  
So coveted an happineſſe denies,  
(With that appears to weep, and wipes his eyes)  
Who great *Achilles* with more right ſucceeds,  
Then he, who gave you great *Achilles* deeds?  
Favour not him becauſe he ſeems to be,  
And is a ſot : nor blame this wit in me,  
So bleſt in your affairs : or take offence  
That for my ſelf I arm my eloquence ;  
(If I have any) oft for you imploid.  
Let none the glory of his own avoid.  
For Anceſtors, divine original,  
And deeds by us not done, we ours miſ-call.  
Yet in that *Ajax* vants himſelf to be  
Great-Granchild unto *Jove* ; no leſſe are we.  
*Laertes* was my Sire, *Arceſus* his ;  
His, *Jupiter* : in this deſcent none is  
Condemn'd, nor baniſht. By the mother I  
From *Hermes* ſpring : in both a Deity.  
Not that more noble by the Mothers ſide,  
Nor that my father had his hands undide  
In brothers blood, do I enforce this clame :  
Weigh but our worths ; and cenſure by the ſame.  
That *Telamon* and *Peleus* brethren were,  
In *Ajax* is no merit. Not the neer  
In birth, but Great in aſt, deſerve this grace :  
Or if proximity in blood have place,  
*Peleus* his father, *Pyrrhus* is his ſon :  
What right remains for *Ajax Telamon* ?  
To *Phthia* then, or *Scyros* carry theſe.  
*Tenecer* is cozen to *Æacides*  
As well as he ; yet ſtirs not he herein :  
Or if he ſhould, ſhould he the honour win ?  
Then ſince our actions muſt our ſuit advance ;  
Although my deeds ſurmount my utterance,  
Their abſtraſt yet in order to relate :  
*Thetis*, fore-knowing great *Achilles* fate,  
Diſguis'd her ſon : ſo like a Virgin dreſt,  
That all miſtook, and *Ajax* with the reſt.  
When, armes, with womens trifles, that might blinde  
Suspect, I brought to tempt a manly minde.  
Yet was the Heroe virgin-like arraid,  
Who taking up the ſpear and ſhield, I ſaid :

- O Goddesse-borne, for thee the fate of *Troy*  
 Her fall reserves : why doubts thou to destroy  
 Great *Pergamus* ? then made him leave those weeds ;  
 170 And sent the Mighty unto mighty deeds.  
 His acts are therefore ours. We *Telephus*  
 Foild with our lance ; the suppliant cur'd by us.  
 Strong *Thebes* we sackt : sackt *Lesbos* us renownes.  
*Chrysa* and *Tenedos* (*Apollo's* townes)  
 175 *Cilla*, and Sea-girt *Syros*, in their falls  
 Our fame advance : we raz'd *Lerneſſu's* walls.  
 To paſſe the reſt ; I gave, who could ſubdue.  
 The brave *Priamides* : I *Hector* ſlue.  
 For th' armes that found *Achilles* theſe I crave :  
 180 He dead, I aſke but what, alive, I gave.  
 The griefe of one, with all the *Greekes* prevayles :  
*Eubæan Aulis* held a thouſand ſayles.  
 The long-expected winds oppoſed ſtand,  
 Or ſleepe in calmes. When cruell Fates command  
 Afflicted *Agamemnon* to aſſwage  
 185 With *Iphigenia's* death, *Diana's* rage.  
 But he diſſents ; the Gods themſelves reproves :  
 And in a King a fathers paſſion moves.  
 His noble diſpoſition nere the leſſe  
 I to the publike wonne : and muſt confeſſe  
 (*Atrides* pardon ; ) we did proſecute.  
 190 Before a partiall judge, a hatefull ſute.  
 Yet him his brother, ſcepter, publike good  
 Perſwade to purchaſe endleſſe praiſe with blood.  
 Then went I to the mother for her child :  
 Now not to be exhorted, but beguild.  
 Had *Ajax* thither gone, our ſtagging ſayles .  
 195 Not yet had ſweld with ſtill-expected gales :  
 Then on a bold embaſſage I was ſent  
 To haughty *Troy* : to th' *Ilian* Court I went  
 Yet full of men : and feareleſſe, urg'd at large  
 The common cauſe committed to my charge.  
 200 Faſe *Paris* I accuſe : rapt *Helena*  
 I re-demand, with all they bore away.  
 Old *Priam* and *Antenor* juſt appeare  
 But *Paris*, with his brethren, and who were  
 His followers in that ſtealth, from wicked blowes  
 Could ſcarce refraine. This *Menelaus* knowes:  
 The firſt of dangers, wherein you and I  
 205 Together joynd. But what my policy

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And force perform'd behoofefull to this State,  
 In that long war, too long is to relate,  
 The first great battle fought, our warie foes  
 Long live immur'd : nor durst their powers expose.  
 Nine yeares expir'd, warres all the fields affright.  
 110 Meane-while what didst thou, onely fit to fight ?  
 What use of thee ? inquire my actions ; I  
 The foe entrap, our trenches fortifie,  
 Encouraging the wearie Souldier  
 To brooke the tediousnesse of lingring warre  
 With faire expectance : teach them waies to feed,  
 115 The use of armes. Imploide at every need.  
 The King deluded in his sleepe by *Ioue* ,  
 Bids us the care of future warre remove.  
 The author was his strong apologie.  
*Ajax* should have with-stood ; the sack of *Troy*  
 He should have urg'd ; done what he could, have fought.  
 120 Why was the nobler siege by him unsought ?  
 Why arm'd he not ? a speech he might have made,  
 That would the wavering multitude have staid :  
 To him not difficult, who lookes so high,  
 And speakes so bigge. What, if himselfe did fly ?  
 I saw, and sham'd to see thee turne thy back,  
 To hoysse thy sailes unto thy honours wrack,  
 125 What doe you ? O what madnesse, mates, said I,  
 Provokes you to abandon yeelding *Troy* ?  
 Ten yeares nigh spent, what will you beare away  
 But infamy ? I this, and more did say ;  
 Wherein my sorrow made me eloquent :  
 They thus perswaded, alterd their intent.  
 130 The King a counsell calls ; distrusts afford  
 No sound advice : durst *Ajax* speake a word ?  
 When base *Thersites* durst the King provoke  
 With bitter words : who felt my scepters stroke,  
 Their doubts with hope of conquest I inspire :  
 135 And set their fainting courages on fire  
 Since when, what he hath nobly done, by right  
 To me belongs, that thus restrain'd his flight.  
 Besides, what one of all the wiser *Greekes*  
 Makes choice of thee ; or thine assistance seekes ?  
*Tydid*es us approves, builds on our will ;  
 140 Is confident in his *Vlysse*. still.  
 Among so many 'tis a grace for me  
 To be his consort ; and the choice so free,

- The danger of the foe, and night despis'd ;  
 I *Delon*, then a counter-scout, surpris'd :  
 245 Nor him, till I had searcht his bosome, slew ;  
 Informed what perfidious *Troy* would doe.  
 All knowne, and nothing left to be enquir'd ;  
 I now with praise enough might have retir'd.  
 Yet not so satisfide, I forward went ;  
 250 And *Rhesus* slew, with his, in his owne tent ;  
 When like a Victor, on his charriot I  
 Return'd in triumph. Can you then deny  
*Achilles* armes, whose horses were assign'd  
 For one nights hazard ? *Ajax* is more kinde :  
 255 What should I of *Sarpedons* forces tell,  
 O'r-throwne by us ? by us *Ceranos* fell,  
*Iphitides*, *Alastor*, *Chromius*,  
*Alcander*, *Prytanis*, *Noemonus*,  
*Halius*, stout *Thoon*, bold *Pheridamas*,  
 260 With *Charopes Eunomus* fatall Passe  
 Sign'd by my lance : and many more in view  
 Of hostile *Troy*, of meaner rancke, I slew.  
 And I, O Country men, have honourd wounds.  
 Faire in their scarres : nor trust to empty sounds :  
 Behold (said he, with that his bosome bares )  
 265 This breast, still exercis'd in your affaires.  
 No blood for *Greece* in all these lengthfull warres  
 Hath *Ajax* shed : let him produce his scarres.  
 What boots it, though his deeds his brags approve ;  
 That for our fleete he fought with *Troy* and *Ioue* :  
 270 I grant, he did so : nor will we detract  
 With hated envy from a noble act.  
 So he ingrosse not to himselfe alone  
 A common praise, but render us our owne.  
*Athorides* (for great *Achilles* held)  
*Troy's* flames and Fautor from our ships repeld.  
 He vainely glories that himselfe alone  
 275 Could answer *Hectors* opposition :  
 The King, his brother, and my selfe forgot :  
 Of nine the last, and but prefer'd by lot.  
 But what event, O great in valour, crown'd  
 Your famous combat ? *Hector* had no wound.  
 280 Woe's me ! with what a tide of griefe I call  
 That time to minde ; wherein the *Græcian* Wall,  
*Achilles*, fell ! teares, feares, nor sorrow staid  
 My forward zeale ; his raised corps I laid

Upon these shoulders : these, even these did bear  
 185 Him, and his armes ; which now I hope to wear.  
 Our strength can such a waight with ease sustain :  
 Our knowledge can your honour'd gift explain,  
 Was *Thetis* so ambitious for her son,  
 That such a brainlesse Souldier should put on  
 190 This heavenly gift, of so divine a frame ?  
 Whose figured shield his ignorance would shame.  
 Wherein, the Ocean ; Earth with Cities crown'd ;  
 Skies deckt with Starres ; cold *Arctos* never drown'd,  
 Sword-girt *Oriox*, sad *Pleiades*,  
 The rainy *Kids*. He seeks, yet knowes not, these.  
 195 Upbraids he me, that I this war did shun,  
 And time defer'd till others had begun ?  
 Nor can confider, how he wounds in me  
*Achilles* honour. If a crime it be  
 To counterfeit ; we joyn in that defame :  
 200 If, in that tardy ; I before him came.  
 Me, my kinde wife, his mother him with-drew :  
 Our flowre to them we gave, the fruit to you.  
 Nor fear I, should I quit my own defence,  
 To suffer with so clear an excellence.  
 Nor was it *Ajax* found out me : and yet  
 205 *Achilles* was discover'd by my wit.  
 Lest I should wonder, why his foolish tongue  
 Should slander me, he you upbraids with wrong.  
 If *Palimedes* was accus'd by me  
 Without just cause, must not his judgement be  
 210 To you reprochfull ? neither *Nauplius* Seed  
 Could justifie so evident a deed :  
 Nor heard you only of his treacheries,  
 The hire of treason laid before your eyes.  
*Pedantius* in *Lemnos* left, was none  
 Of my offence, doe you defend your owne :  
 215 You to his stay consented. Yet againe  
 I must confesse, I advis'd him to abstaine  
 From travell, toyles of warre : and to appease  
 The anguish of his bitter wound with ease.  
 He did : he lives. Th' advice was good : successe  
 As fortunate approves it for no lesse.  
 220 Since Fate designes him for the fall of *Troy* :  
 Spare me, and *Ajax* industry employ.  
 His tongue the mad with wrath and anguish will  
 Appease : hee'l sech him with some reach of skill.

- First *Simois* shall retire, *Ide* want a shade,  
 325 *Achaia* promise to the *Tojans* ayd;  
 E're my endeavours in your service fail,  
 And sottish *Ajax*, with his wit prevail.  
 And *Philoctetes*, though obdure, thou be  
 Incenst against the King, these Lords, and me;  
 330 Though curses lighten from thy lips, though still  
 Thou covet my access, my blood to spill;  
 Yet I'll attempt thee; and will bring thee back;  
 That neither may, what we so wisht for, lack.  
 Thy shafts I must possesse (so favour Fate)  
 335 As I possesse the *Dardan* Prophet late;  
 As I unknit the *Trojan* destiny,  
 And doubtful answer of the Gods; as I,  
 Amid a world of foes, the fatal Signe  
 Of *Phrygian Pallas* raviisht from her shrine.  
 Compare with me will *Ajax*? this untane,  
*Troy's* hop't-for expugnation had been vain.  
 340 Where was strong *Ajax*? where the glorious boast  
 Of that great Souldier? why in terror lost?  
 How durst *Vlysses* trust himself to night,  
 Passe through the watch, their threatning weapons sight?  
 The walls not onely, but the highest towre  
 Of *Ilium* scale: and from her Fane the Powre  
 345 That bears their fate enforce: and with this prey,  
 Repasse the dangers of that horrid way?  
 Which, had not I atchieved, Yet in field  
 Had *Ajax* vainly born his seven-fold shield.  
 That night *Troy* fell before *Laertes* son:  
 Won, when I made it that it might be won.  
 350 Why do'st thou flee on my *Tidites* son:  
 And nod'st at me? our praises joyntly grow.  
 Nor for our Navie didst thou fight alone:  
 Thou by an host assisted, I by one.  
 Who knew that wisdom valour should command;  
 355 That these belong'd not to a strenuous hand:  
 Else he himself had joyn'd in this debate;  
 Or th'other *Ajax*, far more moderate;  
 Brave *Thoas*, fierce *Euriphylus*; with these  
*Idomeneus* and *Meriones*  
 Of *Greet*; or *Menelaus*. For they are,  
 360 As strong, nor second unto thee in war:  
 Yet yeeld to our advise. Thou fit for fight,  
 Dost need my reason to direct thy might?

Thy valour wants fore-cast ; my care is set  
 Upon the future : thou canst fight ; and yet  
 The time and place must be by us assign'd :  
 35 Thou only strong in body ; I in minde.  
 As skilful Pilots those surpasse, who row ;  
 As wise Commanders, common Souldiers ; so  
 I thee excel. Our vigor is lesse great  
 In bones and sinews, yet my soul compleat.  
 40 Then O remunerate my vigilance :  
 And, Princes, for so many years expence  
 In anxious cares, this dignity extend  
 To my deserts. Our work is at an end :  
 With-standing fates remov'd : I, in that I  
 Have made it fefable, have taken *Troy*.  
 45 Now by our mutual hopes, *Troy's* overthrow,  
 Those Gods which late I ravisht from the foe ;  
 If ought remain to be discreetly done,  
 That courage craves, through danger to be won ;  
 If in the *Ilian* destiny there be  
 A knot yet to unknit ; remember me :  
 50 Or if you can forget ; these armes resign  
 To this : and shew *Minerva's* fatal Signe.  
 The Chiefs were mov'd. Here words approv'd their charms :  
 And Eloquence from Valour wins those arms,  
 He who alone, *Jove*, *Hector*, Sword and Fire  
 55 So oft sustain'd ; yeelds to one stroke of ire.  
 Th'unconquer'd sorrow conquers, Then his blade  
 In haste unsheath'd : Sure thou art mine, he said ;  
 Or seeks *Ulysses* this ? this shall conclude  
 All sense of wrong. And thee, so oft imbrude  
 In *Phrygian* blood, thy Lords must now imbrue :  
 60 That none but *Ajax* *Ajax* may subdue.  
 This said ; his breast, till then with wounds ungor'd,  
 The deadly sword, where it could enter, bor'd.  
 Nor could draw back the steel with all his strength ;  
 Expel'd by gushing gore. The blood at length,  
 65 A purple flower engendred on the ground :  
 Created first by *Hyacinthus* wound.  
 The tender leaves indifferent letters paint ;  
 Both of his name, and of the Gods complaint.  
 The Conqueror, now hoysing sails, doth stand  
 For mild *Hysiphile's* and *Thoas* land ;  
 70 (Defam'd by womens cursed violence)  
 To fetch the shafts of *Hercules* from thence.

These

- These, with their owner to the camp conuaid,  
On that so long a warre an end they made.
- 405 Now *Troy* and *Priamus* together fall.  
Th'unhappy wife of *Triam* after all,  
Her humane figure lost : whose raving Sprite  
And uncouth howling forrein fields affright.  
The flames of *Ilium* stretch their hungry fire  
To narrow *Hellepont* ; nor there expire.
- 410 That little blood which *Priamus* age could shed,  
*Ioues* altar drinks. By her anointed head  
*Apollos* Priest they drag, her hands in vaine
- 415 To heaven upheld. The Victor *Greekes* constraine  
The *Dardan* Dames ; a deadly-hating prey :  
Who imbrace their country Gods ; and while they may,  
Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence  
*Astyanax* threw from that towre ; from whence  
He had seene his father, by his mother showne,  
Fight for his Kingdomes safety, and his owne.  
North-winds to seas invite, and prosperous gales
- 420 Sing in their shrowds : they haste to trim their sailes.  
The *Troian* Ladies cry, Deare soyle farewell !  
We are hal'd to loth'd captivity ! then fell  
On earth now kist : and leave, with much delay ,  
Their countries smoking ruines. *Hecuba*  
Her sad departure to the last deferrs :  
Now found among her childrens sepulchers,
- 425 (A sight of ruth ! ) spread on their tombs : bewailes,  
Their cold bones kissing : whom *Vlysses* hales  
From that sad comfort. Some of *Hectors* dust,  
Vp-snatcht, delivers to her bosoms trust.  
Vpon his tomb she left her hoary haire  
(A poore oblation ! ) mingled with her teares .
- 430 Oppos'd to *Ilium's* ruines lyes a land,  
Till'd by the *Bistones* ; in the Command  
Of *Polymnestor*. Danger to prevent,  
To him his father *Polydorus* sent.  
And wisely ; had he not withall consign'd
- 435 A masse of gold, to tempt his greedy mind.  
His foster-child, when lingring *Ilium* drew  
To her last date, the *Thracian* Tyrant slew.  
Whom, as if he his murder with the slaine  
Could cast away, he casts into the Maine.
- 440 Now rood *Arades* at the *Thracian* shore ;  
Till winds forbore to storme ; and seas to rore.

- When from the yawning earth *Achilles* rose ;  
 Like mighty as in life : whose lookes disclose  
 As sterne a wrath, as when his lawlesse blade  
 445 Was on *Atrides* drawne, and frowning, said :  
*Achaïans*, O ingratefull ! can you thus  
 Depart ? are our deserts intomb'd with us ?  
 Now honour me with what I cover most :  
 Let slaine *Polixena* appease my Ghost.  
 450 Then vanisht. They th' ungentle Ghost obaid ;  
 And from her Mothers bosome drew the Maid,  
 (High soul'd, unhappy, more then feminine,)  
 To his resembled tomb ; life to resigne  
 With Rites infernall. Of her birth she thought :  
 And now unto the bloody altar brought ;  
 455 Seeing her self the sacrifice prepar'd,  
 And that *Neoptolemus* upon her star'd  
 With sword advanc't, she said ; untoucht with dred :  
 Our generous blood to your intentions shed,  
 Dispatch ; in throate or breast (I am prepar'd )  
 460 Your weapon sheath. (With that her dosome bar'd)  
*Polyxena* doth servitude despise :  
 And yet no God affects such sacrifice.  
 I onely with my death might be unknowne  
 To my afflicted mother. She alone  
 Disturbs the joyes of death : though *Priams* wife  
 465 My death should lesse bewaile, then her owne life.  
 Nor let the touch of man pollute a maid :  
 That my free soule may to the *Stygian* shade  
 Vntainted passe. If this be just, remove  
 Your hand, I shall more acceptable prove  
 Vnto that God or Ghost, what ere he be,  
 To whom I am offer'd, if my blood be free ,  
 470 And if a dying tongue prevaile at all ;  
 I, late great *Priams* daughter, now a thrall,  
 Sollicit that my corps may not be sold ;  
 But given my mother : nor exchange for gold  
 Sad rites of sepulture. In former yeares  
 Sh'had gold to give, now poore, accept her teares.  
 475 This having said, for her, that would not weepe,  
 The people wept : the Priest could hardly keepe  
 His eyes from teares, yet did what he abhord ,  
 And in her proffered bosom thrust his sword.  
 On doubling knees she sinks, with silent breath ,  
 And chearefully embraceth smild-on Death.

Then

- 420 Then when she fell, she had a care to hide  
 What should be hid; and chastly-decent dide.  
 Her corps was carried by the *Troian* dames:  
 Who in a funerall song repeat the names  
 Of *Triams* mourn'd-for Seed; what streams of gore  
 One House had spent. Thee, Virgin, they deplore:  
 And thee, O royall Wife, entitled late
- 485 The mother *Queene*, and Glory of that State:  
 A Captive now, cast by a scorned lot  
 On conquering *Ithacus*; refus'd, if not  
 For bearing *Hector*. *Hector*, so renown'd,  
 A master hardly for his mother found.  
 She hug's the corps that such a spirit kept.
- 490 Who for her country, children, husband, wept  
 So oft; now weepes for her: her lips she prest,  
 Her wounds fills with her teares. Then beats her breast:  
 Her hoary haire besmeat'd with clotted gore,  
 And bosom torne, this spake she; and much more.
- 495 Poore daughter, our last sorrow: (what is left  
 For fortunes spight!) by bloody death bereft  
 On thee I see my wounds. That of my seed  
 None may unwounded dye, even thou must bleed;  
 In that a woman, thee I held secur'd:  
 But thou, a woman, suffer'st by the sword.  
 This bane of *Troy*, our utter ruine, who
- 500 So many of thy princely brothers slue;  
 Hath slaine thee also. When he a corse was made  
 By *Paris* and *Apollo's* shafts, I said,  
 Now is *Achilles* to be fear'd no more.  
 Now dead, to us as dreadfull as before.
- 505 Against my race his ashes rise: his tomb  
 Presents a foe. O my unhappy womb!  
 T'his fury fruitfull! Ruin'd *Troy* descends:  
 And sad successe the publick sorrow ends:  
 Yet they are ended. *Ilium* alone  
 To us remains: our sorrowes freshly grone.  
 I, late so potent and so fortunate
- 510 In husband, sons, and height of humane State;  
 To exile now am hal'd: despis'd, and torne  
 From my owne sepulchers, from *Phrygia* borne  
 To serve *Penelope*, that while I saw  
 Or spin at her commandment, she may shew  
 Her slave to *Ithacensian* dames, and say,  
 Lo, *Hector's* mother, *Triam's Hecuba*.

My sorrowes sole relief, so many lost, =  
Is offer'd to appease an hostile Ghost.  
Infernal sacrifices to the dead,  
Even to my foe, my cursed womb hath bred.  
Hard heart, why break'st thou not ? What hopes engage  
Thine expectation ? Mischievous Old-age,  
For what reserv'st thou me ? You cruel Powres,  
Why leng then you a poor old womans houres  
To see new Funerals ? O Priam, I  
May call thee happy, after ruin'd Troy.  
Happy in death. Thou seest not this sad fate :  
Thou lost thy life together with thy state,  
Rich Funerals attend thee, royal Maid :  
And by thine Ancestors thou shalt be laid.  
O no ! thy mothers tears, a heap of sand,  
Must now content thee in a forrein land.  
All, all is lost ! Yet lives a little Boy  
My last and youngest joy, when I could joy ;  
For whom I condescend to live a space,  
Here foster'd by the courteous King of *Thrace*.  
Mean while why stay we with the cleansing flood  
To wash these wounds, and look besmear'd with blood.

Then with an aged pace, her hoary hairs  
All torn and scattred, to the sea repairs.  
And while the wretched said ; You *Troades*,  
A Pitcher bring to draw the brinish Seas :  
She saw the cast up corps of *Polydor*  
Stuck full of wounds upon the beachy shore.  
The Ladies shreek ; she dumb with sorrow stood :  
Whilst inward grief, her voice, her tears, her bloud,  
At once devour'd. And now, as if intranc't,  
Stares on the earth ; sometimes to heaven advanc't  
Her scouling browes : oft on his visage gaz'd ;  
But oftner on his wounds. By anger rais'd,  
Arm'd, and instructed, all on vengeance bent,  
Still Queen-like, destinates his punishment.  
And as a Lionesse, rob'd of her young,  
Pursues the unseen-hunters steps : so, stung  
With fury, when her sorrow with her rage  
Had joyn'd their powers ; unmindful of her age,  
But not of former greatnesse, ran with speed  
To *Polymnestor*, author of this deed.  
And craving conference, the Tyrant told  
How she would shew him sums of hidden gold

To

- To give her *Polydor*. This held for true ;  
 He thirsty of his prey, with her with-drew.  
 555 And flattering her thus craftily begun :  
 Delay not, *Hecuba*, t'enrich thy sonne :  
 By all the Gods, we justly will restore  
 What thou shalt give, and what thou gav'st before.  
 She with a triv'alent aspect beheld  
 560 The falsely swearing King : with anger swel'd.  
 Then calls the captive dames, upon him flies ;  
 Who hides her fingers in his perjur'd eyes,  
 Extracts his eye-balls : more then usual strong  
 With thirstie vengeance, and the sence of wrong,  
 565 Her hand drownes in his skull ; the roots up-tore  
 Of his lost sight, imbrude with guilty gore.  
 The men of *Thracia* incens'd for their King,  
 Weapons and stones at *Hecuba* now fling.  
 She, gnarling, bites the follow'd flints, her chaps,  
 570 For speech extended, barke. Of whose mis-haps,  
 That place is nam'd. She, mindful of her old  
 Mis-fortunes, in *Sithonian* deserts howld.  
 The *Trojans*, *Græcians*, those who love or hate ;  
 Yea, all the Gods commiserate her fate,  
 575 Even spiteful *Juno* did to this descend ;  
 That *Hecuba* deserv'd not such an end.  
*Aurora* had no leisure to lament  
 (Although those armes she favour'd) the event  
 Of *Troy* or *Heruba*. Domesticall  
 And neerer grief afflicts her, for the fall  
 580 Of *Memmen* ; whose life blood the lance imbrude  
 Of sterne *Achilles*. This when first she viewd,  
 The rosie die, that deckt the Mornes up-rise  
 Grew forth-with pale, and clouds immur'd the skies.  
 Nor could indure to see his body laid  
 On funeral flames : but with her hair displaid,  
 585 As in that season, to high *Jove* repaires ;  
 And kneeling thus with tears, unfolds her cares.  
 To all inferior, whom the skie sustains  
 (For mortals rarely honour me with Fanes)  
 590 A Goddesse yet, I come : not to desire  
 Shrines, Festivals, nor Altars bright with fire ;  
 Yet should you weigh what I, a woman, doe,  
 The night confine, and sacred day renew,  
 I merit such : such sute not now our state ;  
 595 Nor such desires affect the desolate.

Of *Memnon* rob'd, who glorious armes in vaine  
 Bare for his uncle, by *Achilles* slaine  
 In flowre of youth (to would you Gods) come I.  
 O chiefe of Powres, a mothers sorrow, by  
 Some honour given him, lessen : death with fame  
 Recomfort ! *Iove* assents. When greedy flame  
 Devour'd the funeral Pile ; and curling fumes  
 Day over-cast : as when bright *Sol* assumes  
 From streames thick vapors, nor is seene below.  
 The flying sparkles dying joyntly grow  
 Into one body. Colour, forme, life, spring  
 To it from fire, which lightnesse now doth wing.  
 First like a towle, forth-with a fowle indeed :  
 Innumerable sisters of that breed :  
 Together wiske their feathers, Thrice they round  
 The funerall Pile ; thrice raise a mournfull sound.  
 In two battalions then divide their flight ;  
 And like two strenuous nations fiercely fight :  
 Their opposites with beake and talons rend ;  
 Cuffe with their wings ; in sacrifice descend,  
 Now dying, on the ashes of the dead :  
 Remembring they were of the Valiant bred.  
 These now sprung fowle, men of their author call  
*Memnonides*. No sooner *Sol* thorough all  
 The Signes returns ; but reinforst againe  
 In civill warre they dye upon the slaine.  
 While others therefore doe commiserate  
 Poore barking *Hecuba* in her cang'd fate :  
*Aurora* her owne griefe intends ; renewes  
 Her pious teares which fall on earth in dewes.  
 Yet fates resist that all the hopes of *Troy*  
 Should perish with her towres. The Son and Joy  
 Of *Cytherea*, with his household Gods,  
 And aged Sire, his pious shoulders lodes.  
 Of so great wealth he onely chose that prize,  
 And his *Ascanius* : from *Amandros* flies  
 By Seas, and shuns the wicked *Thracian* shore,  
 Desi'd with blood of mured *Polydore* :  
 With prosperous winds arriving with his train  
 At *Phœbus* town, where *Antius* then did raigne,  
*Apollo's* holy Priest ; who, with the rest,  
 Into the Temple leads his honour'd Guest :  
 The City, with the sacred places, shoves,  
 And trees held by *Latona* in her throwes.

- Incense on flames, and wine on incense powr'd;  
 Entrailles of slaughtred beeves by fire devour'd;  
 His Guests conducts to Court: on carpet spread  
 640 With *Ceres* and *Lyæus* bounty fed.  
 When thus *Anchises*: O to *Phœbus* deare!  
 I am deceiv'd, or, when I first was here,  
 Foure daughters and a sonne thy solace crown'd,  
 He shooke his head, with sacred fillets bound;  
 645 And sighing said, O most renoun'd of men,  
 I was the father of five children then,  
 Whom now (such is the change of things!) you see  
 Halfe childlesse: for my absent sonne to mee  
 Is of small comfort; who, my Vice-roy, raignes  
 650 In sea-girt *Andros*, which his name retaines,  
 Him *Deïus* with prophetick skill inspir'd,  
 A gift past credit, still to be admir'd,  
 My daughters *Bacchus* gave; above their sute:  
 That all they touch should presently transmute  
 To wine, to come, and to *Minerva's* oyle.  
 655 Rich in the use. To purchase such a spoile,  
 Great *Troy's* Depopulator, *Atreus* Heire.  
 (Lest you should thinke we have not borne a share  
 In your mis-haps) with armed violence  
 Enforc't them from me: charged to dispence  
 660 That heavenly gift unto th' *Argolian* Host.  
 They scape by flight: two to *Eubœa* crost;  
 Two fled to *Andros*: these the Souldier  
 Pursude, and threatened (if unrender'd) warre.  
 Feare nature now subdude: his sisters were  
 665 By him resign'd; forgive a brothers feare.  
 Not *Hector*, nor *Æneas* then were by  
 To guard his towne, who so long guarded *Troy*:  
 About to bind their captive armes in bands;  
 Rearing to heaven their yet unchained hands,  
 670 O father *Bacchus* helpe! While thus they praid,  
 The Author of that gift presents his aid.  
 (If such a losse may be accounted so)  
 Yet how they lost their shapes I could not know;  
 Nor yet can tell. It selfe the sequell proves;  
 675 Converted to thy Wives white-feather'd Doves.  
 With such discourse they entertaine the feast:  
 That ta'ne away, dispose themselves to rest.  
 With day they rose; the Oracle exquire:  
 Who bids them to their ancient Nurse retire.

And kindred shores. Now ready to depart  
The King presents rich gifts, wrought with rare art;  
A scepter to *Anchises* gives : a brave  
Robe, and a quiver, to *Aeneas* gave :  
A cup to *Aeneas*, which surpass the rest ;  
By *Theban Therses* sent him once his Guest.  
*Mylean Alcon* made what *Therses* sent ;  
And carv'd thereon this ample argument.

A City with seven gates of equal grace ;  
These serve for names to character the place.  
Before it, exequies, tombes, piles, bright fires,  
Dames with spread hair, bare breasts, and torn attires,  
Decipher mourning : Nymphs appear to weep  
For their dry springs : sap-searing Cankers creep  
On naked trees : Goats lick the foodlesse ground.  
In midst of *Thebes*, *Orion's* daughters crownd  
With fillers stand : This proffers to the sword  
Her manly breast ; her hands her death afford,  
For common safety. All the people mourn ;  
And with due funerals their bodies burn.  
Yet lest the world should such a lineage lose,  
Two youths out of their virgin ashes rose.  
These Orphans wandring Fame *Corone* calls :  
Who celebrate their mothers funerals.

The antick brasse with burnisht figures shin'd :  
Whose brim neat wreathes of gilt *Acambus* bind.

Nor were the *Troian* gifts of lesse expence :  
Who gave a *Censer* for sweet *Frankincense*,  
An ample *Chalice* of a curious mold ;  
With these a crown, that shone with gemmes and gold.

In that the *Teucrans* sprung from *Teucers* blood,  
They saile to *Creet* : but *Jove* their stay with-stood.  
Leaving those hundred Cities, now they stand  
For wisht *Ausonia's* destinated strand.

Lost by rough Winter, and the wrath of seas,  
They anchor at the faithlesse *Strophades*.

Thence frighted by *Aello* ; sail away

By steep *Dulichium*, stony *Ithaca*,

*Samus*, high *Neritus* clasp'd by the Main ;

All subject to the flye *Vlysses* raigne.

Then at *Ambracia* touch, the strife and grudge

Of angry Gods ; the image of the Iudge

Behold, by them converted into stone :

Now by *Asiatican* *Apollo* known.

And

M

Then

- Then the *Dodonian* speaking Oake they view ;  
*Crotonia*, where *Molossus* children flew  
 With aiding feathers from the impious flame ;  
 720 Next to *Phœacia*, rich in Orchards came ;  
 Then to *Epirus* : at *Butrotos* staid,  
 Whose Scepter now the *Phrygian* Prophet swaid ;  
 And see resembled *Troy*. Foretold of all  
 By *Priams* *Helenus*, that would befall :  
 725 They reach *Sicania*. This three tongues extends  
 Into circumfluent Seas. *Tachinus* bends  
 To showry *Auster* ; flowry *Zepher* blowes  
 On *Lilyheus* browes ; *Polorus* shoves  
 His Cliffs to *Boreas*, and the frozen *Bear*  
 That shuns the *Ocean*. Under this they steare  
 And stretch their oares ; who favoured by the tide,  
 730 That night in *Zancle's* crooked harbor ride.  
 The right-side dangerous *Scylla*, turbulent  
*Charybdis* keeps the left ; on ruine bent.  
 She belches swallowed ships from her profound :  
 Her sable womb, dogs, ever rav'ning round ;  
 Yet beares a virgins face : if all be true  
 That Poets sing, she was a virgin too.  
 735 By many sought, as many she despis'd :  
 To Nymphs of Seas, of Sea-Nymphs highly priz'd,  
 She beares her visetts ; and to them discovers  
 The history of her deluded lovers,  
 740 To whom thus *Galatea*, sighing, said ;  
 While *Scylla* comb'd her haire. You, lovely Maid,  
 Are lov'd of generous-minded men, whom you  
 With safty may refuse, as now you doe.  
 But I, great *Nereus* and blew *Doris* Seede,  
 Great in so many sisters of that breede ;  
 745 By shunning of the *Cyclops* love, provok't  
 A sad revenge. Here teares her utterance chok't.  
 These cleansed by the marble-finger'd maid ;  
 Who, having comforted the Goddesse, said :  
 Relate, O most ador'd, nor from me keepe  
 The wretched cause that makes a Goddesse weepe ;  
 For I am faithfull. *Nereis* consents,  
 750 And thus her griefe to *Cratis* daughter vents.  
 The Nymph *Simethis* bore a lovely Boy  
 To *Famius*, *Acis* call'd ; to them a joy ;  
 To ns a greater. For the sweetly-Faire  
 To me an innocent affection bare.

His blooming youth twice-told eight birth-dayes crowne,  
 And clothe his cheekes with scarce-appearing downe,  
 As I the gentle boy, so *Polypheme*  
 My love persuide; our loves a like extreame.  
 Whether my love to *Acis*, or my hate  
 To him were more, I hardly can relate.  
 Both infinite! O *Venus*, what a powre  
 Hath thy command! He, still austere and sowre.  
 A terror to the woods, from whom no guest  
 With life escapes accustomed to feast  
 On humane flesh; who all the Gods above,  
 With them *Olympus* scorn'd; now stoops to love.  
 Forgetfull of his flocks and caves, a fire  
 Feedes in his breast, inflamed with desire.  
 His feature now intends, now bends his care  
 To please: with rakes he combs his stubborne haire;  
 His bristles barbes with scithes: and by the brook's  
 Vnfold mirror calmes his dreadfull lookes:  
 His thirst of blood. and love of slaughter cease;  
 Lesse cruell now: ships come and goe in peace.  
 When *Telemus* came from *Sicilian* seas,  
 The Augur *Telemus Eurymides*,  
 And said to *Polypheme*, thy browes large sight  
 Shall by *Vlysses* be depriv'd of light.  
 O foole, he laughing said, thou tell'st a lye;  
 A female hath already stolne that eye.  
 Thus flouts the Prophets true prediction:  
 And with extended paces stalks upon,  
 The burnd shore; or weary, from the wave.  
 Beat beach retireth to his gloomy cave,  
 A promontory thrusts into the maine;  
 Whose cliffie sides the breaking Seas restraine:  
 The *Cyclop* this ascends: whose fleecy flock  
 Vnforced follow. Seated on a rock;  
 His staffe, a well-growne Pine, before him cast,  
 Sufficient for a yard-supporting mast;  
 He blowes his hundred reeds: whose squeaking files  
 The far-resounding Seas, and ecchoing hills.  
 Hid in a hollow rock, and laid along  
 By *Acis* sides I heard him sing this song.  
 O *Galatea* more then lilly-white,  
 More fresh then flowry meads, then glasse more bright,  
 Higher then Alder trees, then kids more blithe,  
 Smoother then shells whereon the surges drive,

- More wisht then winters Sun, or Summers aire,  
 795 More sweet then grapes, then apples farre more rare,  
 Clearer then Ice, more seemely then tall Planes,  
 Softer then tender curds, or downe of Swans,  
 More faire, if fixt, then garden's by the fall  
 Of springs enchain'd. Though thus, thou art withal  
 More fierce then salvage Bulls, who know no yoke,  
 800 Then waves more giddy, harder then the oake,  
 Then vines or willow twigs more eas'ly bent,  
 More stiffe then rocks, then streames more violent,  
 Prouder then Peacocks prais'd, more rash then fire,  
 Then Beares more cruell, sharper then the Brier,  
 805 Deafer then Seas, more fell then trod-on Snake;  
 And, if I could, what I would from thee take,  
 More speedy then the hound-pursued Hind,  
 Or chased clouds, or then the flying wind.  
 If knowne to thee, thou wouldst thy flight repent;  
 810 Curse thy delay, and labour my content.  
 For I have caves within the living stone;  
 To Summers heat, and winters cold unknowne:  
 Trees charg'd with apples; spreading vines that hold  
 A purple grape and grapes resembling gold.  
 815 For thee I these preserve, affected Maid,  
 Thou strawberries shalt gather in the shade,  
 Autumnal cornels, Plummets with azure rind,  
 And wax-like yellow of a generous kind;  
 820 Nor shalt thou Chest-nuts want, if mine thou be,  
 Nor scalded wildings: serv'd by every tree.  
 These flocks are ours: in vallies many stray,  
 Woods many shade, at home as many stay.  
 Nor can I, should you aske, their number tell:  
 825 Who number theirs, are poore. How these excell,  
 Believe not me, but credit your owne eyes:  
 See how their udders part their stradling thighes.  
 I in my sheepe-coats have new-weaned lambs;  
 And frisking Kids late taken from their dams.  
 830 New milke, fresh curds and creame, with cheese well prest,  
 Are never wanting for thy pallats feast.  
 Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare  
 Of easie purchase, or what are not rare:  
 Deere, red and fallow, Roes, light-footed Hares,  
 Nests scal'd from cliffes, and Doves produc't by paires.  
 835 A rugged Beares rough twins I found upon  
 The mountaine late, scarce from each other knowne,

For thee to play with : finding these, I said,  
 My Mistris you shall serve. Come lovely Maid,  
 Come *Galatea*, from the surges rise,  
 10 Bright as the morning ; nor our gifts despise.  
 I know my self ; mine image in the brook  
 I lately saw, and therein pleasure took.  
 Behold, how great ! nor *Jupiter* above  
 (For much you talk I know not of what *Jove*)  
 15 Is larger siz'd : curls, on my browes displayd,  
 Affright ; and like a Grove my shoulders shade.  
 Nor let it your esteem of me impair,  
 That all my body bristles with thick hair.  
 Trees without leaves, and Horses without maines,  
 Are sights unseemly : grasse adomes the Plains,  
 20 Wooll sheep, and feathers fowle. A manly face  
 A beard becomes : the skin rough bristles grace.  
 Amid my fore-head shines one only light ;  
 Round, like a mighty shield, and clear of sight.  
 The Sun all objects sees beneath the skie :  
 And yet behold, the Sunne hath but one eye.  
 25 Besides, your Seas obey my fathers throne :  
 I give you him for yours. Doe you alone  
 Vouchsafe me pity, and your suppliant hear :  
 To you I onely bow ; you onely fear.  
 Heaven, *Jupiter*, his lightning I despise :  
 More dread the lightning of thy angry eyes.  
 30 And yet your scorn my patience lesse would move.  
 Were all contemn'd. Why should you *Actis* love,  
 And slight the *Cyclop* ? why to him more free ?  
 Although himself he please ; and pleaseth thee,  
 (Which frets me most) could I your darling get,  
 35 He then should finde my strength and me like great.  
 His guts I could extract, squeeze out his braines,  
 Throw his diservered limbes about the plaines :  
 And if with thee he mingle, mix thy wave  
 With his hot blood ; and make thy deep his grave.  
 For O, I fry ! despis'd affection burnes  
 With greater rage : my bulk to *Æna* turnes,  
 And all her flames are in my bosome pent :  
 40 Yet *Galatea*, wilt not thou relent ?  
 This said, he rose ; (for I beheld him well.)  
 Nor could stand still ; but terrible and fell,  
 Hurries about the woods and well known coast ;  
 Much like a Bull that hath his Heifer lost.

- More wiſht then winters Sun, or Summers aire,  
 795 More ſweet then grapes, then apples farre more rare,  
 Clearer then Ice, more ſeemely then tall Planes,  
 Softer then tender curds, or downe of Swans,  
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 Of ſprings enchaç't. Though thus, thou art withal  
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 Then vines or willow twigs more eas'ly bent,  
 More ſtiſſe then rocks, then ſtreames more violent,  
 Prouder then Peacocks prais'd, more raſh then fire,  
 Then Beares more cruell, ſharper then the Brier,  
 805 Deaſer then Seas, more fell then trod-on Snake;  
 And, if I could, what I would from thee take,  
 More ſpeedy then the hound-pursued Hind,  
 Or chased clouds, or then the flying wind.  
 If knowne to thee, thou wouldſt thy flight repent;  
 810 Curſe thy delay, and labour my content.  
 For I have caves within the living ſtone;  
 To Summers heat, and winters cold unknowne:  
 Trees charg'd with apples; ſpreading vines that hold  
 A purple grape and grapes reſembling gold.  
 815 For thee I theſe preſerve, affected Maid,  
 Thou ſtrawberries ſhalt gather in the ſhade,  
 Autumnal cornels, Plummes with azure rind,  
 And wax-like yellow of a generous kind;  
 820 Nor ſhalt thou Cheſ-nuts want, if mine thou be,  
 Nor ſcalded wildings: ſerv'd by every tree.  
 Theſe flocks are ours: in vallies many ſtray,  
 Woods many ſhade, at home as many ſtay.  
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 The mountaine late, ſcarce from each other knowne,

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 With his hot blood ; and make thy deep his grave.  
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 With greater rage : my bulk to *Æina* turnes,  
 And all her flames are in my bosome pent :  
 Yet *Galatea*, wilt not thou relent ?  
 This said, he rose ; (for I beheld him well.)  
 Nor could stand still ; but terrible and fell,  
 Hurries about the woods and well known coast ;  
 Much like a Bull that hath his Heifer lost.

- 875 Who me and *Acis*, too secure, espy'd,  
 And with a voice that futes a *Cyclop*. cry'd,  
 This houre shall be the last of all your joyes ;  
 Affrighted *Ætna* rored with the noise,
- 880 I under water div'd : he flying said ;  
 Helpe *Galatea* ! you, O parents, aid ;  
 The utterly undone ; and entertaine  
 Your issue in the Empire where you raigne.  
 A torne-off rock the following *Cyclop* threw :
- 885 Whose corner over-whelmed *Acis* slew.  
 We did, what could be licensed by Fate :  
 Resuming *Acis* to his Grand-fires state :  
 The purple blood from his crusht body fled ;  
 Which presently forsooke the native red :
- 890 First like a raine discoloured streame appeares ;  
 Then crystalline. The rock in sunder teares :  
 Whose crannies with up-starting reeds abound ;  
 And in the breach insulting waves rebound :  
 From whence a youth arose above the wast ;
- 895 His horned browes with quivering reeds embrac't.  
 'Twas wonderous strange : but that his lookes appeare  
 More blew, and he more great, it *Acis* were,  
 And so it was : although he now became  
 A living streame, which still preserves his name.  
 Here *Galatea* ends ; th' assembly brake :
- 900 To smiling Seas the Nymphs themselves betake :  
*Seylla* returning, dares not trust the Deepes :  
 But naked, nigh the thirsty gravell keepses ;  
 Or weary, in the more-sequestred waves  
 Her comely limmes in cooling water bathes.
- 905 Loe, *Glaucus* in the Sea but lately knowne,  
 Transformed neere *Eubæan Anthedon*,  
 Through yeelding waves arrives : rapt with her sight ;  
 By gentle words attempts to stay her flight.  
 She faster fled : who swift with feare ascends
- 910 A lofty hill, which neere the shore extends :  
 Whose round congested summit, crown'd with wood,  
 Did over-peere the under-swelling flood.  
 There staves, secured by the place ; nor knew  
 If Gods, or Monster : much admires his hiew,
- 915 His spreading locks, which all his shoulders voile ;  
 And hinder parts, that beare a fishes taile ;  
 Perceived ; leaning on a rock, he said :  
 I am no beast, nor prodigy, faire Maid :

- 80 Nor *Proteus*, *Triton* *Athamantides*,  
Are greater Gods, or more command in Seas;  
Yet once a mortall; and did then frequent  
Th'affected Seas. On those my labour spent.  
Sometimes with nets I fishes hale to land:  
Sometimes the line directed with my wand.  
85 The shore a meddow bounds; whereof one side  
Is fring'd with weeds, the other with the tide.  
On this nor horned cattell ever fed,  
Nor harmlesse sheepe, nor goats on mountaines bred,  
No bees from hence their thighes with honey lade;  
90 Those flowres no marriage garlands ever made:  
That grasse ne'r cut with sithes. Of mortals I  
First thither came; my nets hung up to dry.  
While I expos'd the fishes which I tooke;  
95 By their credulity hung on my hooke,  
Or masht in nets; (what would a lye behove?  
Yet such it seemes) my prey began to move,  
Display their finnes, and swim as on the flood.  
While I neglect their stay, and wondering stood;  
They all by flight avoiding my command,  
100 Together left their owner and the land.  
Amaz'd, and doubting long; the cause I sought,  
If either God, or Hearb, this wonder wrought.  
What hearb, said I, hath such a powre? in hast  
An heard I puld, and gave it to my tast.  
105 No sooner swallowed, but my entrailes shooke:  
When forth-with I another natnre tooke:  
Nor could refraine; but said, O Earth, my last  
Farewell receive! in seas my selfe I cast.  
110 The Sea-gods now vouchsafing my receit  
Into their sacred fellowships, entreat  
Both *Tethys* and *Oceanus*, that they  
Would take, what ever mortall was, away.  
Whom now they hallow, and with charmes nine times  
Repeated, purge me from my humane crimes:  
And bade me dive beneath a hundred streames.  
115 Forth-with the rivers rusht from sundry Realmes;  
And sea-rai'd surges roule above my crowne.  
As soone as streames retire, and seas were downe,  
An other body, and an other minde;  
Vnlike the former, they to me assign'd.  
120 Thus much of Wonder I remember well.  
Thenceforth insensible of what befell.

Then first of all this sea-greene beard I saw,  
 These dangling locks, which through the deepe I draw;  
 Broad shoulder-blades, blew armes of greater might;  
 And thighes which in a fishes taile unite.

965 What bootes this forme? my grace with Gods of seas?  
 Or that a God? If thou affect not these?

While this he spake, and would have uttred more.  
 Coy *Scylla* flies. He with impatience bore  
 His loves repulse: whom strong desires transport  
 To great *Titanian Circes* horrid Court.



OVIDS





# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Fourteenth Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*IN*chanted Scylla, hemb'd with horrid shapes,  
Becomes a Rock; Cercopeans turn'd to Apes.  
Sibylla weares t' a Voice. Ulysses men  
Transform'd to Swine, are re-transform'd agen.  
Picus a Bird: his Followers Beasts. Despair  
Resolves sad-singing Canens into Air.

The Mates of Diomed unreconcil'd  
Idalia turns to Fowle. An Olive wild  
Rude Apulus deciphers. Turnus burnes  
Æneas ships: these Berecynthia turnes  
To Sea-nymphs; who Alcynous ship with joy  
Behold a Rock. The Trojan flames destroy  
Besieged Ardea; from whose ashes springs  
A meager Hern, that bears them on her wings.

Æneas, Deist'd. Vertumnus tries  
All shapes. Rhamnusia, for her cruelties,  
Congeales proud Anaxarete to Stone.  
Cold Fontaines boyl with heat. T' a heavenly throne  
Mars Romuls affrains. Herfilia  
Like grace receives: who joyn in equal sway.

**N**OW Glauco, thron'd in tumid floods, had past  
High Ætna, on the jaws of Typhon cast;  
Ciclopian fields, where never Oxen drew  
The furrowing plough, nor ever tillage knew;

- 5 Crookt *Zancla* ; *Rhegium* on the other side ;  
 The wrackfull Straites, whose double bounds diuide.  
*Sicilia* from *Ausonia* : forward drives  
 Through spacious *Tyrrhen* at length arrives  
 At hearby Hills, *Phæbean* *Circes* seat,  
 10 With sundry formes of monstrous beast repleat,  
 When, mutually saluting, *Glaucus* said :  
     A God, O Goddesse, pity : on your aid  
     Alone relies (if my desert might move  
     So deare a grace) th'asswagement of my Love.  
     For none then I, *Titania*, better knowes  
 15 The powre of hearbs, that was transformd by those,  
     T'informe you better, in *Italia*  
     Against *Massena*, on a sondie Bay,  
     I *Scylla* saw : it shames me to recite  
     My slighted court-ship, answered by her flight.  
 20 Doe thou, if charmes availe, in charmes unty  
     Thy sacred tongue : or soveraigne Hearbs apply,  
     If of more power. Yet I affect no cure,  
     Nor end of Love : like heat let her endure.  
 25 But *Circe* (none to such desires more prone,  
     Or that the cause is in her selfe alone  
     Or stung by *Venus* angry influence,  
     In that her Father publisht her offence)  
     Reply'd : The willing with more ease pursue ;  
     Who wish the same, whom equall flames subdue  
 30 For Thou O well deserv'st to be pursu'd :  
     Give hope, and, credit me, thou shalt be woo'd.  
     Rest therefore of thy beauty confident ;  
     Loe, I, a Goddesse, radiant *Sols* descent :  
     In hearbs so potent, and no lesse in charmes ;  
     Proffer my selfe, and pleasures to thy armes.  
 35 Scorne her that scornes thee ; her, that seekes, pursue :  
     And so at once be thou reveng'd of two.  
     *Glaucus* reply'd to her who sought him so :  
     First shady graves shall on the billowes grow,  
     And Sea-weeds to the mountaine tops remove :  
     Ere I (and *Scylla* living) change my love.  
 40 The Goddesse frets : who since she neither could  
     Destroy a Deity, nor, loving, would ;  
     On her, preferd before her, bends her ire :  
     And high-incens'd with repulst desire,  
     Forth-with infectious drugs of dire effects  
     Together grinds, and *Hecal's* charmes injects :

A sea-green robe puts on, the Court forsakes  
 Through throngs of fawning beasts : her journey takes  
 To *Rhegium* opposite to *Zancle's* shore ;  
 And treads the troubled waves that loudly rore.  
 Running with unwet feet on that Profound ;  
 As if sh<sup>e</sup> had trod upon the solid ground,  
 A little Bay, by *Scylla* haunted, lies  
 Bent like a Bow ; sconst from the Seas and skies  
 Distemper, when the high-pitcht Sun invades  
 The world with hottest beames, and shortest shades  
 This with portentous poysons she pollutes ;  
 Besprinkled with the juice of wicked roots :  
 In words darke and perplexed nine-times thrice  
 Inchantments mutters with her magick voice,  
 Now *Scylla* came ; and, wading to the waist,  
 Beheld her hips with barking dogs embrac't.  
 Starts backe : at first not thinking that they were  
 Part of her selfe, but rates them, and doth feare  
 Their threatning jawes : but those, from whom she flies,  
 She with her haies. Then looking for her thighes,  
 Her legs, and feet ; in stead of them she found  
 The mouthes of *Cerberus* environ'd round  
 With rav'ning Curres : the backs of salvage beasts  
 Support her groine ; whereon her belly rests.  
 Kind *Glaucus* wept ; and *Circes* bed refus'd :  
 Who had so cruelly her *Art* abus'd.  
 But *Scylla*, still remaining, *Circe* hates ;  
 Who for that cause destroy'd *Vlysses* mates.  
 And had the *Troian* navy drown'd of late,  
 If not before transform'd by powerfull Fate,  
 Into a Rocke : the stony Prodigy  
 Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men fly.  
 This, and *Charybdis* past with stretched oares ;  
 The *Troian* fleet, now neare th' *Ausoman* shores,  
 Crosse winde, and violent, to *Libya* drave.  
 There, in her heart, and palace, *Dido* gave  
*Aeneas* harbor : with impatience beares  
 Her husbands flight : forth-with a Pile she reares,  
 Pretending sacrifice ; and then doth fall  
 Vpon his sword : deceiv'd, deceiving all.  
 Flying from *Carthage*, *Eryx* he re-gaind ;  
 There where his faithful friend *Acestes* raignd.  
 His fathers funeralls he re-solemniz'd,  
 He puts to Sea, with ships well-high surpriz'd :

- By *Iris* flames, *Hippotades*, Command,  
 The sulphur-fuming Iles, the rocky Strand  
 Of *Acheloian* *Syrens* leaving, lost  
 His Pilot : to *Inarime* then crost,  
 To *Trochytia*, and *Pitheculia*, wall'd  
 90 With barren hills ; so of her people call'd.  
 For *Iupiter*, detesting much the flie  
 And fraudulent *Cercopeans* perjury,  
 Into deformed beasts transform'd them then ;  
 Although unlike, appearing like to men :  
 95 Contracts their limmes, their noses from their browes.  
 He flats, their faces with old wrinkles plowes ;  
 And, covering them with yellow haire, affords  
 This dwelling ; first depriving them of words,  
 So much abus'd to perjury and wrongs :  
 100 Who jabber, and complaine with stammering tongues.  
 Then on the right-hand left *Parthenope*,  
*Misenus* on the left, far-streht in Sea,  
 So named of his Trumpetor : thence, past  
 By slimy Marishes, and anchor cast  
 At *Cuma* ; entring long-liv'd *Sibyls* Caves.  
 105 A passage through obscure *Avernus* craves  
 T'his Fathers *Manes*. She erects her eyes,  
 Long fixt on earth, and with the *Dities*  
 Reception fild, in sacred rage repli'd.  
 Great things thou seek'st, O thou so magnifi'd  
 For mighty deeds ! thy piety through flame,  
 Thy arme through *Armes* consecrate thy name.  
 110 Yet feare not, *Trojan*, thy d: fires enjoy :  
 T' *Elysian* Fields, th' infernall Monarchy,  
 And Fathers shude, I will thy person guide :  
 No way to noble Vertue is denide.  
 Then to a Golden bough directs his view,  
 Which in *Avernian* *Iuno's* Hort-yard grew :  
 115 And bade him pull it from the sacred tree.  
*Aeneas* her obeyes : and now doth see  
 The Spoyles of dreadfull Hell ; his Grand-fires, lost  
 In death, and great *Anchises* aged Ghost.  
 There knowes the customes of the *Laiian* State,  
 The toyle of future warre, and following fate.  
 120 Then, in retreat, his weary steps applyde :  
 And by discourse with his *Cumean* Guide  
 His toyle beguiles ; as in that horrid way,  
 Through gloomy twy-light, he remounts to D. y.

Whether,

Whether, said he, thou bee'st a Deity,  
 Or of the Gods belov'd; for ever I  
 Will serve thee as a Goddesse: and confesse  
 125 That by thy favour I have wonne accessse  
 Vnto th'abodes of Death; that by thee I  
 Escape from his infernall Monarchy.  
 And therefore will, when I to day returne,  
 A Temple build, and incense to thee burne.  
 The Prophetesse on him reverts her eye;  
 130 And sighing, said; I am no Deity:  
 To mortalls offer no immortall Dues;  
 Left ignorance thy gratitude abuse.  
 Yet had beene free from deaths impetuous powre,  
 Had I to *Phæbus* given my virgin flowre.  
 While hopefull; tempting me with gifts, he said,  
 135 Aske what thou wilt, my faire *Cumean* Maid,  
 And take thy wish: I shew'd a heape of sand,  
 And wist as many birth-dayes as my hand  
 Contained graines: forgot to adde the prime  
 Of youthfull yeares, which should have crownd my time.  
 140 Who this had granted also, if my bed  
 He could have wor. His gifts despis'd, I led  
 A single life. Those happier times are gone;  
 And crasie age with trembling steps comes on.  
 Seven ages have I liv'd and live I must  
 145 Till yeares have equalled those graines of dust.  
 Three hundred Harvests consummate the summe,  
 Three hundred Vintages. The time will come,  
 When length of daies my body shall abate,  
 And little leave in quantity or weight.  
 None then will thinke that I belov'd had beene.  
 150 Or pleas'd a God. He, by whom all is scene,  
 (Such change shall I endure) or will not know,  
 Or else deny, that he had lov'd me so.  
 No eye shall see me: yet a voice alone  
 Fate will afford, by which I shall be knowne.  
 Thus *Sibyl*, as they clim'd that steepe ascent,  
 155 Pious *Æneas* through this *Stygian* vent  
 At *Cuma* rose: and sacrificing, came  
 To shores since called of his Nurses name,  
*Neritan Macareus*, the friend  
 Of *Ithacus* did here his travells end.  
 Who knowing *Achamenides*, of late  
 160 On *Ætna* left, admires to see his mate

Long given for dead. What chance, or God, said he  
O *Achæmenides* : hath set thee free ?

How comes a *Græcian* souldier to be found :  
In *Troian* vessell ? for what Country bound ?

165 When *Achæmenides* : (not now forlorne .  
Now like himselfe, his rags not pind with thorne )  
May I fell *Polyphem* behold againe,  
Whose jawes ore-flow with blood of strangers slaine ;  
If I this home preferre not farre above  
*Vlysses* ship, or lesse *Aeneas* love

170 Then my owne father, Could I render more  
Then all my All, the recompence were poore.  
I hat now I speake, I breath, Heaven, Sun-shine see  
(Can I unmindfull or ungratefull be)

Is by his bounty : that the *Cyclops* fowle  
And hungry maw had not devour'd my soule :

175 That now I may be buried when I die ;  
Or at the least, not in his entrailles lye.  
O what a heart had I ! with feare bereft  
Of soule and sense ! when I behinde was left ,  
And saw your flight ! I had an Out-cry made,

180 But that afeard to have my selfe betrayd.  
Yours, almost had *Vlysses* ship destroyd :  
I saw him rive out of the mountaines side  
A solid rocke, and dart it on the Maine :  
I saw the furious Giant once againe ,  
When mighty stones with monstrous strength he flung :  
Like quarries by a warlike engine slung.

185 Least ship should sinke with waves and stones I feare :  
Not then remembring, that I was not there.

He, when your flight had rescu'd you from death,  
O're *Actna* paces ; sighing clouds of breath :  
And groping in the woods, bereft of sight,  
Encounters justling rocks : mad with despight

190 Extends his bloody armes to under waves,  
The *Greekes* pursues with curses ; and thus raves.

O would some God *Vlysses* would ingage,  
Or some of his, to my insatiate rage !

I'd gnaw his heart, his living members rend,  
195 Gulpe downe his blood till it againe ascend,  
And crash his panting sinewes. O, how light  
A losse, or none, were then my losse of sight :

This spake, and more, My joynts pale horror shooke,  
To see his grim , and slaughter-smeared looke,

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- 280 His bloody hands, his eyes deserted feat,  
Vast limmes, and beard with humane gore concreat.  
Death stood before mine eyes (my least dismay : )  
Now thought my selfe surpriz'd ; now, that I lay  
Drownd in his paunch. That time presents my view,  
205 When two of ours on dashing stones he threw :  
Then on them like a shagged Lyon lies ;  
Their entrailes, flesh, yet moving arteries,  
White marrow, with crasht bones, at once deuoures.  
210 I, sad, and bloodlesse stood : feare chil'd my powres,  
Seeing him eat, and cast the horrid food ;  
Raw lumps of flesh, wine mixt with clotted blood.  
Even such a fate my wretched thoughts propound.  
Long lying hid, afraid of every sound,  
215 Abhorring death, yet coveting to die ;  
With mast, and hearbes repelling famine ; I,  
Forlorne, to death and torment left, at last  
This ship espy'd : and waſting it, in hast  
Ranne to the shore, nor safety vainly seeke :  
220 A Trojan vessell entertaind a Greeke.  
Now, worthy friend, your owne adventures tell ;  
And what, since first you put to sea, befell.  
He told how *Aeolus* raig'n'd in *Teniscan* Seas,  
Storme-fettering *Aeolus Hippotades*,  
Who nobly gave to their *Dulichian* Guide  
225 A winde, enclosed in an Oxes hide.  
Nine daies they sailed with successfull gales ;  
Sought shores descry'd : the tenth had blancht their sailes  
When greedy Sailers, thinking to have found  
230 A masse of envi'd gold, the wind unbound.  
This through rough seas the Navy backward drives,  
Which at th' *Aeolian* port againe arrives  
To *Lestrigonian Lamus* ancient towne.  
From thence, said he, we came, That countries crowne  
235 *Amiphates* then wore. Three thither sent,  
Two of us scarce by flight our death prevent :  
The third the *Lestrigonians* teeth embrude  
With his hot gore. *Amiphates* pursue  
Our flights ; incites his troopes ; who tumbling downe  
240 Huge stones and trees, our men and vessels drowne:  
One scap't ; which us, and sad *Vlysses* bore.  
Ioyn'tly our lost companions we deplore ;  
And grieuing reach that Sea-environ'd land,  
Which farre from hence you see : Still may it stand

- Far from my sight ! beware thou Goddesse Son,  
 245 Just Trojan Prince, (for now the wars are done,  
 With them for ever end our enmity)  
 From *Circes* Mansion, O *Æneas* flie.  
 There anchoring ; mindful of the *Cyclops* strand,  
 250 And fell *Amphibates*, we fear to land.  
 But casting lots, the lot elected us,  
 Faithful *Polites*, sage *Enrylochus*,  
*Elpenor* prone to wine, and eighteen more  
 To visit *Circe* on that unknown shore.  
 Approaching, we before the Portal staid,  
 255 A thousand Lions, Bears, and Wolves invade  
 Our hearts with fear, which needed not, for they  
 Instead of teeth their flattering tails display,  
 And fawning follow ; till their hand-maids came  
 260 And led us through that Marble-cover'd frame  
 Unto their Mistris. On a throne of State,  
 She in a sumptuous inward chamber sate :  
 With gold her under garment richly shone ;  
 And over it a purple Mantle thrown,  
*Nereides*, and Nymphs, nor carded wooll,  
 265 Nor following twine with busie fingers pull :  
 But weeds dispose in order ; mingled flowres  
 Select in maunds, and herbs of different powres,  
 At her direction : who the vertue knew  
 Of every simple, of their compounds too ;  
 270 And gives them their due weight. Saluted, she  
 Salutes again ; her chearful looks as free,  
 As her full bounty to supply our need.  
 Who bids her ready damsels mix with speed  
 The pulp of Barley, Honey, Curds, strong wines ;  
 275 And to this sweet receipt hid juyces joynes.  
 Then gave the cup with her own sacred hand ;  
 Which thirstily we drunk, while with her wand  
 The direful Goddesse strokes our crownes, I shame  
 To tell ; yet tell : I presently became  
 With bristles rough : thinking as I was wont,  
 280 T'have spoke, and shew'd my grief in words, I grunt.  
 My looks hung down, my mouth extends t'a snout,  
 My stiffer neck with swelling brawnes sticks out ;  
 And go upon those hands, wherewith of late  
 I took the cup. With those whom frightful fate  
 285 Had thus un-mand (so great a potency  
 In potions lurks) included in a Stie.

Alone *Enrylochus* the shape of Swine  
 Avoids : alone refus'd the proffered wine.  
 Which had not he rejected, with the rest  
 Himselfe had beene a bristle-bearing Beast.  
 Nor should *Vlysses* our mis-haps have knowne :  
 390 Or forced *Circe* to restore his owne.  
 Peace-bearing *Hermes* gave him a white flowre ;  
 Call'd *Moly* by the Gods ; of wonderous powre,  
 Sprung from a Sable root : inform'd withall  
 By heavenly counsell, enters *Circe's* Hall.  
 395 Proffering th' insidious Cup, her magick wand  
 About to raise, he thrusts her from her stand ;  
 And with drawne sword the trembling Goddesse frights,  
 When vowed faith with her faire hands she plights ;  
 And grac't him with her nuptiall bed : who then  
 Demands in dowry his transfigur'd men.  
 Sprinkled with better juice, her wand reverst,  
 400 Above our crownes, and charmes with charmes disperst ;  
 The more she sings, we grow the more upright,  
 Our bristles shed, our cloven feete unite,  
 Shoulders and armes possesse their former grace.  
 405 With teares our weeping Generall we embrace  
 And hang about his neck : nor scarce a word  
 Breathes through our lips, but such as thanks afford.  
 From hence our Passe was for a yeare deferr'd ;  
 In that long time much saw I, and much heard :  
 410 Of which, a Maid (one of the foure, prepar'd  
 For sacred service) closely this declar'd.  
 For while my Chiefe with *Circe* sports alone,  
 She shew'd a young-mans Image of white stone  
 415 Clos'd in a Shrine, with crowns imbellished ;  
 Who bare a Wood-pecker upon his head.  
 Demanding whose it was, why placed there,  
 Why he that Bird upon his summit bare ?  
 I will, reply'd she, O *Macareus*, tell  
 In this my Mistris power : observe me well.  
 420 *Saturnian Picus* in *Ausonia* raign'd,  
 Who generous horses for the battle train'd.  
 His forme, such as you see : whom had you kuown,  
 You would have thought this feature were his own.  
 His mind as beautifull. Nor yet could he  
 425 Foure *Gracian* wraistlings in th' *Olympicks* see.  
 The *Dryades*, in *Latian* mountaines borne,  
 His lookes attract : nor Nymphs of fountaines scorn

- To sue for pity. Those whom *Albula*,  
*Numicus*, *Anio*, *Almo* short of way,  
 330 And heady *Nar* sustaine; the shady Flood  
 Of *Farfarnus*, the *Seythian Cynthias* woo'd.  
 Environ'd marishes, and neighbouring lakes,  
 Yet for one only Nymph the rest forsakes:  
 Whom whilome on Mount *Palatine*, the faire  
*Venilia* to the two fac'd *Ianus* bare.
- 335 The Maid, now marriageable, honoured  
*Laurentian Picus* with her nuptiall bed,  
 Her beautly admirable: yet more fam'd  
 For artfull songs; and there of *Canens* nam'd,  
 Her voice the woods and rocks to passion moves;  
 Tames salvage beast, the troubled Rivers smooths,  
 Detaines their hasty course, and, when she sings,  
 340 The birds neglect the labour of their wings,  
 While her sweet voice cœlestiall musick yeelds,  
 Young *Picus* followes in *Laurentian* Fields,  
 The salvage Bore, upon a fiery Seede;  
 Arm'd with two darts: clad in a *Tyrian* weed
- 345 With gold close-buckl'd. Thither also came  
 The Daughter of the Sun; who left her name  
 Retaining fields, and on those fruitfull hills  
 Her sacred lap with dewy Simples fills.  
 Seeing unseene, his sight her sense amaz'd:  
 350 The gathered hearbs fell from her as the gaz'd:  
 Whose bones a marrow-melting flame enclos'd:  
 But when she her distraction had compos'd,  
 About t'impart her wish, the following presse,  
 And swiftnesse of his horse, forbid access.
- 355 Thou shalt not so escape, said she, although  
 The winds should wing thee; if my selfe I know,  
 If hearbs retaine their powre, if charmes at least  
 My trust deceive not. Then creates a Beast  
 Without a body, bid to run before  
 The Kings pursuit; and made the ayrie Bore
- 360 To take a thicket, where no horse could force  
 His barr'd access. He leaves his foming horse  
 On foot to follow a deceitfull Shade,  
 With equall hopes: and through the Forrest straid.  
 New Vowes she straight conceiveth, aid implores:  
 365 And Gods unknowne with unknowne charmes adores.  
 Wherewith inur'd t'eclypse the pale-fac't Moone:  
 And cloud her Fathers splendor at high Nooney

And now with pitchy fogs obscures the day,  
 70 From earth exhal'd. His Guard mistake their way.  
 In that deceitfull Night, and from him straid.  
 When she, the time and place befitting, said :

By those faire eyes, which have intrall'd mine ;  
 And by that all-alluring face of thine,  
 Which makes a Goddesse sue ; asswage the fire  
 By thee incens'd ; and take unto thy Sire  
 75 The all-illuminating Sunne : nor prove  
 Hard-hearted to *Titania* *Circes* love.

Her, and her prayers, despis'd, What ere thou art,  
 I am not thine, said he : my captive heart  
 An Other holds ; and may she hold it long.

80 Nor with a stranger will I ever wrong  
 Our nuptiall faith, so long as Nature gives  
 Life to my veines, and *Ianus* daughter lives.  
*Titania*, tempting oft, as oft in vaine ;  
 Thou shalt not scape my vengeance, nor againe  
 Returne to *Canens*. What the wrong'd can doe,  
 A wronged Lover, and a Woman too,  
 Thou shalt, said she, by sad experience prove :

85 For I a woman, wrong'd, and wrong'd in love.  
 Twice turnes she to the East, twice to the West :  
 Thrice toucht him with her wand, three charmes exprest  
 He flies ; at his unwonted speed admir'd ;  
 Then saw the feathers which his skin attir'd :  
 90 Who forth-with seekes the woods ; and angry still,  
 Hard oakes assailes, and wounds them with his bill.  
 His wings the purple of his cloake assume ;  
 The gold that clasp't his garment turnes to plume,  
 95 And now his neck with golden circle chaines :  
 Of *Picus* nothing but his name remains.

The Courtiers *Picus* call, and seeke him round  
 About the fields, that was not to be found.  
 Yet *Circe* find (for now the day grew faire,  
 100 The Sunne and Winds set free to cleanse the aire)  
 And charge her with true crimes . their King demand  
 With threatening lookes, and weapons in their hand.  
 She sprinkles them with juyce of wicked might.  
 From *Erebus* and *Chaos* conjures *Night*,  
 105 With all her Gods ; and *Hecate* intreates  
 With tedious mumblings. Woods forsake their seates,  
 Their leaves looke pale, Hearbs blush with drops of gore,  
 Earth grones, dogs howle, rockes horsely seeme to rore :

Vpon

- 410 Upon the tainted ground black Serpents slide ;  
 And through the air unbodied spirits glide.  
 Frighted with terrors, as they trembling stand,  
 She strokes their wondering faces with her wand :  
 Forth-with the shapes of salvage beasts invest
- 415 Their former formes ; not one his own posselt.  
*Phæbus* now entring the *Tartessian* Main,  
 Sad *Canens* with her eyes and soul, in vain  
 Expects her Spouse. Her servants she excites  
 To run about the woods with blazing lights.
- 420 Who not content to weep, to tear her hair,  
 And beat her breasts (though these expresse her care)  
 In haste forsakes her roof ; and frantick, strays  
 Through broad-spread fields. Six nights, as many dayes,  
 Without or sleep, or sustenance, she fled
- 425 O're hills and dales, the way which fortune led.  
 Now tir'd with grief and travel, *Tyber* last  
 Beheld the Nymph : on his cool bankes she cast  
 Her feeble limbes : there weeps, and weeping sung  
 Her sorrowes with a softly warbling tongue.
- 430 Even so the dying Swan with low-raised breath,  
 Sings her own exequies before her death.  
 At length her marrow melts with griefs despair :  
 And by degrees she vanisheth to air.  
 Yet still the place doth memorize her fame :  
 Which of the Nymph the *Rurals Canens* name.
- 435 In that long year, much, and such deeds as these  
 I saw and heard. Un-ner'd with slothful ease,  
 Again we put to Sea : by *Circe* told  
 Of our hard passage, and the manifold  
 Disasters to ensue, I grew afraid
- 440 (I must confesse) and here arriving, staid.  
*Macareus* ends. *Cajeta* Urne inclos'd,  
 This verse had on her marble tomb impos'd.  
 Here, with due fires, my pious Nurse-child me  
*Cajeta* burnt ; from *Græcian* fires set free.
- 445 They loose their cables from the grassie strand ;  
 Avoiding *Circes* guileful palace, stand  
 For those tall groves, where *Tyber*, dark with shades,  
 In *Tyrrhen* Seas his sandy streames unlades.  
 The throne of *Fœnus* son, the *Latian* star  
*Lavinia* gaires ; but not without a war.
- 450 War with a furious Nation is commenst ;  
 Stern *Turnus* for his promis'd wife incens't :

While all *Hetruria* to *Latium* swarmes :  
 Hard victory long fought with penfive armes  
 To get Recrutes from forraine States they trie:  
 Nor *Troians*, nor *Rutulians* want supply.  
 Nor to *Evander* towne *Aeneas* went  
 In vaine : though vainely *Venulus* was sent  
 To banisht *Diomedes* Citie, late immur'd :  
 Those fields *Iapygian* *Daurus* had assur'd  
 To him in dowre. When *Venulus* had done  
 His embassie to *Tydeus* warlike sonne :  
 The Prince excus'd his aid ; as loth to draw  
 The subjects of his aged father in-law  
 T'unnecessary warre : that none remaine  
 Of his to arme. Left you should thinke I faine ;  
 Though repetition Sorrow renovates ;  
 Yet, while I suffer, heare the worst of fates.

After that *Pergamus* our prey became ,  
 And lofty *Ilium* fed the *Gracian* flame :  
 A Virgin, for a Virgins rape, let fall  
 Her vengeance, to *Oleius* due, on all.  
 Scattered on faithlesse Seas with furious stormes ,  
 We, wretched *Gracians*, suffer'd all the formes  
 Of horror : lightning, night, showres, wrath of skies,  
 Of Seas, and dire *Capharean* cruelties.  
 To abridge the story of so sad a fate ;  
 Now *Priam* would have pitied our estate.  
 Yet *Pallas* snatcht me from the swallowing Maine ;  
 Then from my ungratefull Country chac't againe,  
 For *Venus*, mindfull of her ancient wound,  
 New woes inflicts. Much on the vast Profound,  
 Much suffering in terrestriall conflicts, I  
 Oft call'd them happy, whom the injury  
 Of publick tempests, and the harborlesse  
*Caphareus* drown'd : envy'd in our distresse  
 The worst indur'd ; with seas and battles tyr'd,  
 My men an end of their long toyle desir'd.  
 But *Acmon*, full of fire, and fiercer made  
 By usuall slaughters : What remains (he said)  
 O mates, which now our patience would eschue ?  
 Though willing, what can *Cytherea* doe  
 More then sh' hath done ? when worle mis-haps affright,  
 Then prayers avails : but when mis-fortunes spight  
 Her worst inflicts, then feare is of no use :  
 And height of ills security produce.

While

Let

Let *Venus* heare : although she hate us all  
 (As all she hates that serve our Generall)  
 Yet let us all despise her empty hate ;  
 Whose Powre hath made us so unfortunate.

*Pleuronion* *Acmon* angry *Venus* stung :

- 495 Revenge reviving with his lavish tongue.  
 Few like his words : the most severely chid  
 His tongues excessse. About to have reply'd,  
 His speech, and path of speech, at once grew small,  
 His haire converts to plume ; plumes cover all  
 500 His neck, back, bosom : larger feathers spring  
 From his rough arme, his arme was now a wing.  
 His feete divide to toes, hard horne extends  
 From his chang'd face, and in a bill descends.  
*Rhetenor*, *Nycteus*, *Lycus*, *Abas*, *Ido*,  
 505 Admire ! and in their admiration try'd  
 Like destiny. Most of my Souldiers grew  
 Forth-with new Fowle ; and round about us flew.  
 If you inquire, what shape their owne un-mans ;  
 They are not, yet are like to silver Swans.  
 510 These barren fields, with this poore remnant, I,  
 As sonne in-law to *Damius*, scarce enjoy,  
 Thus farre *Oenides*. *Venus* forsakes  
*Tydid*es Kingdome : by *Puteoli* takes  
 His way, and through *Mesapia* : there survaide  
 A Cave, environ'd with a sylvan shade,  
 515 Distilling streames, by halfe-goate *Pan* possessest :  
 Which erst the Wood-nymphs with their beauties blest,  
 They terrifi'd at first with sudden dread,  
 From home-bred *Apulus*, the shepheard, fled :  
 Straight, taking heart, despised his pursuit :  
 520 And danced with a measure-keeping foot.  
 He scoffes : their motion clowne-like imitates :  
 Nor onely raileth, but obscenely prates,  
 Nor ceaseth, till a tree invests his throte.  
 A tree whose berries his behaviour note.  
 525 An olive wild, which bitter fruit affords,  
 Becomes ; dis-leafned with his bitter words.  
 Th'Embassador returnes without the sought  
*Ætolian* succors : the *Rutulians* fought  
 Gainst foes and fortune ; of that hope depriv'd :  
 Whole streames of blood from mutual wounds deriv'd.  
 530 Loe, fire-brands to the Navy *Turnus* beares :  
 And what escaped drowning, burning feares.

Pitch, rozen, and like ready food for fire,  
 Now *Vulcan* feede : the hungry flames aspire  
 Vp to the sailes along the lofty mast ;  
 And catch the yards, with curling smoke embrace't.  
 But when the Mother of the Gods beheld  
 Those blazing Pines, from top of *Ida* feld :  
 Lowd Shalmes and Cymballs usherd her repaire :  
 Who, drawne by bridled Lyons through the aire,  
 Thus said . Thy wicked hands to small effect,  
 O *Turnus*, violate, what we protect.  
 Nor shall the greedy fire a part of those  
 Tall Woods deuoure, which shelterd our repose.  
 With that she thunders, powring downe amaine  
 Thick storms of skipping haile, and clouds of raine.  
 Th' *African* Sons in swift concursions joyne ;  
 Tossing the troubled aire, and *Neptunes* brine.  
 One she employes, whose speed the rest out-strips ;  
 That brake the Cables of the *Phrygian* Ships,  
 And drave them under the high-swellling Flood.  
 The timber softens, flesh proceeds from wood,  
 The crooked Sterne to heads and faces growes,  
 The Oares to swimming legs, fine feet, and toes ;  
 What were their holds, to slender sides are growne,  
 The lengthfull keele presenting the back-bone ;  
 The yards to armes, to haire the tackling grew :  
 As formerly, so now, their colour blew.  
 And they, but lately of the floods afraid ;  
 Now in the floods, with virgin pastime, pla'd.  
 These Sea-Nymphs, borne on mountaines, celebrate  
 The Seas, forgetfull of their former state.  
 Yet weighing, what themselves so oft endur'd  
 On high-wrought waves, oft sinking ships secur'd ;  
 Excepting such, as *Gracians* carry : those  
 They hate, yet mindfull of the *Troian* woes.  
 Who saw *Vlysses* ships in furies queld  
 With pleased eyes ; with pleased eyes beheld  
*Aleinous* ship, in swiftnesse next to none,  
 Vnmoveable ; the wood transform'd to stone.  
 'Twas thought this wondrous prodigy would fright  
 The *Rutul*, and make them cease from fight.  
 Both parts persist, both have their Gods to friend ;  
 And Valour no lesse potent : nor contend  
 Now for *Lavinia*, for *Latinus* crowne,  
 Nor dotall Kingdome ; but for faire renowne :

Asham'd

- Asham'd to lay their bruised armes aside,  
 Till death to conquest had the quarrell tride.  
*Venus* her sonne victorious sees at length,  
 Great *Turnus* fell; strong *Ardea* falls, of strength  
 While *Turnus* stood, devour'd by barbarous flame,  
 575 In dying cinders buried. From the same  
 A Fowle, unknowne to former ages, springs;  
 And fannes the ashes with her hovering wings.  
 Pale colour, leanenesse, shreeking sounds of woe,  
 The image of a captive city shew.  
 Who also still the Cities name retaines:  
 580 And with self-beating wings of Fate complaines.  
 And now *Aeneas* vertues terminate  
 The wrath of Gods, and *Iuno's* ancient hate.  
 An opulent foundation having laid  
 For young *Iulus*, by his merit made  
 585 Now fit for Heaven: the Powre, who rules in Love,  
 The Gods solicits; then, embracing *Love*:  
 O Father, never yet to me unkind;  
 Now O enlarge the bounty of thy mind.  
 A Deity, meane, so it a Deity be,  
*Aeneas* give; that art to him by me  
 590 A Grand-father: th'un-amiable realmes  
 Suffice it once t'have scene, and *Strygian* streames,  
 The Gods agree; nor *Iuno's* looks dissent,  
 Who with a chearefull freenesse forward bent.  
 Then *Love*; He well deserves a Deity:  
 595 Thy sute, faire Daughter, to thy wish enjoy.  
 She, joyfull, thanks returns: and through the aire,  
 Drawne by her yoked doves lights on the bare  
*Laurentian* shores; where smooth *Nisiclus* creepes  
 Through whispering reedes into the neighbour Deepes.  
 600 Who bids him from *Aeneas* wash away  
 All unto death obnoxious, and convey  
 It silently to Seas. The horned Flood  
 Obeyes; and what subsists by mortall food,  
 With water purg'd, and onely left behind  
 His better parts. His mother the refine  
 605 Anoints with sacred odors, and his lips  
 In *Nectar*, mingled with *Ambrosia*, dips;  
 So deif'd: whom *Indiges* Rome calls;  
 Honour'd with altars, shrines, and festivalls.  
 Two-nam'd *Ascanius* *Latinus* then obeyd,  
 610 And *Alba*: next, the scepter *Sylvius* swaid.

His sonne *Latinus*, held that ancient name,  
 And crowne. Him *Epitus*, renown by Fame,  
 Succeeds. Then *Capis*. *Capetus*, his Son  
 Succeeded him. Next *Tiberius* begun  
 His raigne : who, drownd in *Thuscan* waters ; gave  
 Those streames his name : who *Remulus* got, and brave-  
 Sould *Acrota*. But *Remulus* was slaine  
 With thunder ; who the Thunderer durst saine.  
 More moderate *Acrota* resign'd his throne  
 To *Aventine*, upon the Mount whereon  
 He raig'n'd, intomb'd ; which yet his name retaines,  
 Over the *Palatines* next *Proas* raignes.

*Pomona* flourish't in those times of ease :  
 Of all the *Latia* : *Hamadryades* ,  
 None fruitfull Hort-yards held in more repute ;  
 Or tooke more care to propagate their fruit.  
 Whereof so nam'd. Nor streames, nor shady groves,  
 But trees producing generous burdens loves,  
 Her hand a hooke, and not a javelin bare :  
 Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughes that dare  
 Transcend their bounds : now flits the barke, the bud  
 Inserts ; enforc't to nurse anothers brood.  
 Nor suffers them to suffer thirst, but brings  
 To moisture-sucking roots, soft-sliding Springs.  
 Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend  
 To loves unknowne desires : yet to defend  
 Her selfe from rapessull Ruralls, round about  
 Her Hort-yard walls ; t'avoid, and keepe them out.  
 What lest the skipping *Satyres* un-affaid ;  
 Rude *Pan*, whose horns Pine-bristled garlands shade ;  
*Silenus*, still more youthfull then his yeares ;  
 Or he who theeves with hooke and member seares,  
 To taste her sweetnesse ; but farre more then all  
*Vertumnus* loves ; yet were his hopes as small.  
 How often, like a painefull Reaper, came,  
 Laden with weighty sheafes ; and seem'd the same :  
 Oft wreathes of new-mow'd grasse his browes array  
 As though then exercis'd in making hay.  
 A goade now in his hardned hands he beares,  
 And newly seemes to have unyok't his Steeres.  
 Oft vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hooke  
 Corrects, and dressees ; oft a ladder tooke  
 To gather fruit : now with his sword the God  
 A Souldier seemes ; an Angler with his rod :

- And various figures daily multiplies  
 To winne accessse, and please his longing eyes,  
 Now, with a staffe, an old-wife countetfeits;  
 655 On hoary haire a painted miter sets  
 The Hort-yard entering, admires the faire  
 And pleasant fruits: So much, said he, more rare  
 Then all the Nymphs whom *Albula* enjoy,  
 Haile spotlesse flowre of Maiden chastity:  
 660 And kist the prais'd. Nor did the Virgin know,  
 (So innocent) that old-wives kist not so.  
 Then, sitting on a banke, observeth how  
 The pregnant boughs with Autumns burthen bow.  
 Hard by, an Elme with purple clusters shin'd:  
 This praising, with the vine so closely joyn'd:  
 665 Yet, saith he, if this Elme should grow alone,  
 Except for shade, it would be priz'd by none:  
 And so this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,  
 If but dis-joyn'd, would creepe upon the ground.  
 Yet art not thou by such examples led:  
 670 But shunst the pleasures of a happy bed.  
 I would thou wer't not *Helen* was so sought,  
 Nor she, for whom the lustfull *Centaures* sought,  
 As thou shouldst be; no nor the wife of bold  
 Or cautelous *Vheses*. Yet, behold  
 Though thou averse to all, and all escheue;  
 675 A thousand men, Gods, Demi-gods, pursue  
 The constant Scome, and every deathlesse Powre  
 Which *Alba's* high and shady hills imbowre.  
 If thou art wise, and would'st well married be;  
 Or an old woman trust, who credit me,  
 Affects thee more then all the rest, refuse  
 680 These common wooers, and *Vertumus* choose.  
 Accept me for his gage; since so well none  
 Can know him; by himselfe not better knowne.  
 He is no wanderer; this his delight:  
 Nor loves, like common lovers, at first sight.  
 Thou art the first, so thou the last shall be:  
 685 His life he only dedicates to thee.  
 Besides, his youth perpetuall; excellent  
 His beauty; and all shapes can represent.  
 Wish what you will, what ever hath a name:  
 Such shall you see him. Your delights, the same:  
 The first-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due;  
 690 Which joyfully he still accepts from you.

But neither what these pregnant trees produce  
 He now desires, nor hearbs of pleasant iuyce :  
 Nor ought, but onely You. O pity take :  
 And what I speake, suppose *Vertumnus* spake.  
 65 Revengefull Gods, *Idalia*, still severe  
 To such as slight her, and *Rhamnusia* feare,  
 The more to fright you from so foule a crime,  
 Receive (since much I know from aged Time)  
 A story, generally through *Cyprus* knowne ;  
 To mollifie a heart more heard then stone.  
 70 *Iphis*, of humble birth, by chance did view  
 The high-borne *Anaxarete*, who drew  
 Her blood from *Teucer*. Seeing her, his eyes  
 Extracts a fire, wherein his bosome fries.  
 Long struggling, when no reason could reclame  
 His fury, to her house the Suppliant came.  
 75 Now to her Nurse his wretched love displaid ;  
 And by her foster'd hopes implor'd her aid ;  
 Now humbly sues to some of most repute  
 In her affection, to preferre his suit.  
 The pleading Wax his sad lines often beares,  
 80 Oft myrtle garlands, sprinkled with his teares,  
 Hangs on the posts : on the hard threshold laid  
 His tender sides, his sighs the doores up-draid.  
 But she more cruell then the seas, imbroild  
 With rising stormes ; more hard then iron, boyl'd  
 85 In fire-red furnaces ; or rooted rocks ;  
 Disdaines the lover, and his passion mocks.  
 Who to her froward deeds addes bitter words  
 Of no lesse scorne ; nor hope to love affords.  
 Impatient of his torment, and her hate ;  
 These words, his last, he utters at her gate.  
 90 O *Anaxarete*, thou hast o'r-come !  
 Nor shall my life be longer wearisome  
 To thy disdaine. Triumph, O too unkind !  
 Sing *Teans*, and thy browes with laurell bind !  
 Thou hast o'r-come ; loe, willingly I dye :  
 Proceed, and celebrate thy cruel joy.  
 Yet is there something in me, ne'r the lesse,  
 95 That thou wilt praise ; and my deserts confesse.  
 Thinke how my love and life together left  
 My breast : at once of two cleare lights bereft  
 Nor rumour, but even I will death present  
 100 In such a forme, as shall thy pride content,

But O you Gods, if you our actions see  
 (This only I implore) remember me!  
 Let after ages celebrate my name:  
 And what you take from life, afford to fame.

- Then heaves his meager armes and watry eyes  
 735 To those knowne posts oft crownd with wreathes, and tyes,  
 A halter to the top. Such wreathes, he said,  
 Best please; hard-hearted, and inhumane Maid!  
 Then, turning toward her, he forward sprung:  
 740 When by the neck th'unhappy lover hung:  
 Struck by his sprawling feet, wide open flie  
 The sounding doores; and that sad deed descry:  
 The servants shreeke; the Vainely raised bore  
 T'his mothers house; his father dead before.  
 745 His breathlesse corps she in her bosome plac't;  
 And in her armes his heatlesse limmes embrac't.  
 Lamenting long, as woefull parents use;  
 And having paid a woefull mothers dues;  
 The mournfull Funerall through the City led:  
 And to prepared fires conueyes the dead.  
 This sorrowfull Proceffion passing by  
 750 Her house, which bordred on the way, their cry  
 To th'eares of *Anaxarote* arrives:  
 Whom now sterne *Nemesis* to ruine drives.  
 Wee'l see, said she, these sad tolemnities:  
 And forth-with to the lofty window highes.  
 755 Whence, seeing *Iphis* on his fatall bed,  
 Her eyes grew stiffe; blood from her visage fled,  
 Vsurpt by palenesse. Striving to retire,  
 Her feet stuck fast; nor could to her desire  
 Divert her lookes: the hardnesse of her heart  
 It selfe dilated into every part.  
 760 This *Salamis* yet keepes, to cleare your doubt,  
 In *Venus* temple; call'd, the *Looker-out*.  
 Inform'd by this, O lovely Nymph, decline  
 Thy former pride, and to thy lover joine.  
 765 So may thy growing fruits survive the frost:  
 Nor ripening by the rapefull windes be lost.  
 When this the God, who can all shapes endue  
 Had said in vaine; againe himselfe he grew:  
 Th'abiliments of heatlesse Age depos'd.  
 And such himselfe unto the Nymph disclos'd.  
 770 As when the Sunne, subduing with his rayes  
 The muffling clouds, his golden brow displaies.

Who force prepares : of force there was no need ;  
Struck with his beauty, mutually, they bleed.

Vniust *Amulius*, next th' *Ausonian* State.

By strength usurpt. The nephewes to the late

Deposed *Numitor*, him re-inthroned :

Who *Rome*, in *Tales* Feasts, immur'd with stone.

Now *Tatius* leads the *Sabine* Sires to warre.

*Tarpeia*'s hands her fathers gates unbarre.

To death with armelets prest ; her treasons meede ,

The *Sabine* Sires like silent Wolves proceed

T'invade their sleeping sonnes, and seeke to seaze

Vpon their gates ; barr'd by *Iliades*.

One *Iuno* opens : though no noise at all

The hinges made ; yet by the barres lowd fall

To *Venus* knowne : who this had shut ; but knew

That Gods may not, what Gods have done, undoe.

*Ausonian* Nymphs the places bordering

To *Ianus* held, inchaced with a spring

Their aid sh' implores. The Nymphs could not deny

A sute so just, but all their floods untie.

As yet the Fane of *Ianus* open stood :

Nor was their way impeack'd by the flood.

Beneath the fruitful spring they sulphur turn ;

Whose hollow veines with black Bitumen burn.

With these the vapours penetrate below ;

And waters, late as cold as *Alpin* snow,

The fire it selfe in fervour dare provoke :

Now both the posts with flagrant moisture smoke.

These new-rai'd streames the *Sabine* Powre exclude,

Till *Mars* his Souldiers had their armes indu'd.

By *Romulus* then in battalia led :

The *Roman* fields the slaughtred *Sabines* spred ;

Their owne the *Romans* : Fathers, Sonnes in law ,

With wicked steele, blood from each other draw.

At length conclude a peace ; nor would contend

Vnto the last. Two Kings one throne ascend

With equall rule. But noble *Tatius* slaine,

Both Nations under *Romulus* remaine.

When *Mars* laid by his shining caske ; and then

Thus spake unto the Sire of Gods, and men.

Now, Father, is the time (since *Rome* is growne

To such a greatnesse, and depends on One )

To put in act thy never-fayling word ;

And *Romulus* a heavenly throne afford,

- 815 You, in a synod of the Gods, profeſt  
 (Which ſhall I carry in my thankfull breſt)  
 That one of mine (this O now ratifie!)  
 Should be advanc't unto the ſtarry ſkie.  
*Love* condeſcends : with clouds the day benights ;  
 And with flame-winged thunder earth affrights,  
 820 *Mars*, at the ſigne of his aſſumption,  
 Leanes on his lance, and ſtrongly vaults upon  
 His bloody charriot ; laſhes his hot horſes  
 With ſounding whips, and their full ſpeed enforces :  
 Who, ſcouring downe the ayry region, ſtaid  
 On faire mount *Palatine*, obſcur'd with ſhade :  
 825 There *Romulus* aſſumeth from his throne,  
 Rendering not King-like juſtice to his owne.  
 Rapt through the aire, his mortall members waſt,  
 Like melting bullets by a Slinger caſt :  
 More heavenly faire, more fit for lofty ſhrines ;  
 830 Our great and ſcarlet rob'd *Quirinus* ſhines ;  
 Then *Iuno* to the ſad *Herſilia*  
 (Loſt in her ſorrow) by a crooked way  
 Sent *Iris* to deliver this Command.  
 Starre of the *Latiin*, of the *Sabine* land ;  
 835 Thy ſexes glory : worthy then, the vow  
 Of ſuch a husband, of *Quirinus* now ;  
 Suppreſſe thy teares. If thy deſire to ſee  
 Thy husband ſo exceed, then follow me  
 Vnto thoſe woods which on mount *Quirin* ſpring ;  
 And ſhade the temple of the *Roman* King.  
 840 *Iris* obeyes : and by her painted Bow  
 To earth deſcending, told *Herſilia* ſo.  
 When ſhe, ſcarce liſting up her modeſt eyes :  
 O Goddeſſe (which of all the Deities  
 I know not ; ſure a Goddeſſe) thou cleare light,  
 Conduct me, O condv't me to the ſight  
 845 Of my deare Lord : which when the Fates ſhall ſhew ;  
 They heaven on me, with all their gifts beſtow.  
 Then, with *Thaumasias*, entering the high  
*Romulian* Hills, a ſtarre ſhot from the ſky,  
 Who'e golden beames inflam'd *Herſilia's* haire ?  
 850 When both together mount th'enlightned Aire.  
 The builder of the *Romane* City tooke  
 Her in his armes, and forth-with chang'd her looke :  
 To whom the name of *Ora* he affign'd.  
 This Goddeſſe now is to *Quirinus* joynd.



# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Fifteenth Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**B**Lack Stones convert to White. Pythagoras  
 In Ilium's lingering warre Euphorbus was.  
 Of transmigrations, of the change of things,  
 And strange effects, the learned Samian sings:  
 Rectur'd Hippolytus is deicide;  
 Whom safer Age, and name of Virbius hide.  
 Ægeria thaws into a Spring. From Earib  
 Prophetick Tages takes his wandrous birth.  
 A Spe are a Tree. Grave Cippus vertues shuns  
 The Crowne, his Hornes present. Apollo's Son  
 Assumes a Serpents shape. The Soule of Warre,  
 Great Cæsar, slaine, becomes a Blazing Starre.

**M**eanewhile, a man is sought that might sustaine  
 So great a burthen, and succeed the raigne  
 Of such a King: when true-forshewing Fame  
 To God-like Numa destines the same.  
 He, with his Sabine rites unsatisfi'd,  
 To greater things his able mind appli'd  
 In Natures search. Incited with these cares,  
 He leaves his countries Cures, and repaires  
 To Croto's City: asks, what Græcian hand  
 Those walls erected on Italian land?  
 A Native then, in time and knowledge old,  
 Who much had heard and scene, this story told,

- Ioves sonne*, enricht with his *Iberian* prey,  
 Came from the Ocean to *Lacinia*  
 With happy steps : who, while his cattle fed  
 Vpon the tender clover, entred  
 15 Herœick *Croto's* stoofe ; a welcome Guest :  
 And his long travell recreates with rest.  
 Who said, departing ; In the following age  
 A city here shall stand. A true presage.  
 There was one *Mycilus*, *Argolian*  
*Alemons* issue : in those times, no man  
 20 More by the Gods affected. He, who beares  
 The dreadfull Club, to him in sleepe appears ;  
 And said : Be gone, thy countries bounds forsake ;  
 To stony *Æsarus* thy journey take.  
 And threatens vengeance if he dis-obay.  
 25 The God and sleep together flew away.  
 He, rising, on the Vision meditates :  
 Which in his doubtfull soule he long debates.  
 The God commands ; the Law forbids to goe ;  
 Death due to such as left their Countrey so.  
 30 Cleare *Sol* in seas his radiant fore-head vaild,  
 Swart Night her browes exalts, with starres impal'd ;  
 The selfe same God the same command repeates :  
 And greater plagues to disobedience threats.  
 Afraid, he now prepares to change his owne ;  
 35 For forraine seats This Through the City blowne ;  
 Accus'd for breach of lawes, arraign'd, and try'd ;  
 They prove the fact, not by himselfe deny'd.  
 His hands and eyes then lifting to the sky :  
 O thou, whom twice Six Labours deifie ;  
 40 Assist, that art the author of my crime !  
 White stones and black they us'd in former time ;  
 The white acquit, the black the pris'ner cast :  
 And in such sort this heavy sentence past.  
 Black stones all threw into the fatall Urne :  
 45 But all to white, turnd out to number, turne.  
 Thus by *Alcides* power the sad Decree  
 Was strangely chang'd, and *Mycilus* set free.  
 Who, thanking *Amphitryoniades*,  
 With a full fore-wind crost th' *Ionian* Seas,  
 50 *Lacedemonian Tarentum* past,  
 Faire *Sybaris*, *Naëthus* running fast  
 By *Salentinum*, *Thurin's* crooked Bay,  
 Nigh *Temesis*, and strong *Iapygia* :

Scarce searching all that shores sea-beaten bound,  
The fatall mouth of *Æfarnus* out-found.

A Tomb, hard by, the sacred bones enclos'd,  
Of famous *Croto* : here, as erst impos'd,

*Alemus* sonne erects his city walls :  
Which of th'intombed he *Crotona* calls.

Of this Originall, this City boasts :

Built By a *Græcian* on *Italian* coasts :

Here dwelt a *Samian*, who at once did fly

From *Samos*, Lords, and hated Tyranny :

Preferring voluntary banishment :

Though farre from heaven, his mind's divine ascent :

Drow neere the Gods : what natures selfe denies

To humane Sight, he saw with his Soules eyes.

All apprehended in his ample brest,

And studious cares ; his knowledge he profest :

To silent and admiring men : and taught

The Worlds originall, past humane thought :

What Nature was, what God : the cause of things ;

From whence the Snow, from whence the lightning springs :

Whether *Iove* thunder, or the winds, that rake

The breaking Clouds : what caus'd the Earth to quake ;

What course the Starres observ'd ; what e'r lay hid

From vulgar sense : and first of all forbid

With slaughterd creatures to defile our boords,

In such, though unbeleev'd ; yet learned Words.

Forbeare your selves, O Mortalls, to pollute

With wicked food : fields smile with come, ripe fruit

Weighs down their boughes ; plump grapes their vines attire ;

There are sweet hearbs, and savory roots, which fire

May mollifie ; milke, honie redolent

With flowers of thyme, Thy pallat to content

The prodigall Earth abounds with gentle food ;

Affording banquets without death or blood.

Brute beasts with flesh their rav'nous hunger cloy :

And yet not all ; in pastures hories joy :

So flocks, and heards. But those whom Nature hath

Indu'd with cruelty, and salvage wrath

(Wolves, Beares, *Armenian* Tigres, Lions) in

Hot blood delight. How horrible a Sin,

That entrailes bleeding entrailes should intomb !

That greedy flesh, by flesh should fat become !

While by one creatures death another lives !

Of all, which Earth, our wealthy mother, gives ;

- Can nothing please, unlesse thy teeth thou imbrue  
 In wounds, and dire *Cyclopean* fate renue ?  
 Nor satiate the greedy luxury
- 95 Of thy rude panch, except an other die :  
 But that old Age, that innocent estate,  
 Which we the Golden call ; was fortunate  
 In hearbs, and fruits, her lips with blood undy'd.  
 Then Fowle through aire their wings in safety ply'd :
- 100 The Hare, then fearelesse, wandred o're the plaine ;  
 Nor Fish by their credulity were ta'ne.  
 Not treacherous, nor fearing treachery,  
 All liv'd secure. When he, who did enuy  
 (What God so e'r it was) those harmelesse eates ,
- 105 And cramb'd his guts with flesh ; set ope the gates  
 To cruell Crimes. First, Slaughter without harme  
 (I must confesse) to Piety, did warme  
 (Which might suffice) the reeking Steele in blood  
 Of salvage beasts, which made our lives their food :
- 110 I though kild ; not to be eaten. Sinne now more  
 Audacious ; the first sacrifice, the Bore  
 Was thought to merit death ; who bladed corne  
 Vp-rooting, left the husband-man forlorne.  
 Vine-brouzing Goates at *Bacchus* altar flaine,
- 115 Fed his revenge : in boch, their guilt their bane.  
 You Sheepe, what ill did you ? a gentle beast,  
 Whose udders swell with *Nectar*, borne t'invest  
 Exposed man with your soft wooll ; and are  
 Alive, then dead, more profitabl farre.
- 120 Or what the Oxe ? a creature without guile,  
 So innocent, so simpl ; borne for toyle.  
 He most ungratefull is, deserving ill  
 The gift of corne ; that can un-yoke, then kill  
 His painefull Hinde : that neck with axe to wound
- 125 In service gall'd, that had the stubborne ground  
 So often tild ; so many crops brought in.  
 Yet not content therewith, t'ascribe the sinne  
 To guiltlesse Gods : as if the Powres on high  
 In death of labour-bearing oxen joy.
- 130 A spotlesse sacrifice, faire to behold,  
 ('Tis death to please) with ribbands trickt, and gold,  
 Stands at the altar, hearing prayers unknowne !  
 And sees the meale upon his fore-head throwne,  
 Got by his toyle : the knife smeard in his gore,
- 135 By fortune in the laver scene before,

The entrailles, from the panting body rent,  
 Forth-with they search, to know the Gods intent.  
 Whence springs so dire an appetite in man  
 To interdicted food; O Mortals, can,  
 Or dare you feed on flesh; henceforth forbear  
 140 I you intreat and to my words give eare:  
 When limmes of slaughtred Beeves become your meat;  
 Then think, and know, that you your Servants eat.  
*Phœbus* inspires; his Spirit we obey:  
 My *Delpbos*, heaven it selfe, I will display;  
 145 The Oracle of that great Powre unfold:  
 And sing what long lay hid; what none of old  
 Could apprehend. I long to walke among  
 The lofty starres: dull earth despis'd, I long  
 To back the clouds; to sit on *Atlas* crowne:  
 150 And from that height on erring men looke downe  
 That reason want: those thus to animate  
 That feare to dye; t'unfold the booke of Fate.  
 O You, whom horrors of cold death affright;  
 Why feare you *Styx*, vaine names, and endlesse Night;  
 155 The dreames of Poets, and faine miseries  
 Of forged Hell? Whether last-flames surprise,  
 Or Age devoure your bodies; they nor grieve,  
 Nor suffer paines. Our Soules for ever live:  
 Yet evermore their ancient houses leave  
 To live in new; which them, as Guests, receive.  
 160 In *Troian* warres, I (I remember well)  
*Euphorbus* was, *Parthous* sonne; and fell  
 By *Menelaus* lance: my shield againe  
 At *Argos* late I saw, in *Iuno's* Fane  
 165 All alter, nothing finally decays:  
 Hither and thither still the Spirit strays;  
 Guest to all Bodies: out of beasts it flies  
 To men, from men to beasts; and never dyes.  
 As pliant wax each new impression takes;  
 Fixt to no forme, but still the old forsakes;  
 170 Yet it the same: so Soules the same abide,  
 Though various figures their reception hide.  
 Then lest thy greedy belly should destroy  
 (I prophesie) depressed Piety,  
 Forbear t'expulse thy kindreds Ghosts with food  
 175 By death procur'd, nor nourish blood with blood.  
 Since on so vast a sea, my sailes unfurld,  
 And stretcht to rising winds; in all the World

There

- Ther's nothing permanent ; all ebbe and flow :  
 Each image form'd to wander too and fro.  
 Even time, with restlesse motion slides away  
 180 Like living streames : nor can swift Rivers stay,  
 Nor light-heel'd Howers. As billow billow drives,  
 Driven by the following ; as the next arrives  
 To chace the former : times so flye, pursue  
 At once each other : and are ever new,  
 What was before, is not, what was not, is :  
 185 All in a moment change from that to this.  
 See, how the Night on Light extends her shades :  
 See, how the Light the gloomy Night invades,  
 Nor such Heavens hew, when Mid-night crown's repose,  
 As when bright *Lucifer* his taper shoves :  
 190 Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day  
 Th'enlightned World resignes to *Phabus* sway.  
 His raised Shield, earths shaddowes scarcely fled,  
 Lookes ruddy ; and low-sinking, lookes as red,  
 Yet bright at Noone ; because that purer skie  
 195 Doth farre from Earth, and her contagion fly.  
 Nor can Night-wandering *Dian's* wavering light,  
 Be ever equall, or the same : this night  
 Lesse then the following, if her hornes she fill ;  
 If she contract her Circle, greater still,  
 200 Doth not the image of our age appeare  
 In the successive quarters of the yeare ?  
 The spring-tide, tender sucking infancy  
 Resembling : then the jnycefull blade sprouts high ;  
 Though tender, weake ; yet hope to plough-men yeelds,  
 All things then flourish : flowers the gaudy fields  
 205 With colours paint : no vertue yet in leaves.  
 Then following Summer greater strength receives :  
 A lusty Youth : no age more strength acquires,  
 More fruitfull, or more burning in desires.  
 Maturer Autumne, heat of Youth alaid,  
 210 The sober meane twixt youth and age, more staid  
 And temperate, in Summers waine repaires :  
 His reverent temples sprinkl'd with gray haire.  
 Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,  
 With trembling steps : his head or bald, or white,  
 So change our bodies without rest or stay .  
 215 What we were yester-day, nor what to day,  
 Shall be to morrow. Once alone of men  
 The seeds and hope ; the womb our mansion when :

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Kind Nature shewd her cunning ; not content  
 That our vext bodies should be longer pent  
 In mothers stretched entrailes, forth-with bare  
 110 Them from that prison, to the open aire.  
 We strengthlesse lye, when first of light possesse ;  
 Straight creepe upon all foure, much like a beast :  
 Then, staggering with weake nerves, stand by degrees,  
 And by some stay support our feeble knees :  
 115 Now, lusty, swiftly run. Our Youth then past,  
 And those our middle times, we post in hast  
 To inevitable Age : this last deuoures  
 The former, and demolisheth their powres,  
 Old *Milo* wept, when he his armes beheld,  
 120 Which late the strongest beast in strength exceld,  
 Big, as *Alcides* brawnes, in flaggy hide  
 Now hanging by slack sinewes : *Helen* cry'd  
 When she beheld her wrinkles in her Glasse ;  
 And asks her selfe, why she twice raviisht was.  
 Still-eating Time, and thou O envious Age,  
 125 All ruinate : diminisht by the rage  
 Of your deuouring teeth, All that have breath  
 Consume, and languish by a lingring death.  
 Nor can these Elements stand at a stay :  
 But by exchanging alter every day.  
 Th'eternall world foure bodies comprehends,  
 130 Engendring all. The heavy Earth descends,  
 To Water, clog'd with weight : two light, aspire,  
 Deprest by none ; pure Aire, and purer Fire.  
 And though they have their severall seates ; yer all  
 Of these are made, to these againe they fail.  
 135 Resolved Earth to Water rarifies ;  
 To Aire extenuated Waters rise ;  
 The Aire, when it it selfe againe refines,  
 To elementall Fire extracted, shines.  
 They in like order back againe repaire :  
 140 The grosser Fire condenseth into Aire ;  
 Aire, into Water : Water thickning, then  
 Growes solid, and converts to Earth againe.  
 None holds his owne : for Nature ever joyes  
 In changes and with new formes the old supplies ;  
 In all the world not any perish quite :  
 145 But onely are in various habirts dight.  
 For, to begin to be, what we before  
 Were not, is to be borne ; to dye, no more

Then

- Then ceasing to be such : although the frame  
 Be changeable, the substance is the same.  
 For nothing long continues in one mold.
- 260 You Ages, you to Silver grew from Gold ;  
 To Brasse from Silver ; and to Ir'n from Brasse.  
 Even places oft such change of fortunes passe :  
 Where once was solid land, Seas have I seene ;  
 And solid land, where once deepe Seas have beene.  
 Shels, far from Seas, like quarries in the grood ;
- 265 And anchors have on mountaine tops been found.  
 Torrents have made a valley of a plaine ;  
 High hills by deluge sborne to the Maine.  
 Deepe standing lakes suckt dry by thirsty sand ;  
 And on late thirsty earth now lakes doe stand.  
 Here Nature, in her changes manifold,
- 270 Sends forth new fountaines ; there shuts up the old.  
 Streames, with impetuous earth-quakes, heretofore  
 Have broken forth ; or sunk, and run no more.  
 So *Lycus*, swallowed by the yawning Earth ,  
 Takes in another world his second birth.
- 275 So *Erasmus*, now is hid, now yeelds  
 His rising waters to *Argolian* fields.  
 And *Mysus*, his first head and banks disclaim'd,  
 Elie-where ascends and is *Caicus* nam'd.  
 Cool *Amasenus* watering *Sicily*,
- 280 Now fills his banks, now leaves his channel dry.  
 Men formerly drunk of *Anigrus* streams:  
 Not to be drunk (if any thing but dreams  
 The Poets tell) since *Centaur*s therein washt  
 Their wounds, by great *Alcides* arrowe gasht.
- 285 So *Hypans* deriv'd from *Scythian* hills,  
 Long sweet, with bitter streams his channel fills.  
*Amissa*, *Tyrus*, and *Aegyptian* *Phare*,  
 The floods imbrac't : yet now no Islands are :  
 Th'old Planter knew *Lucadia* Continent :
- 290 Which now the sea hath from *Epirus* rent.  
 So *Zancle* once on *Italy* confin'd ;  
 Till interposing waves their bounds dis-joynd.  
 If *Bara* and *Helice* ( *Gracian* townes )  
 You seeke ; behold, the Sea their glory drownes :  
 Whose buildings, and declined walls, below
- 295 Th'ambitious flood as yet the Sailers show.  
 A Hill by *Pirthean* *Traezen* mounts, uncrownd  
 With sylvan shades, which once was level ground.

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For furious winds (a story to admire)  
 Pent in blinde cavernes, struggling to expire ;  
 300 And vainly seeking to enjoy th' extent  
 Of freer air, the prison wanting vent ;  
 Puffs-up the hollow earth extended so,  
 As when with swelling breath we bladders blow,  
 305 The tumor of the place remained still,  
 In time grown solid, like a lofty hill.  
 To speak a little more of many things,  
 Both heard and known : New habits sundry Springs  
 Now give, now take. Hornd *Hammons* at high Noon  
 310 Is cold ; hot at Sun-rise, and setting Sun.  
 Wood, put in bubling *Athamas* is fit'd,  
 The Moon then farthest from the Sun retir'd  
*Ciconian* streames congeale his guts to stone  
 That thereof drinks : and what therein is throwne.  
 315 *Crathis*, and *Sybaris* (from your mountaines told)  
 Colour the haire like amber, or pure gold.  
 Some Fountaines, of a more prodigious kind,  
 Not only change the body, but the mind.  
 Who hath not heard of obscene *Salmacis* ?  
 320 Of th' *Æthiopian* lake ? for who of this,  
 But only tast, their wits no longer keep,  
 Or forthwith fall into a deadly sleep.  
 Who at *Chlorius* Fountaine thier remove ;  
 I oath wine, and abstinent, meere water love.  
 Whether it by antipathy expell  
 325 Desire of wine ; or (as the Natives tell)  
*Melampus* having with his herbs and charmes,  
 Snatcht *Pratus* frantick daughters from the harmes  
 Of entred Furies, their wit's physick cast  
 Into this spring ; infusing such distast.  
 With streames, to these oppos'd, *Lynecestus* flowes :  
 330 They reele, as drunk, who drink too much of those.  
 A Lake in faire *Arcadia* stands of old  
 Call'd *Pheneus* ; suspected, as two-fold :  
 Feare, and forbear, to drink thereof by night :  
 By night unwholsome, wholsome by day-light.  
 335 So other lakes and streames have other powre.  
*Ortygia* floted once, fixt at this houre :  
 Once *Argo* feard the just ling *Cyanes* ;  
 Which rooted now, resist both winds and seas.  
 340 Nor *Ætna*, burning with emboweld fire,  
 Shall ever, or did alwayes, flames expire.

- For whether *Tellus* be an Animall,  
 Have lungs, and mouthes that smoking flames exhale ;  
 Her organs alter, when her motions close
- 345 These yawning passages, and open those.  
 Or whether winds, in caves impris'ned, rave ;  
 Iustling the stones, and minerals which have  
 The seede of fire, inkindled with their rage :  
 Their furious flames the falling winds asswage.
- 350 Or if Bitumen doe the fire provoke ;  
 Or sulphure burning with more subtrill smoke ;  
 When Earth that food and oylie nourishment  
 With-drawes, the matter by long feeding spent ;  
 The hungry fire of sustenance bereft ,
- 355 Ill-brooking famine, leaves by being left,  
 In *Hyperborean Pallene* live  
 A People, if to fame we credit give,  
 Who, diving three times thrice in *Tritons* lake,  
 Of Fowle the feathers and the figure take,
- 360 The like, they say, the *Scythian* Witches doe  
 With magick oyles : incredible, though true,  
 If wee, may trust to triall, see you not  
 Small creatures of corrupted flesh begot ?  
 Bury your slaughtred Steere ( a thing in use )
- 365 And his corrupted bowells will produce  
 Flowre-sucking Bees ; who, like their parent slaine,  
 Love labour, fields, and toyle in hope of gaine.  
 Hornets from buried horses take their birth.  
 Break off the Crabs bent clawes, and in the earth
- 370 Bury the rest ; a Scorpion without faile  
 From thence will creep, and menace with his taile.  
 The Catterpillers, who their cob-webs weave  
 On tender leafes (as Hindes from prooffe receive)  
 Convert to poysonous Butterflies in time.
- 375 Greene Frogs, engendred by the seede of slime,  
 First without feete, then leggs assume ; now strong  
 And apt to swimme, their hinder parts more long  
 Then are their former, fram'd to skip and jump.  
 The Beares deformed birth is but a lump
- 380 Of living flesh : when licked by the Old,  
 It takes a forme agreeing with the mold.  
 Who sees the Young of honie-bearing Bees  
 In their sexangulare inclosure, sees  
 Their bodies limme-lesse : theire unformed things  
 In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.

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- 385 The starre-imbellisht Fowle, which *Iuno* loves  
*Io*ues Armour-bearer, *Cytherea*'s Doves,  
 And birds of every kinde; did we not know  
 Them hatcht of eggs, who would conjecture so?
- 390 Some thinke the pith of dead-men, Snakes becomes;  
 When their back-bones corrnpt in hollow tombs.  
 Yet these from others doe derive their birth.  
 One onely Fowle there is in all the Earth,  
 Call'd by th' *Assyrians* Phoenix, who the waine  
 Of age repaires and sowes her telfe againe.  
 Nor feeds on graine nor hearbs, but on the gumme  
 Of frankincense, and juyce Amomum.
- 395 Now, when her life five ages hath fulfild;  
 A neast her horned beake and talons build  
 Vpon the crownet of a trembling Palme:  
 This strew'd with Cassia, Spiknard, precious Balme,  
 Bruis'd Cinamon, and Myrrh; thereon she bends
- 400 Her body. and her age in odors ends.  
 This breeding Corps a little Phoenix beares:  
 Which is it selfe to live as many yeares.  
 Growne strong; that load now able to transerre
- 405 Her cradle, and her parents sepulcher,  
 Devoutly carries to *Hyperions* towne:  
 And on his flamy Altar layes it downe.  
 If these be wonderfull, admire like strange
- 410 *Hyena*'s, who their sexe so often change:  
 Those foodlesse creatures, fed by ayre alone;  
 Who every colour, which they touch, put on.  
 The Lynx, first brought from conquered *India*  
 By vine bound *Bacchus*, his hot pisse, they say,
- 415 Congeales to stone. So Corall, which below  
 The water is a limber weed, doth grow  
 Stone-hard, when toucht by ayre. But Day will end,  
 And *Phabus* panting Steeds to Seas descend,  
 Before my scant oration could pursue
- 420 All sorts of shapes, that change their old for new;  
 For this we see in all is generall.  
 Some Nations gather strength, and others fall.  
 Troy, rich and powrefull, which so proudly stood;  
 That could for ten yeares spend such streames of blood;  
 For buildings, only her old ruines shoves;  
 For riches, tombs; which slaughtred Sires inclose.  
*Sparta*, *Mycene*, were of Greece the flowres;  
 So *Cecrop*'s City, and *Amphion*'s towres:

Now

- Now glorious *Sparta* lies upon the ground ;  
 Lofty *Myccene* hardly to be found ;  
 Of *OEdipus* his *Thebes* what now remaines,  
 430 Or of *Pandion's Athens*, but their names ?  
 Now fame reports that *Rome* by *Dardans* sons  
 Begins to rise, where yellow *Tyber* runs  
 From fountful *Appennines* ; and there the great  
 Foundation of so huge a fabrick seat.  
 This therefore shall by changing propagate,  
 435 And give the World a Head. Of such a fate  
 The Prophets have divin'd. And this of old,  
 As I remember, *Priams Helen* told  
 To sad *Aeneas*, of all hope forlorne,  
 In sinking *Troy's* eclipse. O Goddesse-born,  
 If our *Apollo* can presage at all ;  
 440 *Troy* thou in safety, shall not wholly fall.  
 Both fire and sword shall give thy vertue way :  
 Flying, with thee, thou *Ilium* shalt convey ;  
 Until thou finde a Land, as yet unknown,  
 To *Troy* and thee, more friendly then thy own.  
 A City built by *Phrygians* I fore-see ;  
 445 So great none ever was, is, or shall be.  
 Others shall make it great : but He, whose birth  
 Springs from *Fulus*, Sovereign of the Earth.  
 He, having rul'd the World, shall then ascend  
*Aethereal* thrones, and heaven shall be his end.  
 This, I remember, with prophetick tongue,  
 450 Sage *Helen* to divine *Aeneas* sung.  
 We joy to see our kindreds city grow :  
 The *Phrygians* happy in their over-throw.  
 But lest our heedlesse Steeds too far should range  
 From their proposed course ; All suffer change :  
 The heavens themselves, what under them is found ;  
 455 Earth, what thereon, or what is under ground.  
 We, of the World apart, since we as well  
 Have Soules as Bodies, which in beasts may dwell :  
 To those, which may our parents soules invest,  
 460 Our brothers, dearest friends, or men at least :  
 Let us both safety, and respect afford :  
 Nor heap their bowels on *Thyestes* board.  
 How ill inur'd ! to shed the blood of man,  
 How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can  
 Asunder cut the throat of Calves, and hears  
 465 The bellowing breeder with relentlesse eares.

Or silly Kids, which like poore infants cry,

Stick with his knife ! or his voracity

Feed with the fowle he fed ! O to what ill

Are they not prone, who are so bent to kill !

170 Let Oxen till the ground and die with age :

Let Sheepe defend thee from the winters rage :

Goates bring their udders to thy payle. Away

With nets, grins, snares, and arts that doe betray :

175 Deceive not birds with lime, nor Deere inclose

With terrors, nor thy baits to fish expose

The hurtfull kill : yet only kill : nor eate

Defiling flesh, but feede on fitter meate.

With other, and the like philosophy

180 Instructed, *Numa*, now return'd, was by

Th'intreating *Latmes* crowd. Taught by his Bride

The Nymph *Ageria*, by the Muses guide,

Religion institutes, a People rude

And prone to warre, with lawes and peace endu'd,

185 His raigne and age resign'd to funerall,

Plebeians, *Roman* Dames, Patricians, all

For *Numa* mourne. His wife the City fled :

Hid in *Aricia's* Vale, the ground her bed,

The woods her shroud, disturbs with grones and cries.

*Orestean Diana's* sacrifice.

190 How oft the Nymphs who haunt that Grove and Lake

Reprov'd her teares, and words of comfort spake !

How oft the *Trescan* Heroe, moderate

Thy sorrow, said ! nor only is thy fate

To be deplor'd : on worse mis-fortunes looke,

195 And you will yours with greater patience brooke.

Would mine were no example to appease

So sad a griefe : yet mine your griefe may ease.

Perhaps y'have heard of one *Hippolytus*,

By Step-dames fraud, and fathers credulous

Beliefe bequeath'd to death. Admire you may

That I am he, if credit, what I say :

200 Whom *Phaëdra* formerly solicited,

But vainely, to defile my fathers bed.

Fearing detection, or in that refus'd,

She turnes the crime, and me of her's accus'd,

My father, banishing the innocent,

205 Along with me his winged curses sent.

Toward *Pithean* *Træzen* me my charriot bore :

And driving now by the *Corinthian* shore,

The

- The smooth seas swell ; a monstrous billow rose,  
Which, rousing like a mountaine, greater growes,  
510 Then, bellowing, at the top asunder rends :  
When from the breach, breast high, a Bull ascends :  
Who at his dreadfull mouth and nostrills spouts  
Part of the sea. Feare all my followers routs :  
But my afflicted mind was all this while
- 515 Vnterrifi'd ; intending my exile.  
When the hot horses start, erect their eares :  
With horror rapt, and chased by their feares,  
O'r ragged rocks the totterd charriot drew :  
In vaine I strive their fury to subdue,  
The bits all forth with all my strength,
- 520 Pull the streacht reines, I lying at full length,  
Nor had their heady fright my strength o'r-gon ;  
Had not the fervent wheele, which rouses upon  
The bearing Axel-tree, rush't on a stump :  
Which brake, and fell asunder with that jump :  
Throwne from my charriot, in the reines fast-bound,
- 525 My guts drag'd out alive, my sinewes wound  
About the stump, my limms in peeces hal'd ;  
Some stuck behind, some at the charriot trail'd ;  
My bones then breaking crackt, not any whole,  
While I exhal'd my faint and weary soule.  
No part of all my parts you could have found,  
That might be knowne : for all was but one wound.
- 530 Now say, self-torred Nymph, or can, or dare  
You your calamities with ours compare ?  
I also saw those realines, so Day unknowne :  
And bath'd my wounds in smoking *Phlegemon*,  
Had not *Apollo's* Son imploid the aid  
Of his great Art ; I with the dead had staid.  
But when by potent herbes, and *Paeons* skill,
- 535 I was restor'd, against sterne *Phoebus* will :  
Least I, if seene, might envy have procur'd :  
Me, friendly *Cynthia* with a cloud immur'd :  
And that, though seene, I might be hurt by none ;  
She added age, and left my face unknowne.
- 540 Whether in *Delos*, doubting, or in *Creet* ;  
Rejecting *Creet* and *Delos* as unmeet,  
Shee plac't me here. Nor would I should retaine  
The memory of One by horses slaine :  
But said ; hence forward *Virbins* be thy name  
That wer't *Hippolytus* ; though thou the same.

345 One of the Lesser Gods, here, in this Grove.  
 I *Cynthia* serve; preserved by her love.  
 But others miseries could not abate  
*Egeria's* sorrowes, nor prevent her fate.  
 Who, couched at the bases of a hill,  
 Thawes into teares, that streame-like ran; untill  
 350 *Apollo's* Sister, pitying her woes,  
 Turn'd her t' a Spring; whose current ever flowes.  
 The Nymphs and *Amazonian* this amaz'd,  
 No lesse then when the *Tyrren* Plough-man gaz'd  
 355 Vpon the fatall clod, that mov'd alone:  
 And, for a humane shape, exchang'd its owne.  
 With infant lips what was but earth of late  
 Reveal'd the Mysteries of future fate:  
 Whom Natives *Tages* call'd. He first of all  
 Th' *Hetrurians* taught to tell what would befall  
 Or when astonisht *Romulus* of old  
 360 Did, on Mount *Palatine*, his lance behold  
 To flourish with greene leaves: the fixed foot  
 Stood not on Steele, but on a living root.  
 Which, now no weapon, spreading armes displaid,  
 And gave admirers unexpected shade.  
 365 Or when as *Cippus* in the liquid glasse  
 Beheld his hornes, which his beliefe surpass'd.  
 Who lifting off his fingers to his Brow,  
 Felt what before he saw: nor longer now  
 Condemnes his sight. Return'd with victory,  
 370 His eyes and hornes erecting to the sky:  
 You Gods, what e'r these prodigies portend,  
 If prosperous, he said, let them descend  
 On *Romans* and on *Rome*: but if they be  
 Vnfortunate, O let them fall on me.  
 An Altar then of liuing turf erects,  
 375 The fire feeds with perfumes, pure wine injects,  
 And with the panting entrails of a beast  
 New slaine, consults, to know the Gods behest.  
 This, when the *Tyrren* Augur had beheld,  
 And saw therein endeavours that exceld,  
 Although obscure, he from the sacrifice  
 380 To *Cippus* hornes converts his steady eyes:  
 Haile King, to thee, and to those hornes of thine,  
 This place, and *Latian* towres, their rule resigne.  
 Delay not, enter thou the yeelding gate.  
 Hast, *Cippus*, hast: such is the Will of Fate.

- Thou shalt be crown'd a King upon that day :  
 585 And safely an eternal scepter sway.  
 He, starting back, from *Rome* diverts his face :  
 And said, You Gods, far hence this Omen chace.  
 Better that I in banishment grow old,  
 Then me, a King, the Capitol behold.  
 Hiding his horns with leavy ornaments,  
 590 The people and grave Senate he convents.  
 Then mounts a Mound, late by the Souldier made,  
 And praying first (as was the custome) said.  
 Unlesse expel'd your City, here is one  
 595 Will be your King ; though not by name, yet known  
 By his strange horns. I heard the Augur say,  
 If once in *Rome*, you all should him obey.  
 He might, unstopt, have entred without fear :  
 But I with-stood ; though none to me more near.  
 600 Be he, *Quirites*, into exile sent :  
 Or, if he merit such a punishment,  
 Bind him in heavy chains, and keep him sure :  
 Or with the Tyrants death your fears secure.  
 The troubled people such a murmuring make ;  
 605 As when far off the the roling surges rake  
 On ratling shores ; or when lowd *Eurus* breaks  
 Through tufted Pines : then one distinctly speaks  
 In this confusion ; asking, Which is he ?  
 All seeking for the horns they could not see,  
*Cippus* repli'd ; 'Tis I for whom you look.  
 610 Then from his head (with-held) his garland took ;  
 And shew'd the horns which on his fore-head grew.  
 Not one but sigh'd, and down his count'nance threw :  
 And those clear brows (a thing beyond belief)  
 Adorn'd with merit, they behold with grief.  
 Nor suffer him his honour to debase :  
 615 But on his head a Laurel Garland place.  
 And since he his own entrance did with-stand :  
 The Nobles, in due favour, so much land  
 To *Cippus* gave, as well two Oxen might  
 Round with a Plow from morning until night.  
 620 The monumental figure of his horns,  
 So much admir'd, the golden Posts adorns.  
 Now Muses, Goddesses of Verse, relate  
 (You know, nor years your memory abate)  
 625 How *Æsculapius* in our City found  
 A Temple, by circumfluent *Tyber* bound.

A deadly plague the *Latian* ayre defil'd :  
 Soules from their seats the pale disease exil'd.  
 Wearied with funerals, when physick faild ;  
 Nor any humane industry prevaild ;

- 630 They seeke cœlestiall aid. To *Delphos* sent,  
 Built in the round Earths navell, and present  
 Their prayers to *Phœbus* ; that he would descend  
 To their reliefe, and give their woes an end.  
 His Temple, Laurell, and his Quiver, shake :
- 635 Who thus, they trembling, from his Tripod spake.  
 What here you seeke, you neerer should have sought :  
 And seeke it neerer yet. *Apollo* ought  
 Not now to cure you, but *Apollr's* See de.
- 640 Goe with successe ; and fetch my Sonne with speede.  
 The Senate having heard this Oracle,  
 The City search, where *Phœbus* sonne should dwell :  
 The shore of *Epidawre* the Legate seekes :
- 645 There anchoring, he entreates th'assembled *Greekes*  
 To send their God : who might th' *Asonian* State  
 To health restore ; and urg'd the charge of Fate.  
 They vary in opinion, some assent  
 To send this succour ; many, not content  
 To lose their owne in giving others aid,
- 650 Strive to retaine him, and the rest dissuade.  
 While thus they doubt the Day declin'd his Light :  
 And Earth-borne shadowes cloth'd the world in Night,  
 Th' Health-giving God, in sleepe, appeares to stand
- 655 As in his Fane ; a staffe in his left hand :  
 And stroking with his right his reverend beard ;  
 From his hope-rendring breast these words where heard.  
 Feare not, I come ; my shape I will forsake :
- 660 View, and mark well this staffe-infolding Snake :  
 Such will I seeme, yet shew of greater size ;  
 So great as may a Deity comprize.  
 He with the voice, with him and Voice away  
 Sleepe flew : fled Sleepe pursude by chearefull Day.
- 665 The starres now vanquish't by the mornings flame ;  
 The doubtfull Nobles to the temple came,  
 Intreat him by cœlestiall signes to shew  
 Whether he were content to stay or goe.  
 This hardly said, the God in Serpents shroud,
- 670 His high crest gold-like glistring, hift aloud.  
 His statue, altar, gates the marble flore,  
 And golden rooffe, shooke at th'approching Powre.

- He, in his Fane, breast-high his body rais'd :  
 Rouling about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.
- 675 All tremble. The chaste Priest, his tresses ty'd  
 With sacred fillet, knew the God, and cry'd  
 'Tis he ! 'tis he ! all you who present are  
 Pray with your hearts and tongues : O heavenly-Faire,  
 Propitious prove to these who thee implore !
- 680 All that were there the present Powre adore !  
 Reiterating what the Priest had said :  
 With heart and tongue the *Romans* also prayd.  
 He, by the motion of his lofty crest,  
 And doubled hisses, signe's to their request.
- 685 Then sliding downe the polisht staires, his looke  
 Reverts on his old altars ; now forsooke :  
 Salutes his Shrine, and Temple deckt with towres  
 Then creeping on the ground, strewd with fresh flowres,  
 Indenteth through the City ; stopping where
- 690 The Harbour is defended by a Peere.  
 The following troops, and those whose zeales assist  
 In honouring him, with gentle lookes dismist ;  
 He climes th' *Ausonian* ship : which felt the waight,  
 And shrunk with bearing of so great a freight.
- 695 The joyfull *Romans*, offering on the strand  
 A Bull to *Neptune* ; anchor weigh, and land  
 Forsake with easie gales. Rais'd on his traine,  
 He, leaning, lookes upon the blew-wav'd *Maine*.
- 700 Through *Ionian* Seas by friendly *Zephyrus* borne,  
 They sell with *Italie* on the sixth mome,  
*Lacinian* *Iguos* Fane, *Scyllæan* shores,  
*Iapygia* past, they shun with nimble ores  
*Amphrysian* rocks ; *Ceramiæ*, whether cleft ;
- 705 *Romechium*, *Caulon*, and *Narycia* left :  
*Sicilian* Straites o'r-come, and wrackfull seas ;  
 Saile by the mansion of *Hyppotades* :  
 By *Temesa*, in mettals fruitfull ; by  
*Leucosia*, and the *Pæstan* Rosary.  
 Neere *Capree*, and *Minerva's* Fore-land row,
- 710 *Surrentine* hils, where wines so generous grow ;  
*Heraclea*, *Stabie*, *Naples* borne to ease,  
*Cumean* *Sibyl's* Temple : next to these.  
 Hot Baths ; *Linturnum*, sweet with mastick flowres ;  
*Vulturnus*, who his sandy channell skoures,
- 715 *Simulsa*, swarming with white Snakes, ill-air'd  
*Mimurne*, and where piety prepar'd

His Nurse a tomb : forth-with the mansion make  
Of fell *Antiphates* ; and then the Lake,  
Besieged *Trachas* : thence directly bore  
To *Circe's* Ile, and *Antium's* solid shore.

20 The sea now swelling high, this harbor holds  
The Saile-wing'd ship. The God his wreathes unfolds :  
And, with huge doublings, o'r the yellow sand  
Slides to his fathers temple on that strand  
Rough waves asswag'd the *Epidaurian* Guest  
His fathers altar leaves ; to Sea-ward prest,  
25 Slicing the sandy shore with rustling scales :  
And, by her sterne the ship ascending, sailes :  
Till he to *Cictrum*, to *Lavina's* name.

Retaining Seat, and mouth of *Tyber* came.  
All hither throng ; sons, daughters, mothers, fires.  
30 The Nunnes who keepe the *Phrygian Vesta's* fires.  
With lowd salutes of joy. On either side  
The River, as the Vessell stemmes the tide,  
Altars, with incense fed, the aire perfume :

35 And knives from Sacrifices heat assume.  
*Rome* entring, the Worlds Head, He winds about  
The lofty mast ; and from on high thrusts out  
His glittering head, to chuse a fitting place.  
40 The armes of *Tyber* doe an Ile embrace,  
Which equall streame from either banke divides ;  
Thither *Apollo's* sacred Serpent slides :  
Who now coelestiall shape assuming, ends  
Their miseries, and health to all extends.

45 He here, a forraine Power, makes his aboard.  
In his owne City *Cesar* is a God.

Glorious in Peace and War : whom war's surcease  
With triumphs croud, his government in peace.  
Nor race of wonder with such quicknesse runne ;  
More make a blazing Star, then his great Sonne.

50 For of all *Cesars* acts, none may compare  
With his adopting so divine an Heire.  
For, was it more t'o'r-come the *British* Ile ;  
Fill the seaven mouthes of paper-baring Nile  
With conquering sailes ? *Nimidian* rebelling,  
55 *Cinyphian* *Iuba*, *Pomus* proudly swelling  
In *Mithridates* to subject to *Rome* ?

Meriting many, to triumph for some ?  
Then him beget, in whose dominion  
The Gods so abundantly have favour'd man ?  
To th'other they a Deity decreed ?

- 760 That this might not from mortall birth proceed,  
Which when faire *Venus* saw ; and saw withall,  
Conspiring weapons threat the High-Priests fall ;  
Her colour fled : to every God she met,  
765 She said, behold, what snares for me are set !  
To murder me in him how Treason strives ;  
Who only of *Iulus* race survivives !  
Still must I undeserv'd afflictions beare !  
How lately wounded by *Tydidēs* speare !  
770 Now ill-defended *Troy* againe is lost :  
My Sonne *Æneas*, with long errors tost  
On wrathfull Seas, I saw descend to Hell !  
Then warre with *Turnus* ; or, the truth to tell,  
With *Lyno* rather. How remember I  
775 Old harmes sustaind in my posterity !  
I, through this feare, all former feares forget.  
Loe ; they their wicked swords against me whet :  
O helpe ! restraine their furies ! nor, for shame ,  
With the High-Priests blood extinguish *Vesta's* flame.  
Thus, through all heaven, her Sorrowes vainely speake ;  
780 And melt the Gods : who, since they could not breake  
The ancient Sisters adamantine doome,  
By sure Ostents demonstrate Woes to come.  
Armes, clashing in the aire with clouds o'r-cast :  
Terrible trumpets, and the cornet's blast,  
785 Proclaime the murder : *Sols* afflicted looke,  
And pale eclipse, the World with terror strooke.  
Oft, Meteors through the aire their flames extend :  
Oft, drops of blood from purple clouds descend.  
Black rust obscures dimme *Lucifers* aspect :  
790 And *Cynthia's* charriot bloody stains infect.  
The *Stygian* Owle each where disturbs their sleepe  
With ominous screeches : Ivory Statues weepe.  
The sacred Groves resound with yelling cries,  
And fearefull menaces. No sacrifice  
The Gods appease : the headlesse inwards shew  
795 Signes of succeeding Tumults, Death, and Woe.  
Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,  
And holy Temples howle. From sad abodes  
The Dead arise, and wander here and there :  
*Rome* trembling, both with Earth-quakes, and with feare,  
800 These Warnings of the Gods no changes wrought  
In Fate, or Treason. Murderous swords were brought  
Into the Temple : for no place might sort  
Which such a slaughter, but the sacred Court.

Then

Then *Venus* smote her breast : who sought to shroud,  
And snatch him thence in that *Æthereall* cloud,  
Which *Paris* from *Atrides* rage convoid :  
And freed *Æneas* from *Tydides* blade.

Daughter, said *Iove*, canst thou resist the doome  
Of conquering Fates ? Into their mansion come.  
There shalt thou see Decrees that needs must passe,  
Writ in huge folds of solid Steele and brasse,  
Which safe, eternall, ever fixed there ;  
My thunder, lightnings rage, nor ruine feare.  
In lasting Adamant there maist thou reed ;  
What shall to thy great Progeny succeed.  
I read, remember well, and will relate  
What may informe thee in succeeding fate.  
He, whom thou striv'st to save, his race hath runne  
Of Time and Glory : whom, thou and his Sonne  
Shall make in heaven a God ; on Earth, with praise  
And Temples dignifi'd. His names great Heire  
Alone his Load shall beare : and strongly shall  
By our conduct revenge his fathers fall.  
By his good fortune *Muina* shall owe  
To him her peace : *Pharsalian* fields shall flow  
With blood ; blood twice *Philippi* shall embrue :  
On red *Sicilian* Seas he shall subdue  
A mighty name. Th' *Egyptian* Spouse shall fall.  
Ill trusting to her *Roman* Generall :  
To make our stately *Capitoll* obay  
Her proud *Canopus*, shall in vaine assay.  
What need I of those barbarous people tell,  
And Nations, which by either Ocean dwell ?  
He shall the habitable Earth command ;  
And stretch his Empire over sea and land.  
Peace given to Earth ; he shall convert his care  
To civill Rule, just Lawes ; and by his faire  
Example vertue guide. Then looking to  
The future times, and Nephewes to ensue :  
A Sonne shall blesse him from a holy womb ,  
To him he shall resigne his name, and roome ;  
Nor shall, till full of age, ascend th'abods  
Of heavenly Dwellers, and his kindred Gods.  
Meane-while from this slaine corps his soule convey  
Vp to the starres, and give it a cleare Ray :  
That *Iulius* may with friendly influence  
Shine on our *Capitoll* and Court from thence.

This said : invisible faire *Venus* stood

- Amid the Senate ; from his corps, with blood  
 845 Defil'd, her *Cæsars* new-fled Spirit bare  
 To heaven, nor suffer'd to resolve to aire.  
 And, as in her soft bosome borne, she might  
 Perceive it take a Powre, and gather light.  
 When once let loose, It forth-with up-ward flew?  
 And after it long blazing tresses drew.
- 850 The radiant Starre his *Sonnes* great acts beheld ;  
 Out-shining his : and joy'd to be exceld.  
 Though he would have his Fathers deeds preferd  
 Before his owne : yet free-tongu'd Fame deter'd  
 By no commandment, yeelds th'avoided Bayes  
 To his cleare browes ; and but in this gaine sayes.
- 855 So *Atreus* yeelds to *Agamemnions* fame ;  
*Ægeus* so to *Theseus* : *Telem* name  
 Stoops to *Achilles*. That I may confer  
 Th'illustrious to their equals, *Jupiter*  
 So *Saturne* tops. *Jove* rules the arched skie,  
 And triple world ; the Earths vast Monarchy
- 860 T' *Augustus* bowes : both Fathers, and both sway.  
 You Gods, *Æneas* guides, who made your way  
 Through fire and sword ; you Gods of men become ;  
*Quirinus*, Father of triumphant *Rome* ;  
 Thou *Mars*, invincible *Quirinus* Sire ;  
 Chast *Vesta*, with thy ever-burning fire,  
 Among Great *Cæsars* Household-Gods inshriu'd ;
- 865 Domestick *Phæbus*, with his *Vesta* joyn'd ;  
 Thou *Jove* whom in *Tarpeian* towres we adore ;  
 And You, all You, whom Poets may emlore :  
 Slow be that day, and after I am dead,  
 Wherein *Augustus*, of the world the Head,  
 Leaving the Earth, shall unto heaven repaire ;
- 870 And favour those that seeke to him by prayer.

And now the worke is ended, which, *Jove's* rage,  
 Nor fire, not Sword shall raze, nor eating Age.  
 Come when it will my deaths uncertaine homie ;  
 Which of this body only hath a power :

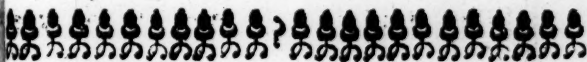
875 Yet shall my better part transcend the skie ;  
 And my immortall name shall never die  
 For where-so-ere the *Roman* Eagles spred  
 Their conquering wings, I shall of all be read :  
 And, if we Poets true presages give,  
 I, in my Fame eternally shall live.



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# FINIS.



**L** Et this Book with the figures in the Margent referring to every fifth line in the Metamorphosis in Latin, be printed, according to the refined copy, which came forth with the Commentary and Pictures.

*Sa. Baker.*

May 26. 1638.



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